Liberty

DEC. 4, 1943 10c

Book:
COLOUR SCHEME
A THRILLING SPY MYSTERY

TOMORROW'S CARS AND ROADS
By Robert Moses

SULFA DRUGS FOR COLDS

Bordens
VAN NEST AVE.
MILK & MILK PRODUCTS
BORDEN'S FARM PRODU
DIVISION OF
THE BORDEN COMPANY
STRENGTH for the HOME FRONT
GOLDEN CREST
HOMOGENIZED VITAMIN D
MILK
Bord

From little old music box to
Radio-Phonograph
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND DISTILLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1858 MECHANICAL MUSIC hadn't changed much from the tinkling music box of Marie Antoinette. Wind-up tankards, books, dishes and statues that produced gay little tunes were common when Corby's first appeared as a whiskey name.

1905 AMERICAN INVENTION brought the hand-wound machine with the morning-glory horn and changeable records. Its scratchy renditions were a great advance in mechanical music when Corby's neared its 50th year of whiskey fame.

1943 COMBINATION RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, the last word in beauty and science, brings today's hit tunes over air waves or from automatically changed records in faultless reproduction. And Corby's completes its 85th year as a symbol of fine whiskey.

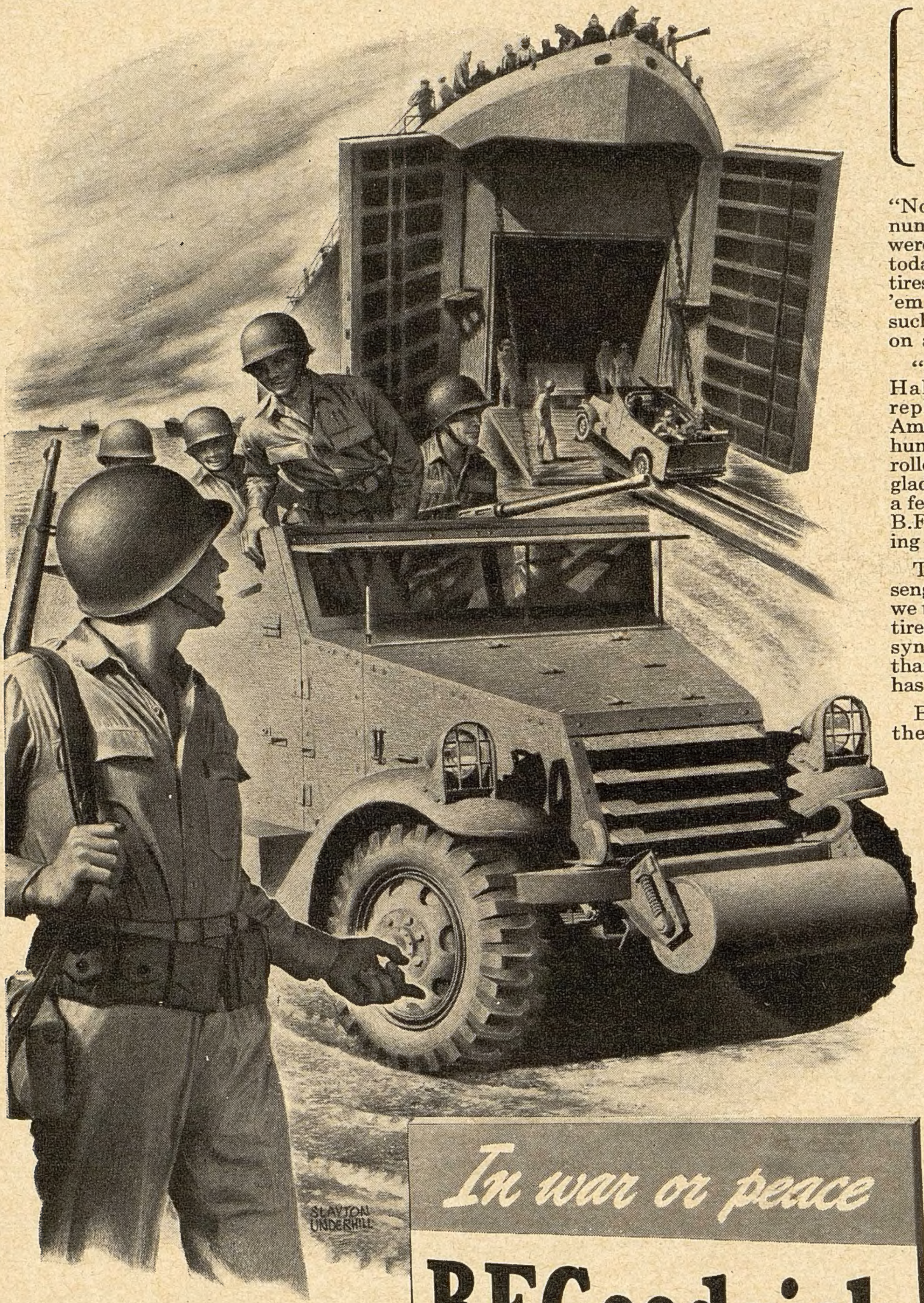
PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Back the attack–
BUY
WAR BONDS

Radio is at work on the battle fronts, as Corby's distilleries devote their entire output to alcohol for war chemicals. Reduced supplies of Corby's are being distributed as regularly as possible. When you find this light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in stock, buy a "sample" pint. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

"Tell Tojo for me . . . I'm the guy who proved we could make synthetic tires"



I did it long before Pearl Harbor, too—in that B. F. Goodrich 80,000,000 mile road test.

"Nope," said the Private on post number 4, "the tires I tested weren't the tires you're driving today. They were passenger car tires—and they had synthetic in 'em all right. They were the first such tires ever sold and put out on actual road test in America.

"B. F. Goodrich made 'em. Half the natural rubber was replaced by their synthetic—Ameripol. I bought a set. So did hundreds of others. Together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles. I'm glad I made that test. Gives me a feeling of confidence when I see B.F.Goodrich synthetic tires coming through on these buggies!"

Today's B. F. Goodrich passenger car tires are not the tires we tested before the war. Today's tires are made with Government synthetic—"GR-S." And more than 99% of the natural rubber has been replaced by it.

But the big thing gained in the 80,000,000-mile road test was "know-how." This three-year head start has already enabled us to produce a synthetic passenger car tire *almost* as good as a pre-war Silvertown . . . and it's the best synthetic tire you can buy today.

If you need tires, and can qualify, you may be able to buy a B. F. Goodrich synthetic Silvertown. But remember, please, the Army and Navy still need all the rubber they can get. Do everything you can to save your tires—and don't drive a single needless mile.

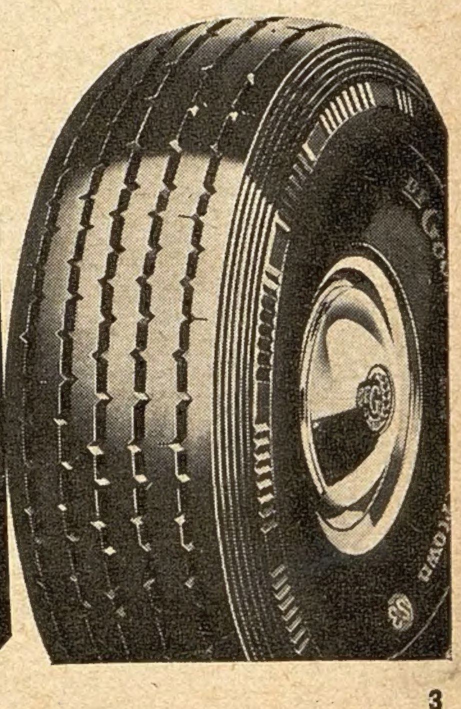
LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH
in **"THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"**
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System
every night, Monday through Friday

Awards to 7 plants

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



See the Bathroom ? GOODNESS NO !

A dirty, badly stained toilet won't stand inspection. But why have one? Sani-Flush will keep your toilet bowl sparklingly clean. Every application cleans away recurring film, stains and incrustations where toilet germs may lurk. Removes a cause of toilet odors. It's quick, easy—and thorough. No rubbing or scrubbing. No need for a cleanser *plus* a disinfectant when you use Sani-Flush for toilet sanitation.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections.* Use it at least twice a week. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

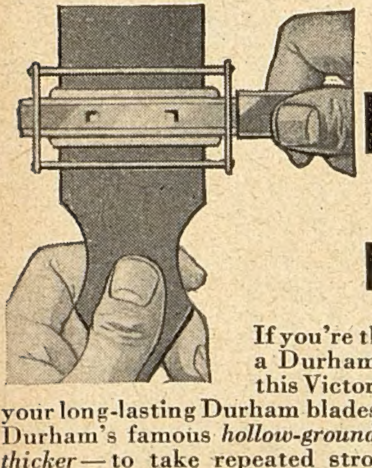
Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If defective or not as advertised therein

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES

THIS STROP



gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.

In This Week's Liberty

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

FLESH AND FANTASY

So different ...it defies comparison!

So enthralling ...it has no equal!

So powerful ...only these great stars could live its matchless roles

Nominated as the picture to be seen Twice!

Charles **BOYER**

Barbara **STANWYCK**

Edward G. **ROBINSON**

Betty **FIELD**

Robert **CUMMINGS**

Thomas **MITCHELL**

Anna **LEE**

Robert **BENCHLEY**

Charles **WINNINGER**

C. Aubrey **SMITH**

Dame May **WHITTY**

Edgar **BARRIER**

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD
ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

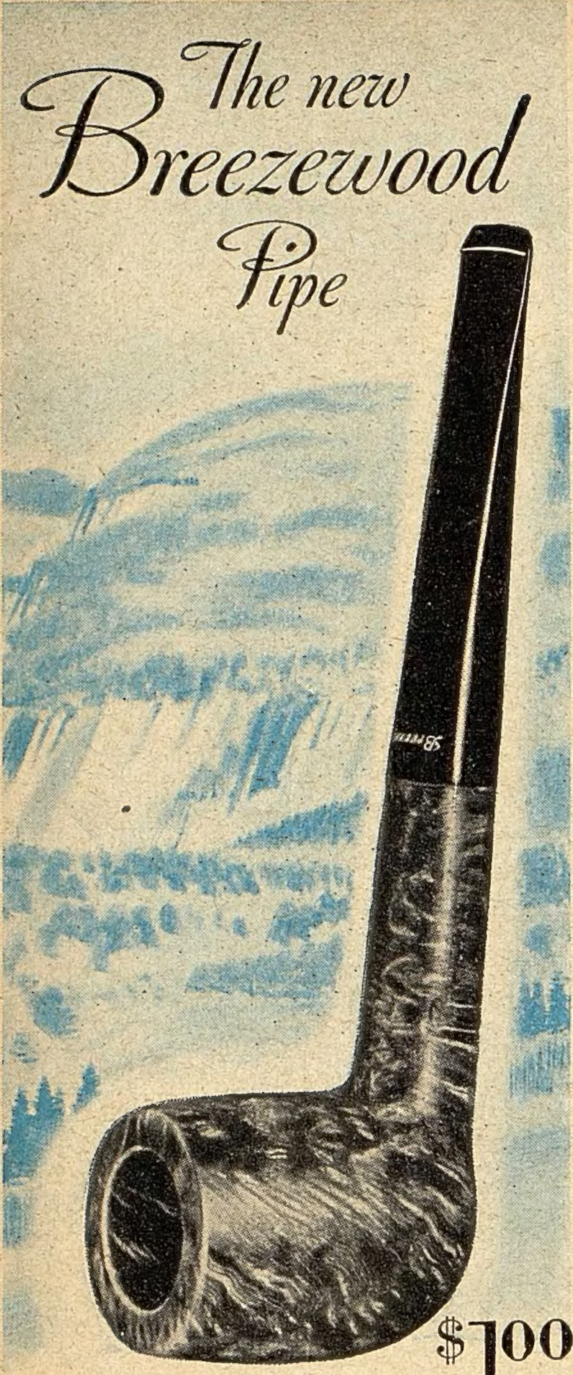
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
with THOMAS MITCHELL
C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE
DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER
BARBARA STANWYCK
with
CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER · Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal · Samuel Hoffenstein · Ellis St. Joseph   Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde · Laslo Vadnay · Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks
The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

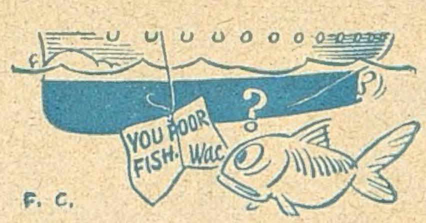
Copy. 1943. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

FISHING FOR NEWS

Somewhere Overseas—Have just arrived here after a trip on a transport that carried a contingent of WACs in addition to regular troops, and saw a new system of Army mail that beats even V-mail. A WAC on an upper deck (or a soldier, for that matter) would write a note and dangle it overside on a string, and some one on the lower deck would catch it and, if he wanted to, answer it and the answer would be attached and pulled up—and neither could see the other writer. It was a lot of fun. The men and girls were not allowed to meet.—*Cpl. J. D. Mason.*



THE FRIENDLY FRIENDS

Woodrow Wilson General Hospital, Staunton, Va.—They Call Themselves Friends—and Mean It, by Mona Gardner (October 30 Liberty) was a very kind tribute to the members of the religious Society of Friends, and was about as true an account of the social work of the Friends as I have read.

As a Quaker, several of my associates in the Army have put questions to me which I have not always been able to answer, but your splendid article helps them as well as myself.—*Walter C. Martin, S/Sgt.*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Detroit, Mich.—In the days when I went to school we sang America as the national anthem. Now it seems the national anthem is The Star-Spangled Banner. My school days are far in the past, so perhaps there has been a change in the course of the years. Can Vox Pop set me right?—*Henry D. Cabot.*

America, written in 1832 by the Rev. Samuel Smith, D. D., is the national hymn. The music is German, according to a letter written by Dr. Smith. The Star-Spangled Banner, written in 1814 by Francis Scott Key, is the national anthem. The melody is that of an old drinking song.

NICKNAMES

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frequently I see English soldiers referred to in stories as Tommies and English sailors as Limeys. What do these names mean?—*T. H. Hicks.*

The nickname Tommy for a British soldier comes from the fictitious name Thomas Atkins used in the model "Soldier's Will" form shown in the Field Pay Book for the soldier's guidance in making his will. The name Limey comes from the old custom of serving lime juice on British sailing ships to prevent scurvy.

TED SHANE-INA

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I am a Ted Shane fan. From the letters in Vox Pop there must be a lot of us. How about a Ted Shane club? We could exchange letters, compare notes on our success, and maybe even arrange a convention. The club should have no dues and the only membership requirement would be a genuine interest in Ted Shane. And, oh yes, Liberty, how about a picture of Ted and some personal dope on him? Thanks in advance.—*Sam Rollins.*

FROM ONE LIBERTY AUTHOR TO ANOTHER

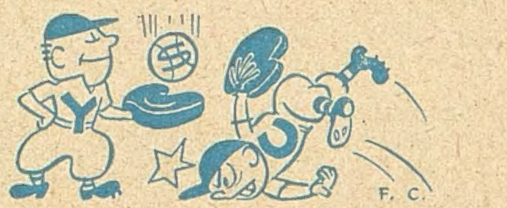
New York, N. Y.—Dear Mr. Marmur: I just read your story, Star of Sarunagi (October 9 Liberty). It is very hard for one writer to impress another, since we are always aware of technique, but I must congratulate you on a beautiful job. It's the first time in years a story has brought tears to my eyes.

It is a jewel of a story and suggests the idea that some of today's finest stories should be preserved under glass reading desks in the exhibitions of war pictures, for future generations to get a realistic grasp of what went on. The pictures give the horror, but such a story gives the shining side of war—the fact that in it men and women live above their normal capacities with a courage they never knew they had.—*Olga Rosmanith.*

THE PROPHET WHO FLOPPED

Baltimore, Md.—Hello, there, Mr. Redbird Know-It-All. Let me hear how you are feeling about your great prediction (October 30 Vox Pop) over this year's World Series.

I guess you aren't blowing your head off about your beloved Cards winning the pennant from the Yanks now. It wasn't so easy, was it? The Dodgers were a pushover, I admit, but, brother, you certainly were off the beam when you thought that this game would be the same pushover.



I guess the tables are turned on you. You thought that you would be rolling in money you won from us Yankee fans, but I'm the one rolling in dough won from sucker Cardinal fans. By-by now, and don't cry, Big Shot.—*Yankee Fan Bob Peters.*

THE CROONERS' CORNER

Fall River, Mass.—In October 16 Vox Pop I read some letters about

Frank Sinatra. I agree with Virginia Foster when she asks for a long article on Sinatra. I think he is a good crooner, though not as good as Crosby. Still, he certainly has personality. So how about those pictures and a long, long article about him?

And please don't run him down. —*Sharon Anne Kilroy.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The letter written by Vonna Shorter (October 16 Vox Pop) stinks a good deal more than Frank Sinatra and never should have been printed.

The way that Frank is going and the popularity he enjoys shows that there is something to him. I am a great admirer of Bing Crosby and do not consider Frank as good, but give the young man credit for what he really is.—*Charles C. Foster.*

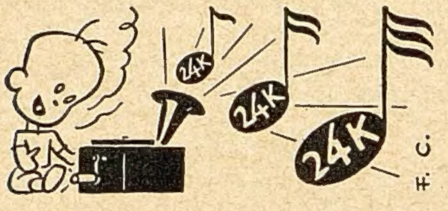
FAIRFAX, VA.—It is not just a matter of opinion as to who is the better —Crosby or Sinatra, as there is no questioning Bing's superiority among singers.

Sinatra does have a nice voice, but only for sentimental pieces; Bing can sing anything and make it good.

Bing has been around for thirteen years, and I don't believe we will ever tire of him and certainly no one will ever replace him.

I would thoroughly enjoy any article you could publish about "King" Crosby. —*Hazel A. McCarthy.*

AMARILLO, TEX.—What's this about Sinatra? He's nothing to swoon about. But Bing Crosby—that's another story. Let's have a picture and an article on Bing. His golden crooning voice will be remembered forever. My three-month-old daughter has even been captured by Mr. Crosby. I have a victrola and any number of his records and each night his voice croons my baby to sleep.—*A Texas Admirer.*



RICHMOND, CALIF.—I agree with Ann Churchill in her opinion of Bing Crosby —our king crooner (October 16 Vox Pop). Please let's have an article about him—and why always compare him with Frank Sinatra? There just is no comparison. Three cheers for Bing! —*Mrs. J. W. Holt.*

WHITINSVILLE, MASS.—Another cheer for Sinatra!

How about giving us Sinatra fans a break? Write one of your swell articles on him. Those few who are not Sinatra fans can find plenty of interesting material to read in your fine magazine if they don't want to read the article on Frank.

So far your magazine is swell, but we want to read about Sinatra. How about it?—*Miss R. N. W.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—In reference to a letter by Vonna Shorter, saying that Frank Sinatra is "stale—and stale stuff stinks" (October 16 Vox Pop), I just want to let her know that I don't see *her* name in lights.

Frank Sinatra is a swell fellow and one of the many good things about him is that he started from scratch and worked himself up the ladder. Sinatra

Foothold *in a Fog*

Good weather is bad weather for an invasion.

When American troops land on enemy beaches, it's often under cover of a friendly life-saving "fog."

American scientific and engineering ingenuity provided the equipment for our forces to make their own special invasion weather. For the "fog" is produced artificially by mobile smoke generators which blanket whole areas in an impenetrable white mist.

Months ago, the National Defense Research Committee enlisted the help of General Electric research scientists in developing an improved smoke generator for the Chemical Warfare Service.

Nobel prize winner Dr. Irving Langmuir and his associates evolved a new principle of smoke generation, upon which the Standard Oil Development Company designed and built the equipment. The smoke it produces is harmless; it doesn't even soil clothes. But it does keep our troops and their movements from the sharp eyes of enemy aircraft.

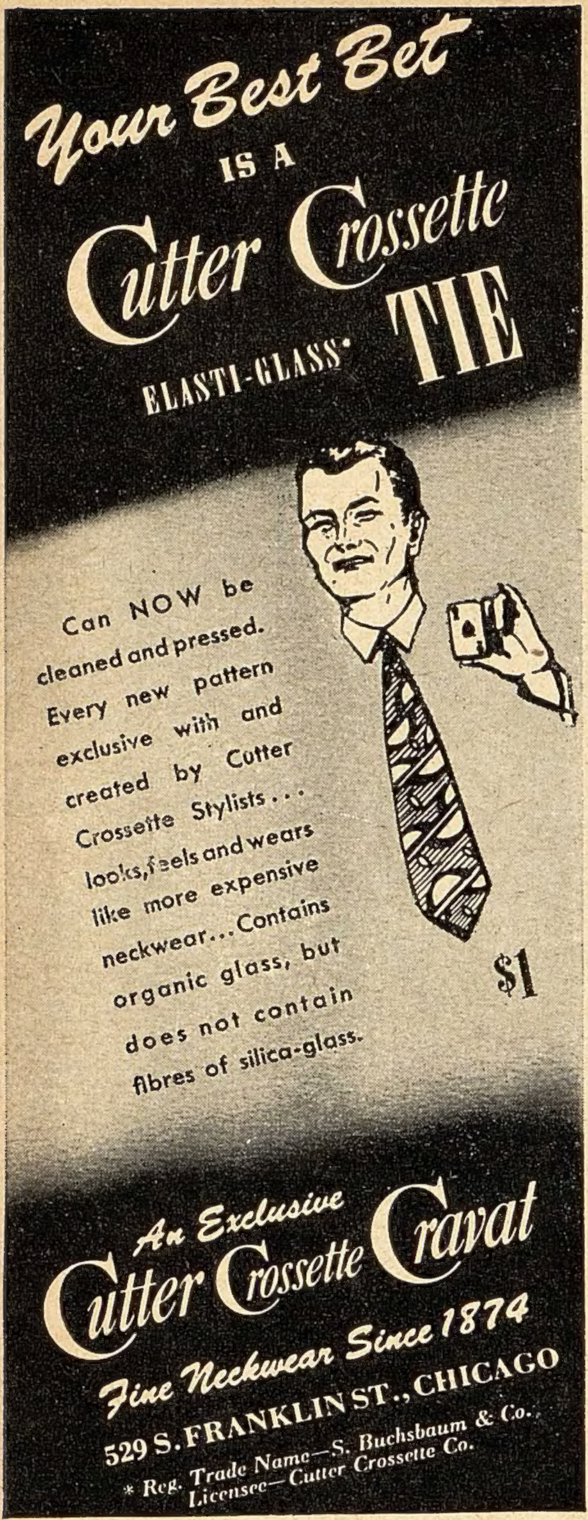
This smoke generator, which according to reports has saved lives in Allied landings wherever it has been used, is another example of American industry's research and engineering and manufacturing skill. Producing superior weapons for our troops today, these same resources will be available for all the American people tomorrow in building a better world. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

192,000 employees of General Electric are buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-492M-211

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



Your Best Bet IS A Cutter Crossette ELASTI-GLASS* TIE

Can NOW be cleaned and pressed. Every new pattern exclusive with and created by Cutter Crossette Stylists . . . looks, feels and wears like more expensive neckwear . . . Contains organic glass, but does not contain fibres of silica-glass.

$1

An Exclusive Cutter Crossette Cravat
Fine Neckwear Since 1874
529 S. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO
* Reg. Trade Name—S. Buchsbaum & Co., Licensee—Cutter Crossette Co.

BUY A WAR BOND
TODAY - - - FOR SURE

MARKWELL STAPLERS

Staple Sam says—

FIRST WAR NEEDS—
THEN
FACTORY
OFFICE
HOME

MARKWELL MFG. CO., INC., NEW YORK

is good—and I mean good!—*Theresa Mazza.*

ORCHIDS AND BRICKBATS

Harrisburg, Pa.—The New York Herald Tribune sure rang the bell when it characterized Liberty's condensed novel God Is My Co-Pilot (November 6 Liberty) as "the best account of air fighting written in this or any other war." But most of your condensed novels are first-rate.—*Clyde Criswell.*

Jamaica Plain, Mass.—Hope you won't mind a suggestion—that you give us more original stories. The love-slush story and the war-hero type are overdone and getting stale. You used to have good general stories once, but now yours might all be by the same man, they are so alike. For goodness' sake, let's have something fresh.—*D. Janning.*

Huntington Beach, Calif.—I have enjoyed the pictures in Liberty of military men of this war. Would you please print more, along with the interesting stories of what they are doing and something of their life?—*Arline M. Huff.*

Falls Church, Va.—I enjoyed Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot? (October 23 Liberty) so thoroughly that I still marvel at its being by the same writer as the Talking Horse. Ed's lingo was so asinine that he should have been called the Talking Jackass.—*W. D. Groesbeck.*

OUR ERRING ARTISTS

Providence, R. I.—Say, don't Liberty's artists ever read the stories they illlustrate—or don't Liberty editors ever see the pictures made to go with the stories? This peeve is occasioned by the illustration on page 16 of your November 13 issue. The story is The Family Has a Love Affair, and the picture shows Sailor Joe getting slugged by an Army *corporal*, while the text plainly says (page 65) "a white-faced *private* had grabbed Joe." I had to earn my two stripes the hard way, and don't like to see any pinned on a private by some dumb artist.—*Cpl. James B. McGuire.*

CHILDREN'S NEEDS VS. GOVERNMENT RATIONING

De Land, Fla.—As the mother of three small but rapidly growing children, may I voice a protest, which I am sure expresses the opinion of all mothers, over the government's rationing of children's shoes? With frequent mending, three pairs a year may be enough; but children's feet grow faster than that limit allows for, so it either means buying shoes far too large at the beginning, which is uncomfortable, or having them too small at the end of the government's period, which is harmful.

Children *outgrow* more shoes—and their clothes in general—than they *outwear.* Can't something be done about this?—*Mrs. Hannah Gibson.*

Liberty
NEXT WEEK

✓ NO LITTLE ENEMY

By Oliver Weld Bayer

An up-to-the-minute novel by the author of Paper Chase. Tom Bonbright, successful cartoonist, and Helen Hathaway, beautiful young actress, go off on a bond-selling tour and discover subversive forces at work threatening not only them but the very safety of America.

✓ WHAT WE DON'T KNOW CAN HURT US

By Burnet Hershey

How much should you know about the war conferences that are being held behind closed doors? An eminent correspondent discusses the battle now going on between the administration and the press over this vital issue.

✓ SECOND FRONT—IT'S READY, IT'S AIMED

By William van Narvig

Our second front is on the way. An exciting preview of history's greatest military undertaking.

✓ KILL BAD HABITS THE EASY WAY

By Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam

Practicing your bad habits is psychology's newest method of overcoming them. An outstanding authority in the field tells how and when it works.

✓ I'LL NEVER SEE BROOKLYN AGAIN

By Edwin Rutt

A castle in England or a "castle" in Flatbush with the boy of her choice? Mary Gladys did what her heart dictated.

✓ SEEING THE BOMBS HOME

By Lieutenant James Bray, as told to Keith Ayling

Filming bombs bursting on the target is one of the war's most exciting assignments. A combat cameraman tells you all about it.

✓ WARS ARE HOW YOU TAKE THEM

By Gretta Palmer

What has war done to one of America's traditional playgrounds? Here is an ace reporter's picture of Havana today that will amaze you.

✓ EXCUSE MY DUST

By Bellamy Partridge
Liberty's Book Condensation

A novel of the good old gas-buggy days when automobiles were an adventure and joy-riding a deviltry, when love was never in a hurry and a boy and girl might wait months to tell.

WARTIME ANNOUNCEMENT!

Revolutionary RADIONICS Product of Great Importance

For All Hard of Hearing – their Friends and Families

$40.00

READY TO WEAR

COMPLETE
—WITH RADIONIC TUBES
—CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
AND BATTERIES
. . . Liberal Guarantee

★

TO PHYSICIANS: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

★

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and a hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

★

The Zenith Hearing Aid can be supplied by your optician or optometrist. (No home calls or solicitations.)

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: Manpower Authorities, Employers, Physicians,
Parents, Teachers and Hard of Hearing.

Our country's manpower crisis calls for everyone's maximum efficiency. Since I lost the hearing of one ear in an accident twenty years ago, I have been acutely conscious of the handicaps of the hard of hearing. While pioneering in radio I have for some years directed Zenith's research toward development of the best wearable hearing aid that science could produce.

My own company has spent millions, the radio industry tens of millions for research. This research has been paid for by scores of millions of purchasers of radio sets.

We, with this technical knowledge and engineering skill, now bring to the hard of hearing a new precision aid — the ZENITH RADIONIC; an instrument of the highest quality.

A hearing aid is essentially a part of a radio receiver. It wires the human body for sound. It is composed of a crystal microphone and parts of a radio receiver set reduced to miniature size and manufactured with watch-like precision. For many years it has seemed to me incredible that the public could buy a complete radio receiver for $29 or less with which they could hear the words whispered in Europe, Asia, or South America, but people with deficient hearing have paid $100 to $200 for a comparably good hearing aid to hear the human voice across the room.

Zenith's facilities and methods for precision mass production of radio sets, Radionic devices, etc., enable it to bring this superb hearing aid within the reach of all.

Eye-glasses, like hearing aids today, were once the luxury of the few. What the optical companies have done to make the finest spectacles available to everybody at low cost, Zenith is now prepared to do for the hard of hearing — to bring with the aid of modern radionic science a highly perfected hearing aid within the reach of the masses.

ZENITH RADIONIC — low cost battery upkeep wearable hearing aid — complete with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries — will sell for $40 — about one-quarter of the price of the better vacuum tube instruments of today. Hereafter no one, child or adult, need be without a hearing aid because it is too high-priced. There are ten million people, of whom over three million are children in our schools, who are hard of hearing.

Even if Zenith never makes a dollar at this low price, it is willing to take its pay in the good will of the hard of hearing, their families and their friends. Thus begins a revolution in hearing aids — a revolution to "lower the cost of hearing" within the reach of all.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

Write for Free Descriptive Booklet

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SMOOTHER, EASIER SHAVES!

• Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is "just what the doctor ordered" for tender faces! Yes, even with a *used blade* or *cold, hard water* its soothing, "stay-moist" lather will give you cleaner, more comfortable shaves than other drier lathers. Because Lifebuoy picks up and holds longer *more moisture* than other popular shaving creams. That's why it *soaks tough beards soft*—fast! Try a tube! You'll like its mild fragrance. 120 to 150 shaves in the big red tube.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HIS FATHER AN OPERA singer, his mother an actress, Hugh Pentecost spent most of his childhood traveling about Europe, where he went to school in England, France, and Switzerland, but he wound up as a Columbia University graduate. As long as he can remember, he wanted to write fiction, and has specialized in mystery stories. He won the Dodd, Mead mystery story prize with Canceled in Red, in 1939. His real name is Judson Philips, but he uses the name of his great-uncle, Hugh Pentecost, as a nom de plume. That uncle, by the way, was a well known Socialist leader forty years ago. Our author's character, Max Chandler, radio commentator, appears again in our pages in this issue, and he promises to become a regular stand-by.

IN GIVING YOU Tomorrow's Cars and Roads, by Robert Moses, we would like to remind you that "His Grace," as Mayor La Guardia calls him, has spent more than $500,000,000 on New York state and city parkways, and is now on his second half billion, which will go for tunnels, bridges, elevated highways, grade separation projects, and parks. It was in 1922 that he sold Governor Al Smith his State Park Plan for New York, and he has let nothing stand in his way since toward its achievement. Mr. Moses is the son of a New Haven department-store owner, and has an unusual academic background—a B. A. from Yale, M. A. in Jurisprudence from Oxford, and Ph. D. in Political Science from Columbia, besides honorary degrees.

MAY WE ALSO REMIND you that Ngaio Marsh, the New Zealand lady with the odd first name, is about tops in the murder mystery field today, and that Colour Scheme, our present condensation, is considered her best by many critics.

THE EDITORS.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Stanley Switlik with Capt. H. L. Foster, Caterpillar Club president, presents the Switlik Trophy, commemorating the first parachute jump, to Col. H. R. Harris.

Strategic Bombing Objectives

There is still a great deal of misunderstanding among the public and other branches of the military services concerning the real heavy bombing objectives of the Army Air Forces in Germany. Too much emphasis is often given to mass destruction of cities, whereas the real aim of the A. A. F. is a highly scientific and carefully planned destruction of certain specific targets. Destruction of these targets cripples entire industries.

For example, if you wish to render an automobile useless, it is a waste of time to try to chop it to bits with an ax. All that is necessary is the removal of the little distributor rotor, a very simple operation. The crippling of Germany's war machine is being carried out in the same manner. To render a war plant useless, it is only necessary to smash utilities without which the machinery cannot operate.

Carrying this a step further, the Eighth Air Force attack on the Schweinfurt ball bearings works in October was designed to destroy the most strategic single part of the Nazi war machine, for airplanes, submarines, tanks, torpedoes, trucks, and other machines are useless without ball bearings.

Machines need fuel, hence the value of attacking the Ploesti oil fields and Nazi synthetic fuel plants. It isn't necessary to blast Germany to bits to bring her war machine to a dead stop. The vital strategic points in Germany's armor were chosen as targets long ago. One by one, they are being hit with fatal accuracy.

Salvage in Aircraft Plants

Salvage never seems like a very interesting subject, but in aircraft plants it has an enormous part in the war effort. At Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica a million pounds of metal scrap is collected each month. More than 118,000,000 rivets are saved in a year's time—enough for 400 bombers. Vega Aircraft Corporation collects $1,355,000 worth of scrap in its own plant annually. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation salvages over 45,000 separate items. Ryan Aeronautical Corporation at San Diego used to sell used engine oil from airplanes at six cents a gallon; now it uses this same oil for plant equipment. North American Aviation, Inc., salvages 80 per cent of its "lost" rivets and 80 per cent of all used run-in oil. Consolidated Vultee puts all its blueprints into a paper chewer, along with other paper scrap which goes back to the manufacturer for reprocessing. Salvage operations in West Coast aircraft factories alone amount to millions of dollars annually.

Trust Fund for Indigent Army Airmen

One of the most worthy activities to aid needy Army Air Force personnel and their dependents is the A. A. F. Aid Society, but because of the quasi-official nature of the organization it can't openly solicit funds. With headquarters at 702 Maritime Building, Washington, D. C., the society is headed by Assistant Secretary of War for Air Robert A. Lovett, and the vice-president is none other than Mrs. Henry H. Arnold, wife of the commanding general of the Army Air Forces.

Airmen have devised various means of providing funds, and one of the most ingenious plans is in effect at Palo Alto, California, where violators of flight regulations at the airport are assessed twenty-five dollars per violation if adjudged guilty by civil court procedure, the money going to the fund. One of the largest Army contract flight training schools is located at Palo Alto, and the school's president, Harry S. White, reports that each one of the 373 employees has contributed one day's salary to the Aid Society.

When the King City Stampede, a local rodeo, was about to be canceled for the duration, White underwrote the show for the benefit of the many Army men in the area and the proceeds were sent to Washington. By such means the Aid Society is building a substantial trust fund for Army airmen needing help.

More About the Helicopter

Here is what one of the top engineers of the country, Arthur E. Raymond of the Douglas Aircraft Company, thinks about helicopters:

"Helicopters today are in the stage of development that our present planes passed through about 1910." Or, he adds, they are now at the point of a musical composition whose theme has been committed to paper but whose orchestration has yet to be worked out.

"It has been proved that they will fly. They can be controlled and maneuvered to a nicety. But it will be a long time indeed before the public starts jitterbugging across the landscape. It is not yet an efficient flying machine, nor a practical one.

"There's a lot of talk about helicopters that needs a bit of, shall we say, debunking."

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of the helicopter craze today, Mr. Raymond might have added, is the estimate by an Army authority that there has been less than a grand total of 1,000 hours of flying in all helicopters in the entire country. Which means that the helicopter—which has an extremely bright long-range future—is just in its merest infancy.

Royal Canadian Air Force

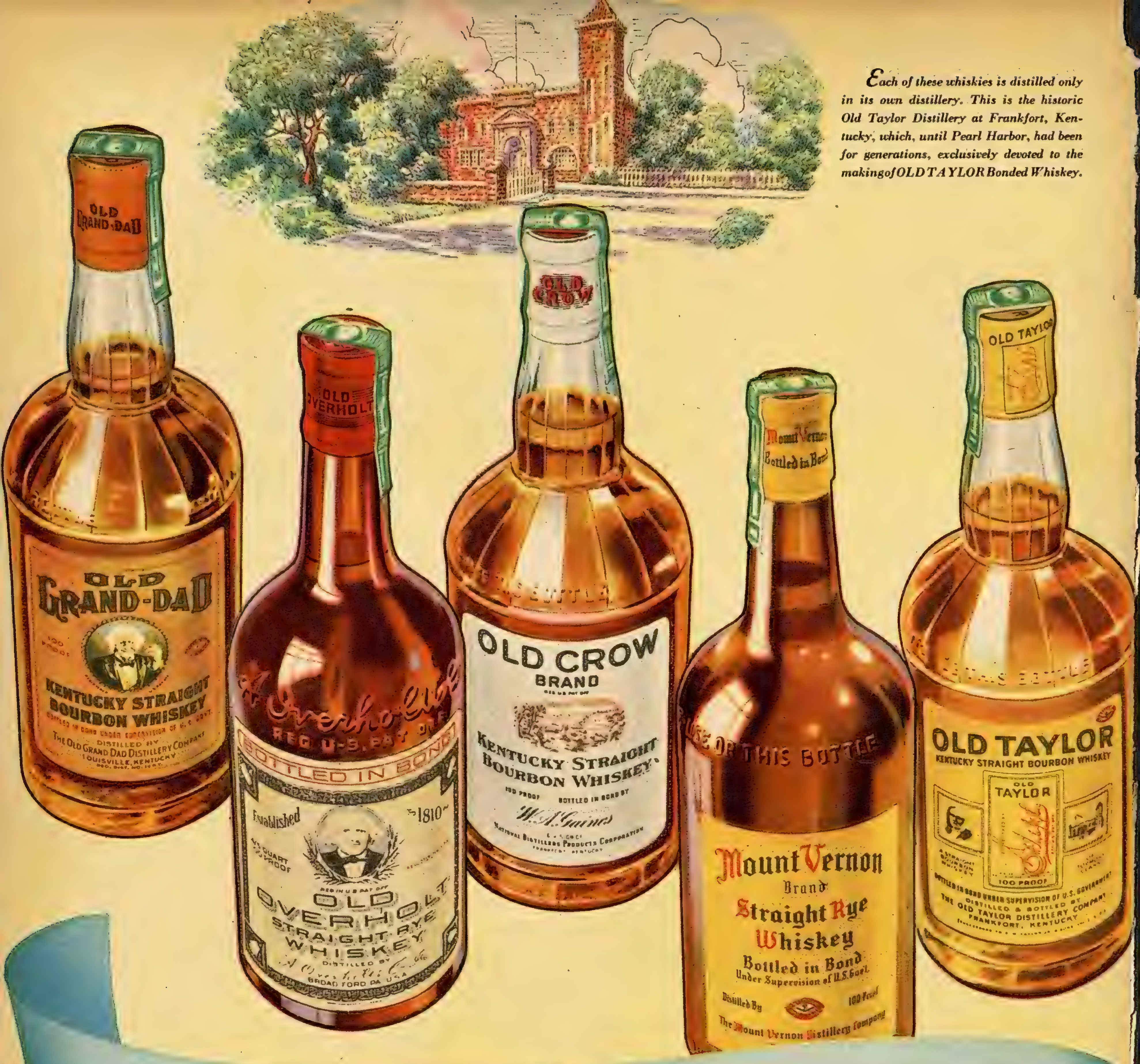
You may not hear as much about the Royal Canadian Air Force as you do about our own A. A. F., but the Canadians have contributed greatly to the airway over Europe. More than 40,000 R. C. A. F. personnel have been sent overseas, and casualties up to mid-1943 numbered 7,050—an indication in itself that Canadian airmen have been active.

Canada's prewar R. C. A. F. strength was only 4,000. As of mid-1943 it was 180,000. Thirty-two squadrons have been established overseas, with six more in the making. During 1942 the Eastern Air Command anti-submarine squadrons flew over 5,000,000 nautical miles and escorted more than 12,000 vessels. The R. C. A. F. is far from its peak, however; it is constantly building and training, and new units are being sent overseas at frequent intervals.

Odds and Ends

Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., known as TWA, thought the end of the world had at last come when a Sergeant A. J. Twa, an accountant with the Royal Canadian Air Force, applied for a job recently.

Venice is farther north than Vladivostock—look it up on your globe.



Each of these whiskies is distilled only in its own distillery. This is the historic Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, Kentucky, which, until Pearl Harbor, had been for generations, exclusively devoted to the making of OLD TAYLOR Bonded Whiskey.

OLD GRAND-DAD
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 Proof
The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company
Louisville, Kentucky
Old Overholt
Bottled in Bond
Established 1810
Old Overholt Straight Rye Whiskey
Broad Ford PA U.S.A.
Old Crow Brand
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Old Taylor
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 Proof
The Old Taylor Distillery Company
Frankfort, Kentucky

A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality.

And then, of course, there is the fact that they can't be changed, because of the provisions of the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which so rigidly specifies how bonded whiskies must be made.

Thus you have a *double* assurance of pre-war excellence when you call for one of these memorable bonds.

Reserves are limited, of course. If your dealer cannot always supply you, please try again.

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
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TOMORROW'S CARS AND ROADS

By ROBERT MOSES

Whoa, brother—if you think your postwar car is going to be radically different, you're putting the car ahead of the road. Here's what has to be done first

THE automotive industry faces postwar research problems which will tax to the limit our vaunted Yankee genius. These problems go way beyond the shape, size, weight, speed, and price of postwar cars. There are more things to be studied than my friend Mr. Kaiser's 500-pound, five-passenger, 100-miles-an-hour-on-one-gallon-of-gas plastic car, purchasable at every good filling station at five hundred bucks.

A distinguished architect recently made this comment about housing to an association of builders:

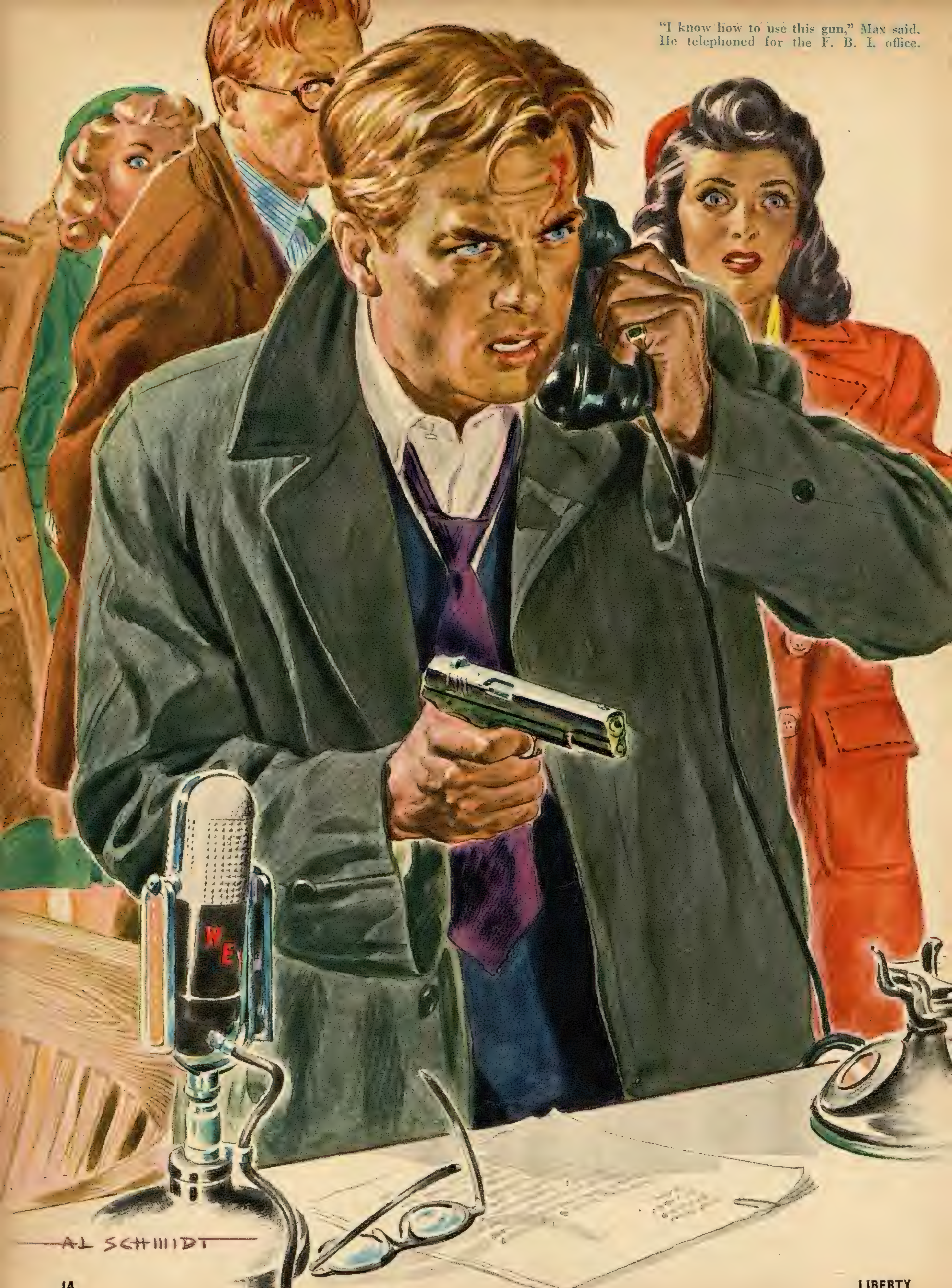
"Our industry is giving the general public a picture of radical change and unusual improvement to come after the war, and this is going to be a boomerang. For a time at least there are going to be few changes of any importance and radical or mass changes in construction are going to come gradually and over a long period of time."

Precisely the same remark applies to the postwar automobile. There are plenty of things we must do to pave the way for the new car. For one thing, the makers of cars and fuel and the builders of roads must meet and cooperate. There is no sense in building trucks too big and heavy for the roads and roads too flimsy for the trucks, and in loading trucks and buses with heavy freight and passengers better carried on rails. What does a manufacturer gain by boasting of high-speed cars if the destruction they will cause is so great that the public will turn against them? Why multiply trailers if communities get fed up with road gypsies? Why should the manufacturer's interest stop at the salesroom and the highway engineer's concern begin there?

The first chore is one for geologists as well as chemists, engineers, and salesmen. Where shall we get gasoline? How fast are our oil supplies disappearing? What are the substitutes? Coal, of course, is one of them, but mining is becoming more expensive. Another puzzle involves the future of iron ore and the substitutes for it. Still another is the problem of rubber. Fortunately, synthetic rubber is well on its way. The question arises—how much will be synthetic and how much natural and what will be the costs? Still another problem is that of plastics and the new metals

(*Continued on page 68*)

"I know how to use this gun," Max said. He telephoned for the F. B. I. office.


WE
AL SCHMIDT

RIOT TOWN

Another fast-paced adventure with Max Chandler, who jumps feet first into a rousing battle with home-front hoodlums to expose a sinister political plot

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

I GUESS everybody has had the experience of walking into a room where a lot of people are gathered and knowing instantly that something is wrong. They may all be talking about inconsequential things, but underneath there's a charge of dynamite that may go off any minute.

You can get the same feeling about a town

Max Chandler is unusually sensitive to the feel of a town. He was in Warsaw two days before Hitler's blitz; he was in Norway when the Quislings were preparing the ground; he was in France when it fell. He's been broadcasting to the American people ever since, from all corners of the globe.

"You can smell trouble when you walk into a place," he always says.

He smelled trouble the day we arrived in Weymouth. It's a small Midwestern city, its population suddenly doubled by migratory workers in its war plants. It looked crowded to me, but as normal as a dozen other industrial towns we'd visited. The Hotel Weymouth seemed as dull and stodgy and red-plushy as the average.

Lee Ames and I may not have a sixth sense for trouble, but we both have a sixth sense about Max. I've worked for him for three years and it's part of my job to know what goes on inside him. I'm a sort of watchdog, legal adviser specializing in libel, private photographer, private bartender and travel agent. Lee is his secretary, and she's in love with him about as hard as a gal can be.

We had a suite at the Hotel Weymouth. Max and I shared the bedroom and living room. Lee had the room next to ours down the corridor. We always got accommodations, even in a crowded town, because Max's being there meant radio publicity. People knew Max was coming and they crowded the place, most of them women, to get a look at him and maybe his autograph. Max is six feet, golden, tailored, and strictly with glamour. I used to watch Lee when these celebrity hunters were pawing Max over but she didn't seem to mind. Maybe she was a little proud. It was only when we three were alone together and Max gave her no time at all that you could see the hurt look creeping into her eyes. But she'd known what she was getting into when she took the job. Romance wasn't a factor in Max's life; not now, at any rate. His job was fighting the enemy on the home front.

As I said, I didn't see anything peculiar about Weymouth. We were there to get facts on plane production and do a broadcast to the country about it on Thursday night.

We were in the living room of the suite. Lee was setting up her equipment: portable typewriter, stenographer's notebook, pencils, paper. There would be big shots here to see Max presently. Max stood over by the window staring down at the street.

"Notice all those guys?" he asked me.

There were a group of seven or eight young fellows standing on the corner. There was a tobacco and stationery store there. These boys on the corner were just loafing there, watching people go by, wise-cracking to each other. I'd seen thousands just like 'em before, in front of a thousand drugstores. Maybe they'd whistle at a cute girl when she went by.

"I don't see anything special about them," I said to Max. "This is a three-shift town. One shift working at the plant, one sleeping, one just killing time."

"Maybe I've got the jitters," Max said. "Look, Rod. Go down in the lobby and get me a copy of each one of Weymouth's newspapers."

I know the symptoms. When he's irritable you don't argue with him or try to change his mind. He's followed hunches ever since he's been in the business of reporting news, and his hunches have paid off.

"Anything besides newspapers?" I asked him.

"Eyes and ears in working order," he said, and turned back to stare out the window at the street below.

The lobby was large and had once been ornate. Now it was just gloomy. The desk clerk was an ancient guy who must have come with the place when it first opened. Across the way was a newsstand and cigar counter that was presided over by another old guy with steel-rimmed spectacles. He didn't seem to be interested in me when I walked over there. He was reading a worn copy of some farm journal.

"I'm Max Chandler's secretary," I said. "I want to get copies of all the Weymouth newspapers."

"Right there in front. Globe, Advocate, and Evening Star. Eleven cents. Star's a nickel."

"I had an idea from the local Chamber of Commerce booklet there were four papers."

"Are . . . strictly speaking," said the old boy. "Nobody except some old folks read the Sentinel. No sale for it here. She's a weekly. No news."

The Star came right out in a headline and said how the war was going. The two morning papers handled the war with kid gloves sort of halfway down the front page. Their main headline was local. Somebody named George Cameron had made a speech at a rally the night before. The gist of what he'd said was summed up in the Advocate's streamer:

CAMERON WARNS OF DANGER FROM INADEQUATE HOUSING

This seemed to me like a pip of a headline with millions of men locked in a death struggle all over the world. Mr. Cameron's views on the housing problem were not exactly packed with drama.

"Great coverage of world events," I said to the old guy.

"Mister, when you got your leg caught in a bear trap," said the old guy, "you don't give a hoot about world events. Ain't reasonable you should."

"Whose leg is caught in what bear trap?" I asked.

He put down his journal with an air of exaggerated patience. "Mister, you're just passin' through," he said. "What do you care?"

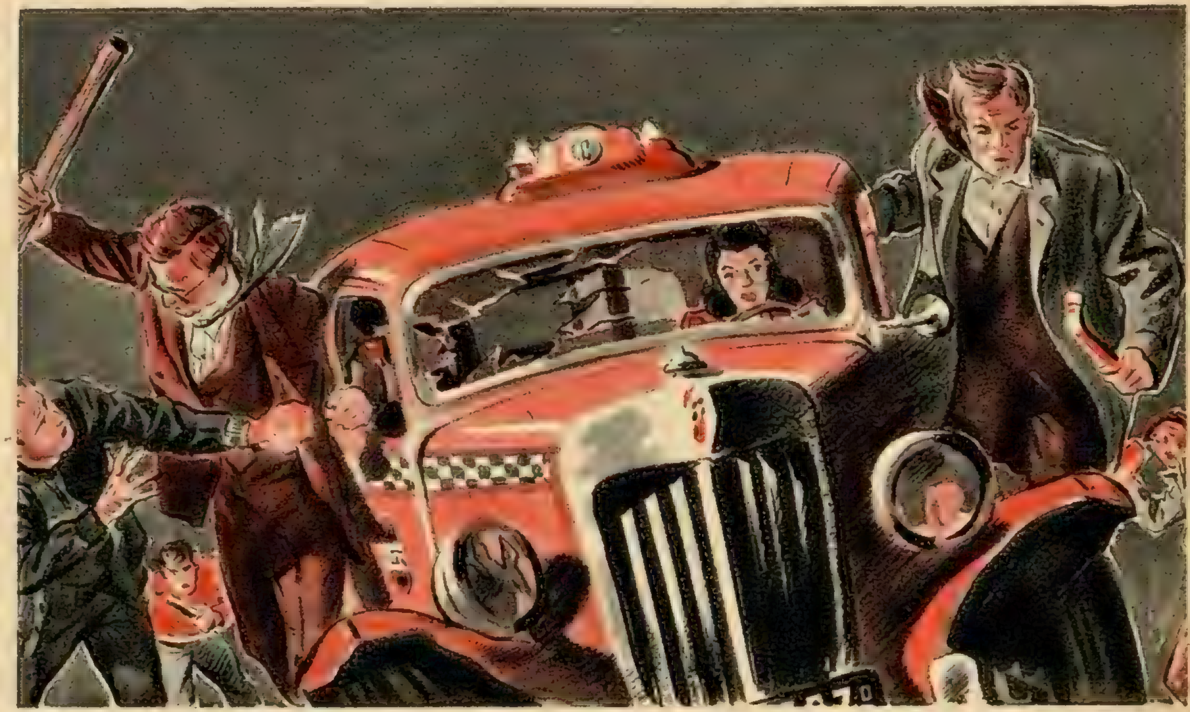
"What *do* I care?" I said, and left him.

GIRLS don't accost me on the street or in hotel lobbies. I am not Max. I am five feet six, have red hair and freckles, and wear glasses.

"Pardon me," this girl said. "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I think you *should* care."

I blinked at her. She seemed kind of mousy at first. No red fingernails almost no lipstick, kind of neutral hair

(*Continued on page 64*)



Some one was trying to pull me off. I remember slugging at his head.

Revelations of MERLE OBERON

BY HOWARD SHARPE

The coldly beautiful Lady Korda is discovered to have gams as shapely as any in Hollywood—and lots more, as revealed in a life story as fantastic as a movie

THE day had gone badly from the beginning. Miss Merle Oberon had dispatched a prop man on a personal mission (to buy a candy bar) and immediately production had set up a squall about expensive Twentieth Century-Fox time being wasted because there was no one present allowed by the union to erase a number of chalk footsteps from a sound-stage floor.

"I sent him on an errand, for Pete's sake!" yelled Miss Oberon. "And no time's wasted." She grabbed a mop, swabbed out the footsteps, and tossed the mop into a corner. "Now, then," she said.

During the next three hours, while the cameras hummed away miles of film, she attempted to execute a Victorian cancan dance against a background of chorus girls. Weeks before, when first introduced to her assignment, Miss Oberon had discovered that she was required to do something called a "leg mount," that meant grasping her right foot with her right hand and, without bending the knee or losing step, pressing the ankle against her right ear.

A good trick, and she managed it, but not without registering agony in the mirror held before her.

"All that Victorian whoopee really took stuff, didn't it?" she remarked mildly at the time. Now, after weeks of training, she failed through fourteen consecutive takes to keep from grimacing at the special moment when she felt her pelvis creak.

On the fifteenth take, however, she won out.

Every one behind the camera beamed and shook hands in the air.

Thereupon a chorus girl slipped, smacking hard on her ruffled frill. Miss Oberon stood frozen, right ankle to right ear.

Then she burst into tears. The chorus girl broke into tears.

Every one in the company began spontaneously to cry. From the shadowy rear of the stage a twelve-year-old boy, brought by his camerman father to watch this scene, piped:

"Is that Merle Oberon?"

"Shhh!" shushed five voices.

"Oh, boy, what gams!" said the bratling, unsubdued.

Miss Oberon dried her eyes. "That's made my day," she said.

A phone rang. A script girl motioned. Miss Oberon went to the telephone and lifted the receiver. "Lady Korda speaking," she purred.

She was quite happy, in any event. For the first time in a long career rife with deathbed scenes, Miss Oberon now found herself cast in a good commercial chiller (The Lodger, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' novel about Jack the Ripper) and was allowed to dance, show her legs, sing, and register horror at Laird Cregar.

After a year or more off the screen no shrewd actress could ask for more. The wife of Sir Alexander Korda, England's most successful film producer, is not unaware of the heaven-sent circumstances under which she went back to work. The studio perched among west Los Angeles' hills has lately, in consequence of the draft and the philoprogenitive instincts of its contract ladies, run fresh out of star power in advance of every other company in town.

The males joined the armed services, and, seemingly as one, the female stars followed Alice Faye's lead, became newlyweds and, shortly, prospective mothers. Twentieth wired congratulations with one hand while bidding for loan actresses with the other.

Thus Miss Oberon fondly refers to her temporary working address as "Fertile Fox Hills."

LADY KORDA is a witty woman, amused at life, fond of laughter, sly about her career and her marriage, sincere when sincerity is called for. Her life has been a full one, often amazing, sometimes mysterious. Yet probably less has been written about her than about any other first-rank star in the eight years since she moved permanently to Hollywood.

Miss Oberon came to Hollywood (in 1935) under two great disadvantages. One was that her smooth face, almond eyes, and dark hair had lent themselves easily to Japanese make-up in a British picture named Thunder in the East, in which she played with Charles Boyer.

The Hollywood tendency naturally was to gild her eyelids, slant her eyes upward at the corners, and turn a lovely open face into that of an exotic.

The other was an unfortunate barrage of advance publicity. She was announced as having become engaged to Joseph Schenck, then president of United Artists, and later as having jilted him. No one missed the implication that Miss Oberon was a shrewd young woman who knew how to get places.

Actually, she had gone on a holiday to the south of France with Douglas and Sylvia Fairbanks, where a party of Hollywood travelers, including Michael Curtiz and his wife and Mr. Schenck, joined them. A reporter saw Schenck giving Miss Oberon lunch at the local casino and shortly the London papers announced their engagement.

Unfortunately, the press did not think fit to add that Miss Oberon was properly chaperoned, or indeed that there was any one else in the party. Still new at the job of being a public figure, she could see only one sensible thing to do. She allowed the amiable and generous Mr. Schenck to put a diamond the size of a sugar cube on her finger, acknowledged the engagement, returned herself to London, the ring to Mr. Schenck, and hoped for the best.

Schenck promptly sold the ring to Fairbanks for Sylvia, who had picked it out in the first place, but that was the only satisfactory outcome of the transaction.

It was Samuel Goldwyn who, in one of his well publicized flashes of genius, guessed that beneath the layers of eye shadow and mascara a winsome, sweet-young-girl type—perhaps even an actress—lay hidden. He had her face washed and put her in Dark Angel. Miss Oberon suffered charmingly—and with enormous success—and went right on suffering on film until the war broke out.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, however, the Hollywood Victory Committee made her chairman of its Overseas Committee and asked her to arrange forthwith to entertain American boys in England. Miss Oberon acknowledged the honor, but said she understood the idea was to refresh the fellows abroad with American faces, voices, and humor.

She was an Englishwoman, she pointed out.

"You've lived here seven years," she was told, "so the kids all think you're a native Californian."

Perhaps for this same reason, when, on the last day of her tour, she accompanied Korda to Buckingham Palace for his investiture as a knight, many American movie fans took her new title big, as did Hollywood. Night-club doormen shouted for "Lady Korda's car"; publicity departments stopped the mimeographs to insert the news; and Dame May Whitty reportedly remarked that she had not enjoyed such a social success since her arrival in town. A Dame outranks a Lady, it appears; thus, anywhere that Merle went Dame May was sure to be invited.

In any case, Miss Oberon had discharged her duties as overseas chairman like an officer and a lady. She had originally convoked Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and others as members of her troupe, then received word that the entire project had been scotched. Drawing a deep breath, she went to Washington. Cables from Generals Eisenhower and Dumont in Ireland came through asking what was keeping her, and the Army suddenly asked if she could leave the following Friday by Clipper.

She long-distanced a number of comedians in Hollywood, persuaded them to jump aboard a plane that night, and with her party flew to Lisbon on the appointed date.

A DELICATE creature weighing only 105 pounds, she had reacted violently to the usual medical shots and arrived with a fever of 104 degrees; yet she averaged twenty-one shows a week while appearing before 75,000 doughboys and sailors.

Months later a press agent remarked that, although she'd been first in the field, she had received perhaps a dozen or so paragraphs of publicity, whereas Carole Landis and Martha Raye had received volumes on later tries.

"Good," answered Miss Oberon. "I didn't do it for publicity."

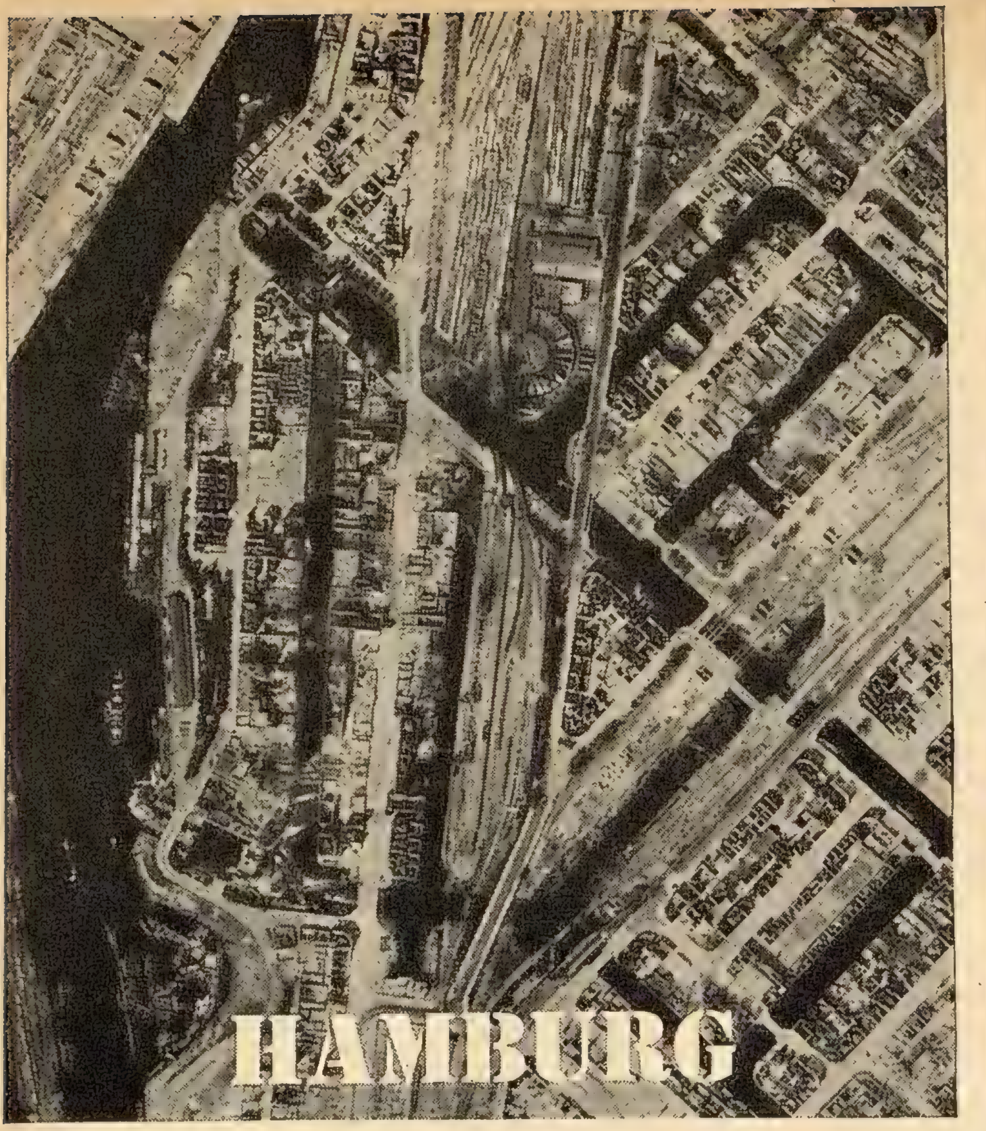
She was outlining a personal policy which has saddened public relations councils for almost eight years, during which she never hired a press agent or remained under contract to a studio boasting a large publicity department long enough to cash in on the usual formula of star-building. Actually, she had outgrown—or thought she had—her fascination with stardom in 1941, when she discovered she was bored with pictures in the excitement of war.

She was then as rich as she cared to be; wife of England's top producer; and, professionally speaking, she blew a fuse.

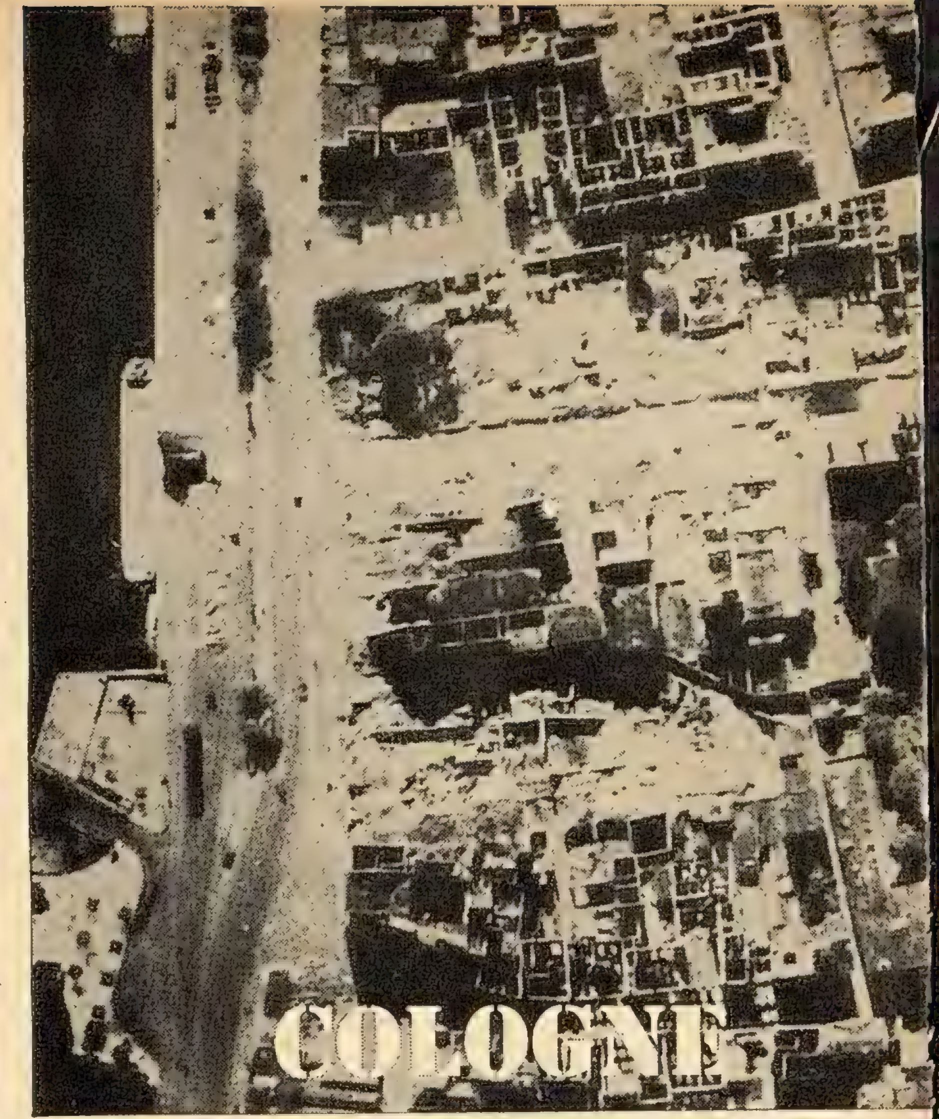
Merle was born thirty years ago in Tasmania, island state of Australia, where her father, a British colonel, chanced to be stationed. That's all

(Continued on page 54)

Here, in Wuthering Heights, Merle dies in Laurence Olivier's arms.



Allied bombs have smashed Hamburg out of existence.



Cologne, target of the war's first 1,000-plane raid.

GERMANY'S CHOICE—QUIT

Massed air blows are ripping the Reich to pieces. How much can Germany take? How close is she to surrender or total destruction?

THIS is Germany's choice for 1944—it is presumed she will last until then: In 1944 she can either give up or suffer complete destruction of her cities—the most appalling destruction inflicted upon any city since Carthage was sown with salt.

Even now a Germany sucked dry of decency and moral integrity by Hitlerism is paying the physical price for the world agony she started. The blueprint for her pulverization from the air is ready; the wheels are grinding; and, as all Italy becomes a base from which to close the aerial nutcracker on that spawning ground of misery-makers, the process can and will be completed.

Can Germany take it? London took it during the 1940 blitz. Warsaw, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Belgrade, without adequate defenses against the then dread and dominant Luftwaffe, were forced to give up. Now, with American and British flyers dominant and pounding Nazi centers into rubble, the question about Germany arises.

The answer, suggested by Germany's reaction to the terrific beating already handed her by the double dosage of scientific precision bombing from the Americans by day and devastating area bombing from the British by night, is that she probably can't.

It may be a source of grim satisfaction to the citizens of London, Warsaw, Rotterdam, and all the rest of Europe's Luftwaffe-battered cities to know that Germany, which once boasted that she had "invented" the aerial blitz but now screams that it is a form of "criminal warfare" and "a cruel test of nerves," is being scourged with far more severe punishment than she ever dished out, and that the worst is yet to come. The full story of the staggering damage being wreaked on German cities does not come out in the official communiqués, which, following fresh upon the actual events, often are circumscribed by the need for secrecy and naturally are more concerned with military than with descriptive reporting. And, obviously, Germany is not telling all that is happening to her.

But by piecing together the delayed official reports, the stories told in neutral countries by the few travelers who have left Germany, and the clues dropped in the Goebbelsian tirades from Berlin, and augmenting these with information available in official Washington and London air circles, a mosaic is assembled that gives something of the true picture.

The main purpose of the use of air power against the enemy, as the Allies conceive it, is the demolition of his industrial and military strength. In attacking the enemy home front, however, there are three by-products: first, the grisly but unavoidable utter destruction of vast sections of enemy cities; second, the killing of residents of these cities; and, third, the cracking of home-front morale. In the case of the German people, who are noted historically for their thick-necked arrogance in time of victory and their psychological collapse when defeat looms, the effect upon morale is particularly important.

Between September 3, 1939, and July 31, 1943, the Royal Air Force dropped 136,100 tons of bombs on Germany—nearly twice as many as the 71,000 tons unloaded on Britain in the same period by the Luftwaffe. The United States Army Eighth Air Force, operating from the United Kingdom, dropped 16,609 tons on Axis targets in Germany and occupied countries during its first year of daylight precision bombing, ending last August 16, and the totals have gone up tremendously ever since as the American Air Force has been expanding its operations.

These bombings have left scars which never will be erased from Germany's face. The Ruhr, industrial heart of Germany, has had its tremendous output of armaments slowed down to a trickle; the shattering of great dams has flooded large sections of Germany; the word "Hamburged" has been added to the vocabulary of war as a new term for the total destruction that air power can inflict upon a city. The people of Germany, dazed, bewildered, and harassed, are bitter over the memory of Field Marshal Göring's now ludicrous

REGENSBURG

ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTO

Destruction from the sky has rained upon Regensburg.

WILHELMSHAVEN

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

A Flying Fortress over the ruins of Wilhelmshaven.

OR BE DESTROYED!

BY SIDNEY SHALETT

promise that no enemy plane ever would operate successfully over the Fatherland. Herr and Frau Hans Burgher, plain German folk, wan and shaken by the terror from the skies that visits them day and night, now forget, when inserting in the newspapers the paid obituary notice for their son who was killed in Italy or in Russia, to include the usual patriotic phrase, "He died for his Führer."

If the Allies conducted bombing on a revenge rather than a military basis, Berlin would now be the No. 1 target. What is happening today inside this capital of Nazidom, this cold, methodical city with its massive, ponderous architecture which unconsciously represents so well the stiffness and pomposity of the great mass of Germans? Berlin is an important industrial and arterial city as well as a capital and a great residential center, and, as this article is being written, it has been raided and bombed about one hundred times. Some Air Force observers in Washington, however, note that the great damage Berlin already has sustained is but the first coating of the terrific pasting it undoubtedly will receive if Germany stays in the war long enough, for major attention thus far has been given to more primary and accessible targets. The War Ministry in London backs this view, holding that Berlin, with its heavily concentrated industry, including production of electrical equipment and precision instruments, and with its 2,000,000 war workers (compared with the Ruhr's 1,500,000), is perhaps the best industrial target in Europe.

Berlin began to get genuinely panicky early last August when the ambulance trains from Hamburg, with their cargos of maimed citizens, began pulling into its railroad stations. Reports got around, despite Nazi bans on such discussions, that authorities had estimated 14,000 already were killed in Hamburg, and that 400,000 of the city's 1,800,000 residents had fled. Berlin quaked.

The somewhat hysterical orders from Dr. Goebbels, in his capacity as Gauleiter of Berlin, for evacuation of women, children, and the aged from the capital made the shakiness worse. The residents of Berlin—hausfraus somewhat less buxom than they were before the era of wartime ersatz foods, and men mostly too old for even limited military service—began streaming out to public squares, to the Tiergarten and other parks, to dig trenches. The imposing drive to the Reichstag building looked less imposing as the fresh dirt from the slit trenches began encroaching on its once immaculate edges. Family shelters—pitifully inadequate little improvisations—began rising in back-yard gardens where Berliners grow their potatoes.

Berlin's ordeal was well under way by the end of August. The great Tempelhof airdrome, of which the Nazis were so proud, was knocked out of commission by an R. A. F. raid one night. The vast runways were pocked and the imposing administration building was among the structures smashed. Refugees arriving in Stockholm told a weird story of being taken to a subsidiary field three miles away, through a fog of acrid smoke so thick that the bus had to keep its headlights on. The three-mile drive took an hour, and at no time could the passengers so much as identify a street they were passing, so black and heavy was the smoke.

Thirty-three of Berlin's 330 square miles—one tenth of the city's area—were estimated to have been laid in smoking waste as the result of a 700-plane raid by the R. A. F. and R. C. A. F. The rails of the intricate network leading into the huge Charlottenburg rail yards were twisted into so many pretzels; ties were reduced to splinters. The fashionable West End with its dignified houses was badly hit; the Zoo and the Friedrichstrasse stations were targets; the Friedrichstrasse itself, which has been called Berlin's Fifth Avenue, saw many windows and roofs shattered on its goodsless stores; and the famous Unter den Linden, which crosses the Friedrichstrasse, probably took some blows. Targets also were hit in the government quarter near the Wilhelmstrasse, and in the great modern industrial suburb of Siemenstadt, where the result was disruption of war plants.

Many Berliners were believed caught in subway lines and stations. This was unfortunate—for them. German subways are shallow, vulnerable to bombing, and Swedish correspondents reported that a number of subways were hit.

It became, according to authoritative foreign reports, an absolute dreary hell to live in Berlin. The vaunted

(Continued on page 58)

NO MORE WOMEN

Ed could burn photographs of past conquests but he found there was one face he could not burn from his heart

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY LYON MEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

WHEN a man reaches a point in life when it is time to look back, he comes to a feeling of the definite line and pattern of things that he can acquire in no other way. Was it really true, Edgar Calverton considered, that life has no pattern? Who said that? It was in something of Somerset Maugham's.

Ed was not too sure about the truth of that, or about anything else, for that matter. But there was a symphonic structure to life. Like a symphony, it was composed of parts or movements, each with a beginning and an end. All of the movements were separated, but there was an overhead relation between them that you could not deny. And in life, just as in a symphony, when you came to the end of a period, you knew it definitely.

Must remember that. A neat little philosophic hunk.

Well, now it was time to look backward. He knew it even before Grace Calverton had come in and laid the sheaf of photographs on his table. An aging woman, she said little, but there was that in her tone that indicated she knew the nature of the male, especially the nature of Ed.

"I found these when I was cleaning out your closet," she said. "What do you want to do with them?"

Ed had forgotten the pictures were in the closet. He looked at them now, and it was like a life that had been lived by some one else. Grace Calverton knew better than to say anything more. She just laid them down and went away. No comment. Not verbal, at any rate.

He picked up the picture of Jeannie MacDougal.

Those youthful blue eyes were candid, and they had attracted him and made him uncomfortable at the same time, because they seemed to know something he didn't. Where did Jeannie get that knowledge? Ed thought perhaps you were born with it, if you were a woman.

IT was long ago, but it could have been last night; he remembered it so clearly, though the entire episode had been brief. And then had come that one night when he told her that they had better put a period to things. Jeannie did not speak for a moment, but those candid blue eyes looked past him, and for that instant Ed felt as though he was stripped down to his soul.

"All right, Ed, if that's what you want," said Jeannie. Her voice was level enough, and if there was any emotion it was well enough masked. "If Dorothy Milliman means that much to you . . ." her voice trailed off as though there was little more to say.

He was curious. "How did you know it was Dorothy?"

She smiled with a touch of that knowledge that always mystified him. "That one time I saw you in the same room together—"

"I remember that," he said. "We hardly looked at each other."

"Exactly," said Jeannie. "And now, if you don't mind going, quickly . . ."

Ed sighed as he laid the picture, face down, on his table. It's funny how a woman can always make you feel like a heel, he considered. The next picture was Dorothy's.

He had to smile, just as he always had had to smile when he looked at Dorothy. She was blonde and quick, with a vivacity and gaiety that would have fascinated any man, and Ed had been no exception. Dorothy would take a man away from her best friend. She had no morals about it. It was that undeviating and unashamed ruthlessness that Ed had found charming, for there was in him, he felt, an answering streak of wickedness that enabled him to understand her.

OF course he should have known he would lose her the same way he got her, but there was a large strain of fickleness in Ed, and he tired of a sustained emotion. Just the same, it did hit him rather hard when it actually happened.

He would call up and she would be out. The next time she would be contrite and the old warmth would arise between them. And the time after that they might quarrel about the same things that had, in the past, been so amusing and interesting to them. And after a while he saw that the time was drawing close. He confronted her with it.

She was curled up on the couch with an exceptionally large box of candy, and she took it so much in her stride that it angered him.

"Don't be such an old stuff," Dorothy said. "Did you really think it would never end?"

It was quite without conscience, and Ed was rather bitter about it, but there was something of a twinge when he took his leave a few moments later. He looked back just as she took a bite out of a large cream-filled chocolate.

"O. K.," he said. "I guess I know my exit line as well as the next one."

Dorothy swallowed the candy slowly. "Don't be such an old stuff," she said again.

Jeannie would have laughed, he considered, because he had it coming to him. On second thought, however, he realized that Jeannie would not have laughed. There was a candid sincerity about Jeannie that would have enabled her to know how he felt.

Marcia had healed such hurt as had been in his jaded and battered soul. Marcia knew how to do that. She was a couple of years older even than he was, and there was a sophistication about her that he found stimulating. He looked at the snapshot of her: hair, black as the wings of night, slicked back from a high forehead, pendent earrings, black dress unrelieved by any adornment.

It was Marcia who had first given him that book of Maugham's to read, Of Human Bondage, where the old philosopher tells the hero that there is no pattern to life.

And when Marcia finally decided to marry a chap of twenty-two, he was not surprised, though he did not believe that a marriage in which there was such a discrepancy in ages could possibly turn out happily. But she might have some pleasant years, he conceded, and Marcia faced life honestly enough to take that for what it was and not look for anything more.

There were others. He looked through the pictures quickly—Mary and Ruth, Rose and Patricia and Evelyn and Ida, Sue Ann and Sally Lou. A full life, and Ed had few regrets now. But things stop. The time for remembrance passes and there comes a time to forget. He took the pictures and began to tear them up.

GRACE CALVERTON came into the room. She stood looking at him for a space with that quiet inquiry in her eyes, and for a moment there was only the sound of the tearing of paper.

"Ed Calverton," she said at length, "are you tearing up all those nice pictures?"

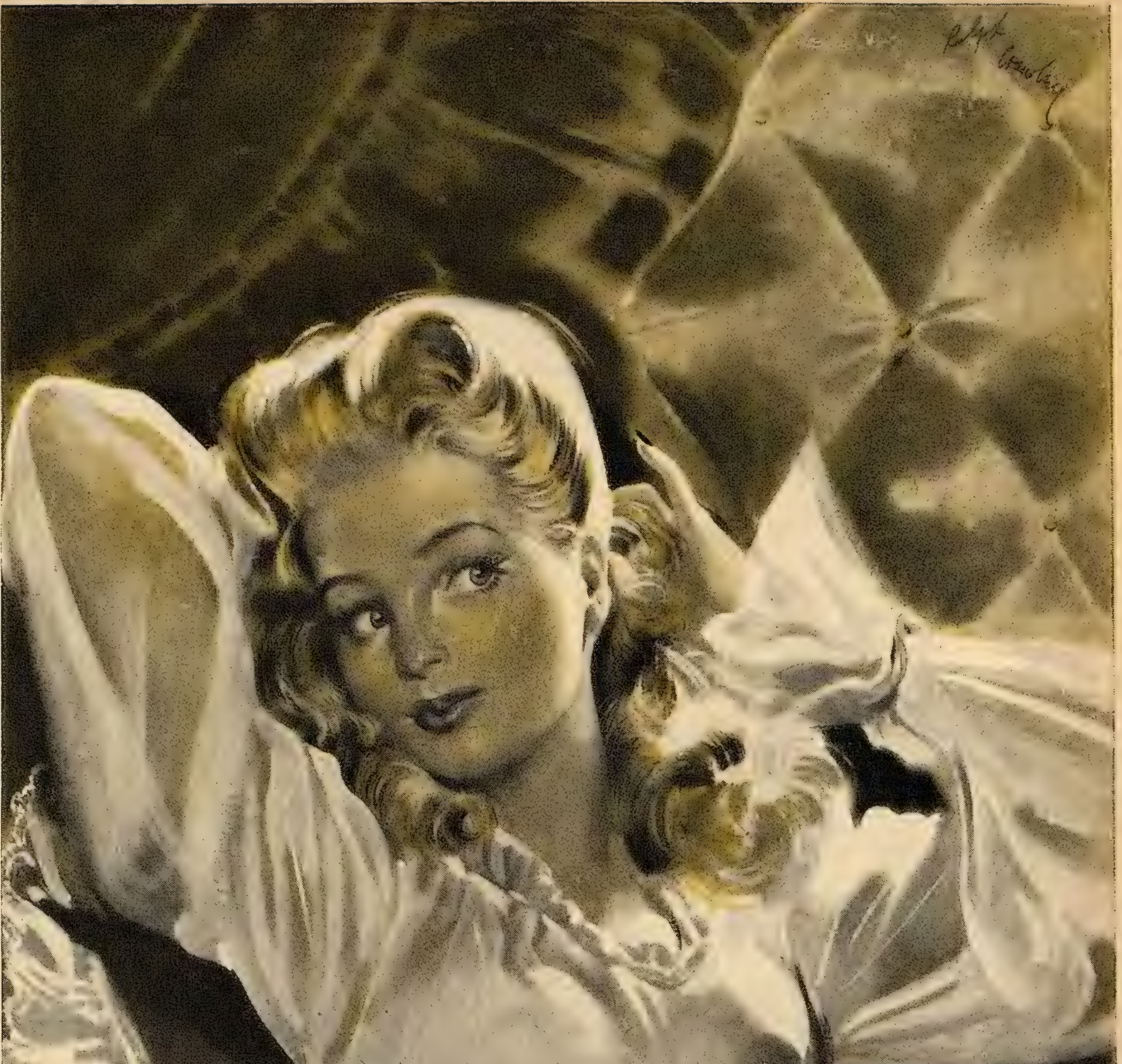
He regarded her soberly. "I am, mother," he said evenly. "I thought, since I'm graduating from high school tomorrow, a fellow ought to forget all that fooling, because life is a pretty serious proposition. I'm going to sort of settle down. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

Grace Calverton did not laugh. "I think you know best, Ed," she said. "Here, let me throw out all those scraps."

She gathered the torn pictures together. "Here's one you didn't tear up, dear." She looked at it with interest. "That's that Jeannie MacDougal, isn't it?"

He took the picture from her and laid it down on the table. "I'll send it back to her some time," he said.

THE END



She was curled up on the couch with an exceptionally large box of candy. "Don't be such an old stuff," she said.

SULFA DRUGS—

Are They the Answer to

ONE half of all work time lost in war industries is lost because of the common cold!

This appalling fact was revealed in a recent survey conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion.

Yet the common cold is taken for granted by the average individual. He does not isolate himself until exhaustion and secondary infections have developed. By that time the damage is done. The most contagious period of a cold is the first day. It is then—when a person has nothing more than a case of sneeze and snuffles—that the epidemics begin which make the common cold Production Saboteur No. 1.

At present there is no 100-per-cent effective method available for prevention of the common cold. Doctors agree that colds are caused by a virus too small to be detected by the highest-powered microscope—a filterable virus. But they do not know exactly what the virus is. Some believe it to be a living organism or germ. Others believe it to be a chemical compound bordering perhaps on the very fringe of life itself. Yet despite this lack of definite knowledge about the origin of the cold, medical science is doing everything in its power, to learn how to cure and prevent colds.

Tests have been made by doctors at the University of Minnesota to determine the effectiveness of various cold preventives. Results were disappointing. Cold vaccines, vitamins, rigorous outdoor exercise, and hot and cold showers failed to lower the incidence of colds in a carefully selected group of students.

But although efforts to find a preventive for colds have not been successful, definite progress is reported from another sector. The sulfa drugs, which have been used so effectively in fighting pneumonia and a number of other infections, including venereal diseases, are being used to treat the common cold. Because individuals react differently to their use and there are often serious complications, many doctors hesitate to use them except in cases of emergency.

Dr. Harry J. Davis of the Savage Arms Corporation at Utica, New York, has elected to fight this battle of the common cold with small doses of sulfathiazole, and significant results have been obtained.

In a report in Industrial Medicine Dr. Davis says: "When secondary invaders take hold in a weakened body and produce complications of the common cold such as pharyngitis, laryngitis, bronchitis, and pneumonia, it is these complications that produce incapacity, lost time, and lost production."

Dr. Davis used three treatments in his carefully controlled experiments. One group received aspirin, an alkali, nose drops, an efficient gargle, forced fluids, and a cathartic. Another group received forced fluids and small doses of sulfathiazole over a period of three days. A third group unknowingly received some harmless and ineffective substitute.

The results were exceptionally favorable. A common cold, whether treatment started early, within the first two days, or late, had a 23-to-32-per-cent better chance of being cured by sulfathiazole than by any of the other methods.

Dr. Davis reports that while there were some unfavorable reactions, only one of those few cases lost time from work, and lost only one day.

"If only a fraction of man-hours could be saved," he says, "what a 'kick in the pants' that would be for absenteeism and the Axis!"

The most effective method for combating the common cold reported to date is the local application of a new sulfa drug. This new drug has been credited with having cut war-plant absenteeism more than half in its first trials. It remains to be seen whether the continued good record will be substantially borne out by exhaustive clinical tests. But the early record is so encouraging that numerous industrial organizations engaged in production of war materials are now using the drug as a cold preventive and many others would like to know more about it.

Vasosulfa, so called by its originator, is marketed by several drug houses under various trade names.* It may be used as a nose and throat spray, as nose drops, or for nasal packs. The spray or drops may be applied as often as necessary to keep the nasal passages open and draining. In Vasosulfa also lies hope for thousands of individuals who suffer from sinus infections.

To make this new drug applicable for public use has taken two years of persistent work and the combined efforts of a nose and throat specialist, three chemists, and four large drug houses.

The man responsible for Vasosulfa is Dr. Frederick M. Turnbull of Los Angeles, California. Dr. Turnbull, who is a nose and throat specialist, used sodium sulfathiazole in the treatment of sinus cases and got favorable results. In 1941 he announced in the Journal of the American Medical Association that, of forty-seven patients with chronic sinusitis, all but seven reported definite improvement and relief of symptoms.

Four of the seven made no report, and of the three reporting no improvement, two had hay fever and one was fighting an influenza infection.

"Vasosulfa," Dr. Turnbull explains, "is not a cure-all. It does not work in all cases of colds, but it is so effective that country-wide trials are being made with it by nose and throat specialists.

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: The Turnbull solution, Vasosulfa, is marketed by the following companies under their own trade names: E. R. Squibb & Sons, Sulmefrin; Abbott Laboratories, Sulfedex; Eli Lilly, Thizodrin; and Parke Davis, Sulfemone.

the Common Cold?

Victory has long eluded science in this battle. Now with sulfa drugs a new attack is opened which promises spectacular results

BY

MOLLY SEAMAN

It is proving helpful in preventing colds or in shortening the absenteeism resulting from them. When a cold starts, the spray frequently stops it."

As an example he cited the fact that at a Lockheed plant the new spray has apparently reduced absenteeism by 54 per cent. In the chemical division of the plant there were only five man-days lost through the common cold during a period when the average expectation was a loss of 126 man-days from the same cause—a reduction of nearly 96 per cent. These results are based on eighteen months of research and experiment.

One public utility that is giving Vasosulfa a trial is the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc.

"It is, as yet, too early to make a statement either for or against its use," says Dr. J. J. Wittmer, director of the Personnel Department. "I hope the results will be favorable, and present signs point in that direction."

Dr. Wittmer believes that every corrective measure should be given a fair trial under proper medical supervision.

"It isn't just one thing that will stop a cold," he says. "Common sense and corrective measures must be applied. If a man has bad tonsils, he cannot expect to eliminate colds until he has had his tonsils removed. Similarly, if a man becomes overheated and then stands before an open window to cool off, he must expect the results to be injurious if his system becomes devitalized."

Commenting on Vasosulfa, a spokesman for the Army Air Forces said recently, "Absenteeism has increased to such an extent that it has become a national war problem. The situation demands that corrective measures be rigorously applied, and it is important that some attention be given to preventive measures and in particular to the common cold, which is so prevalent and which can spread to epidemic proportions in a very short time."

Nevertheless many medical authorities and practitioners do not wholly approve of this new application of the sulfa drugs. They point out that the inflammation and swelling that accompany a cold infection act to prevent the distribution of the drug. To be effective, the drug must reach the invading bacterial organisms, and if swelling should prevent this, local application of the drug would not be of much avail. There seems to be a time interval involved when local application of the new sulfa drug combination can be effective.

What Dr. Turnbull and his associates have developed is a non-irritating, stable sulfa drug in liquid form which may be applied in the usual way as spray or drops. If applied in the early stages of the common cold, before a secondary infection results, many of the sufferers—potential absentees of the next two or three days—will be cured and will not reach the absentee stage.

Unlike the sulfa drugs administered internally, these various drops and sprays, all based on the Turnbull solution, thus far do not seem to have manifested any ill effects. "And that," said one physician, "is a splendid recommendation for any drug."

The drugs are not prepared for dispensation to the layman over the counter in drugstores. They are intended to be used only under the direction of a physician. They are purposely put up in small vials, each containing enough of the drug for one cold, so that a large quantity will not be available for long continued application. Medical opinion seems to be that it is well to exercise caution in the widespread use of these drugs even for surface application, and to use them only as directed by a physician.

It does seem, however, that medical science has crossed another threshold, and that medicine and chemistry have joined forces to provide a boon to sufferers of the common cold—or perhaps to those who might otherwise become sufferers, since the infection must be treated at an early stage. The collaboration of the two sciences is bound also to be a boon to the much harassed war plant executive.

As one frantic employer put it, "Sound economics require that never again shall the subject of absenteeism be deemed unimportant."

At any rate, if an employer can cut to 50 per cent the loss of man-days due to the common cold, he has made a substantial gain—and Dr. Turnbull and his associates will have made a most worthy contribution to the war effort.

THE END

PHOTOS BY
H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Bill Daley (45), Minnesota fullback in 1942, who helped beat his Alma Mater this year as a Michigan V-12.

SHOULD THE ALL-AMERICA BE ABOLISHED?

BY NORMAN L. SPER and FRANK SCULLY

THE year 1943 saw 60,000,000 persons deprived of their Saturday football scores and several hundred coaches, experts, and bookies deprived of their livelihood. For football proved to be the first American sports casualty of World War II. One expert who could afford to spend $10,000 in two months for his New York headquarters in 1941 found eighty dollars a month too hard on his purse in 1943. The worst sufferers were the experts who picked All-Americas.

It seems that Uncle Sam had beaten them to the punch and had picked off the best of the players for his service arms.

Of course, in one guise or another, various colleges put out teams, but seven major schools in the patriotic South discontinued the game for the duration, following the lead of Harvard, which twice before had called off intercollegiate football in the face of crises.

But even those schools which put teams in the field could hardly claim them as their own. Trainees of the Army, Navy, and Marines overran most colleges, and so it was not uncommon to see a 1942 player of one college playing against his Alma Mater in 1943 on the team of another college. Thus many players of the strong 1942 Minnesota team found themselves, due to the fortunes of war, playing against their former teammates. Fred Negus and others of the 1942 Wisconsin team discovered themselves in there fighting for old Michigan of Ann Arbor in 1943.

For years "experts" have showered undying glory on young lads according to whims and hunches. Now war makes the "selections" even worse!

The University of Texas squad played against many of their former varsity teammates when they met Southwestern University of Georgetown, Texas. This season found the cream of the 1942 Texas team and other Southwest schools enrolled as Marine and Navy trainees in the almost unknown Georgetown, Texas, school.

Besides the Annapolis and West Point squads, the strongest teams were where the Navy and Marines took over—colleges like Notre Dame, Michigan, Purdue, Duke, Southern California, the College of the Pacific, and Southwestern—and the weakest were those which the Army occupied or the service arms forgot completely. The Army in this war has not thought much of football as a conditioner for combat, whereas the Navy has held just the opposite view.

But either way the old college try seemed to be left out of the picture entirely.

It was a little difficult for coaches in situations like this to give pep talks before the games urging the players to die for dear old Alma Mater, since Alma was often not on the side of the enemy. So coaches simply told the boys to go out and have a good time. Thus relaxed, they played better football in many instances, and in any case the game went back to the players, where it is hoped that it will stay forever.

Such a counterrevolution, if successful, will put football back thirty years, to the time when the captain of the team was selected by his fellow players and he in turn picked the coach. As the thin edge of the wedge it might be used to split the All-America menace to smithereens; for if players pick captains and captains pick coaches, why not have the players pick All-Americas?

This would be a nice democratic way to freeze experts out of the picture for all time. And why not?

When All-Americas are picked over the radio by even Kate Smith, isn't it time to call a halt anyway? And what of the All-Americas picked by a board of experts and limited to players in

al Roberts

areas where the experts' selections were syndicated to papers as circulation builders?

What about "exchanges" and "trades" between experts, just like so many congressmen log-rolling bills for one another so that each could get a piece of pork out of the public trough?

An All-America of the players, for the players, and by the players ought not to be allowed to perish from this earth.

As a matter of fact, this democratic system was tried out for ten years by one man acting as a clearinghouse for the ballots of 2,000 players from 110 top colleges.

His All-Americas, as a consequence of this, were always at least a year ahead of the pack, and since he has given up his clearinghouse for the duration, on the principle that it would not be fair to the players in Europe and the South Seas to allow the home guard to divide honors in their absence, is it too much to ask the experts to quit picking All-Americas out of a hat when most of the best names are not even in the hat?

If the experts do not accept this well tendered advice some of them may find themselves, as Walter Camp once did, picking players who didn't play in the past season.

The first honorary team was picked by Caspar Whitney for Harper's Weekly as a circulation stimulus in 1889. It worked wonders for the weekly despite the fact that the mythical eleven was confined to three colleges—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton.

To indicate how provincial those All-Americas were, Georgia Tech had been playing football since 1892, but it didn't get a player on an All-America till 1918.

Worse, California had been playing football of sorts since 1883, but it didn't get a nod from Walter Camp till 1921.

Though Caspar Whitney started the thing, he took Walter Camp of Yale in the next year as a junior partner, and the following year Camp became the czar, picking teams singlehanded from 1891 to 1924, inclusive, for Collier's. Camp died in 1925, and thereafter the thing became more or less a free-for-all.

THE most outstanding name on the first All-America was William W. Heffelfinger, a Yale guard. He is still named on many All-Time All-Americas. He was one of the few men who were named three years in a row.

Best remembered of the 1889 team, however, was Alonzo Stagg, now the Grand Old Man of Football, still coaching at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California.

Just as an indication of how these Yale boys stuck together in those days, no Westerner nor even a Middle Westerner made Camp's All-America till 1898.

The first of such choices was Clarence B. Herschberger, a fullback from the University of Chicago.

And who was the coach of the University of Chicago? Alonzo Stagg.

Stagg got Walter H. Eckersall, his great quarterback, on Camp's 1904, 1905, and 1906 selections—one of the few to make the team more than twice.

Even Ted Coy and Jim Thorpe were not named more than two years running.

Yale once got as many as seven of the eleven men honored, and it was feared for a while that Camp would name the whole Yale team as his All-America and call it a day. Ted Coy's team, however, was the last Yale team to come near monopolizing Camp's attention. Five Yale men made the team that year. By 1916 Yale was lucky to have *one* man make the team, and since then it has rarely climbed out of the ivy of the Ivy League. Indeed, by 1943 Monty Woolley's Yale-grown beard was a great deal better known nationally than any Yale gridiron warrior's toe.

WHAT broke the back of the Yale monopoly was Camp's refusal in 1917 to pick an All-America because the best players, he argued, were overseas in World War I. The same conditions, to an even more widespread degree, obtain today.

Camp's death opened the way for a whole army of experts, with Grantland Rice, an all-round sports authority, leading the van. Even the press associations picked teams, by means of canvasses of their correspondents throughout the country.

In 1924 Christy Walsh promoted an All-America Board of Football. The board was hardly wider than a lath, being composed of four "name" coaches. Walsh sold the feature to newspapers throughout the country, but rarely did a player land on the team where the Walsh syndicate had no paper.

The Camp and Walsh All-Americas of 1924 had only four names in common.

By 1930 it was realized by at least one expert that the only equitable way to pick an All-America was to have the *players* pick it. Even this method could only arrive at a rough estimate, as it would be impossible to canvass every player's idea of every other player.

But it was believed that among the top 110 colleges, most of them playing intersectional games, a good man could hardly be ignored if he played good football week after week against all sorts of opponents.

Thus was born the All-Players All-America, where the stars chosen were the composite choices of men who had played against them—not the choices of experts who had never seen more than a few of the stars in question playing a few of their games. This has become known as the Sper system. It was a fact-finding system and as impersonal as a voting machine. All its originator did was to act as a clearinghouse for the votes.

THE Sper system threw up such astonishing facts as to make it possible to tell in midsummer who would play in the Rose Bowl on the following New Year's Day!

By the summer of 1943 it was the originator's contention that, with 150 schools discontinuing intercollegiate football, the football experts ought to follow suit and fold up for the duration of the war.

It is too bad Yale and Princeton did not follow Harvard in 1943, as they had in 1917, and rule out college football for the duration, but 71 schools in the South, including Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Mississippi, and Florida, did so.

In fairness to our All-America material now overseas, all honors should be shelved. It would be as unfair otherwise as it was to vote on prohibition at home with two million men abroad, as was done in 1918.

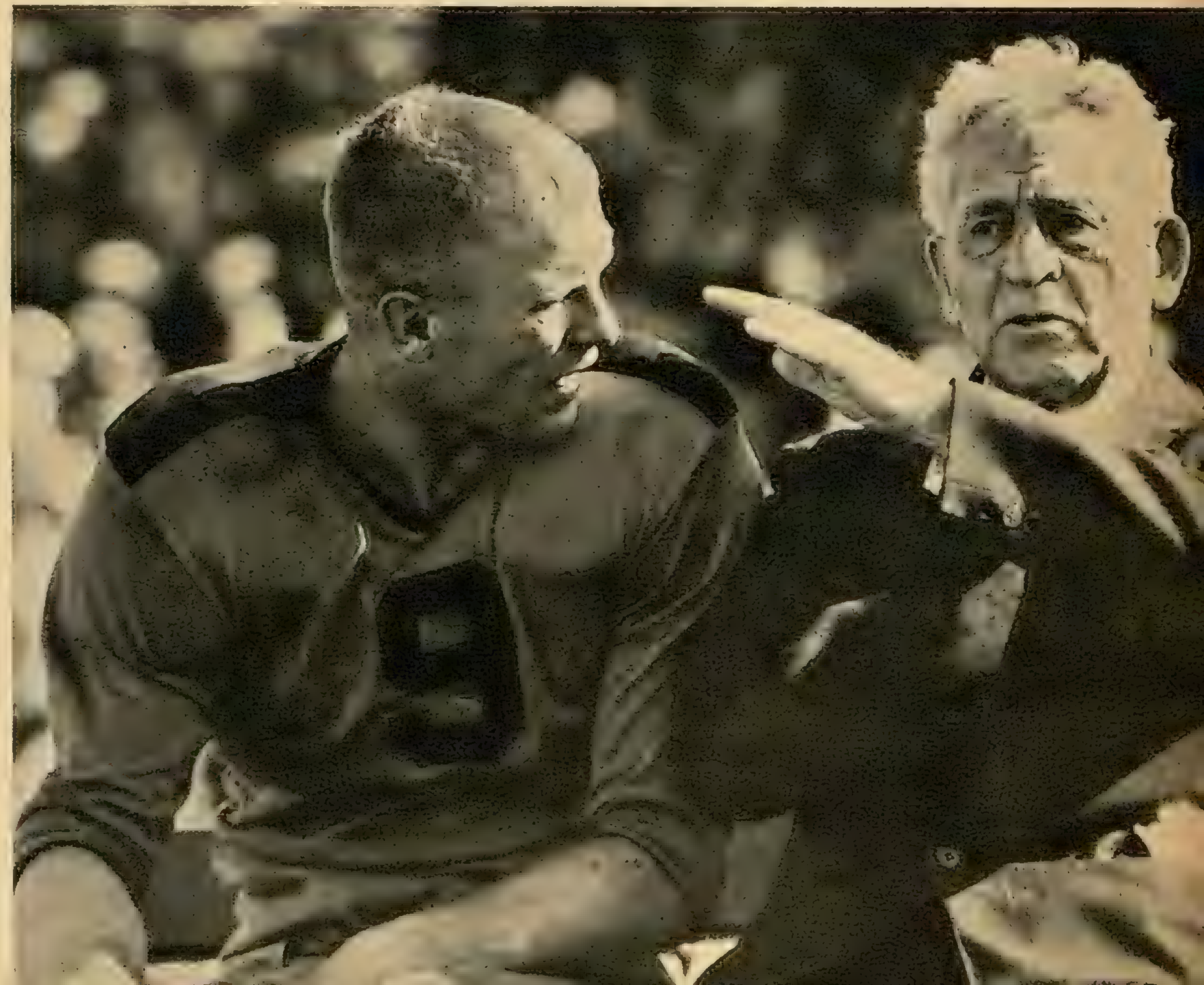
As a circulation builder for newspapers the gag is dead, if for no other reason that even newspapers have to cut down their sizes and circulations to conform to wartime rationing.

With less than 1 per cent of the prewar intersectional games scheduled for 1943, the experts will see only teams in their neighborhoods—in brief, the old Ivy League all over again.

William James once thought football would be America's moral equivalent of war, but with all the world at war there is really no market for moral equivalents, and certainly no need to honor some football players at home when the best ones are proving their All-Americanism on the battlefields abroad.

THE END

Alonzo Stagg, 81—Navy V-12 skyrocketed him into national prominence again.



MAKE UP YOUR HEART

He was once the campus idol, and then became a winged scourge against the Japs. But the girl wanted neither idol nor hero—just a man to whom she could open her heart

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTS

HE came up to Gate 17, Section H, and the kid in the pork-pie hat said, "Have you a ticket? Ticket, please."

The boy wore glasses and had down upon his cheeks. A pea-green but determined freshman.

"My son," said Terry gently, "I want to see the football game. I have been personally reducing the Nip population, you understand, and now for relaxation I wish to watch a yard or so of football in these United States."

The boy's eyes were on Terry's uniform, the set of his cap, his wings. Doubtfully he said, "You're supposed to have a ticket."

"I will take it up with the dean of men," Terry assured him. "How is the team this year?"

"It's not so good."

"They miss the Rambler," Terry said. "You ever see him play?"

"No," the boy said. "I know about him, of course." His eyes were proud. "I'm pledged to his fraternity."

"That's nice," said Terry. "That's lovely."

He went on in. He came out at the top of the stands and looked down at the figures on the field. A halfback ran toward left end with the ball, and Terry grinned a little to himself. The cutback, old number sixty-six. The ball carrier ran wide, then suddenly reversed, and darted back through tackle. They dragged him down for a two-yard loss, and Terry shook his head but more in sorrow than in anger.

He went down the concrete steps and entered a vacant field box. An usher hurried up to him. "You can't sit there," he began, then yammered, "For gossakes, Terry Brown!"

"How are you, Joe?" said Terry.

He didn't know the man or his name. But every one knew Terry Brown and he was polite to one and all, scattering largess to the multitude.

"I see the score is six to nothing against us," Terry said. "You suppose they'd let me out there just long enough to put the team ahead? Or would it be a violation of the rules?"

"Gee, how we could use you!" the usher said. "You and Ed Feder. Boy, I remember . . ."

The smile left Terry's face, his eyes turned cold. The usher's voice trailed off. "I heard . . . big Ed . . ."

"Yes," Terry said, turning back to watch the game. He looked for the Old Man on the bench, then remembered he was in the Army.

Terry sat there and it was not the same. He had a buzzing in his ears and wondered if he'd brought back some bug from the tropics. He looked around at the girls, wondering if Gail were there. And if she were, what would it mean to him? He had some mementos of Ed to give her, that was all. He had no one to block for him in this. It would be easier to do if she had ever loved Ed, but she hadn't.

Gail Thornton. He could recall the first day he saw her, in his sophomore year before the football season started. He was being written up in all the papers. He owned the campus; wherever he went, people he didn't know from Adam smiled and greeted him.

He'd been with Ed Feder—his roommate, two inches taller than Terry, wide as all outdoors—when they had first seen Gail in the Palace, sipping a coke alone at the counter. He remembered gray-green eyes, burnished hair, long slim fingers with scarlet nails, and he had walked up to her, Ed Feder trailing him. He sat on her left, Ed Feder on her right.

Terry said, "You should never drink alone. It may become a habit, persisting through the years."

Her eyes flickered coolly over him, his crew haircut, his grin; then she turned toward Ed Feder. She said, "Pardon me, but aren't you the famous blocking back?"

"Who—me?" Big Ed's jaw dropped down on his chest.

Gail went on silkily, "I just adore blocking backs. Shall we get away from the crowd where we can tell each other all about it?"

Big Ed was numb. She took him by the arm and led him toward the door, like a St. Bernard on a leash. The counterman, staring after her, let out a long thin whistle.

"Thrown for a four-yard loss," said Terry. "She refused to be mousetrapped, kept her feet, and made a hard driving tackle. She's varsity material, Joe."

"She sure is," agreed the counterman.

THE memories crowded up in his chest, and he wished he had not come back. They'd said he needed a rest, but this wasn't where he'd find it. He left the field box and went back under the stadium into the locker rooms. He stepped inside and saw a man in Army uniform, a bull-necked red-faced man with diamond-hard blue eyes. The blue eyes locked with his, and then the tight-lipped mouth relaxed. The Old Man said softly, "Rambler!"

They shook hands, both of them self-conscious, two Anglo-Saxons concealing their emotions, both seeing the same ghosts inside that room. The Old Man said, "I had to come back for one day, to see how it looked."

They stared around the room, at the chipped green-painted lockers, the clothes and headgear tossed in corners. The Old Man spoke as though to himself: "This was going to be our year. The national championship. Remember?" His fingers drummed on the locker top. "The Kurowski brothers up front. Long Tom Taylor at left end. Rambling Terry Brown in the backfield and Ed Feder to block for him."

He turned to Terry and the onetime wingback was staring at a locker at the end of the room, a locker with a splash of white paint across it. The Old Man's eyes followed Terry's.

"I HEAR they got Ed." His voice was taut.

Terry didn't look at him. A roar came in from the stands, sounding oddly muted in that room, but neither of them heard it. "Ed had to hit the silk," Terry said. "They machine-gunned him as he floated down."

"That's what I heard," the Old Man said slowly. "It was hard to believe."

"I saw it," Terry said. "I was there."

The Old Man's eyes were gimlets. "They won't send me across. I'm too old, they tell me. Hell's fire, Terry, I used to tackle you in practice." The look in his eyes softened, became resigned. "What brought you back? You had a girl here, didn't you?"

"A couple hundred more or less," Terry said easily. "I don't want to neglect civilians in this war."

"A girl," the Old Man said musingly. "Wait a minute . . . Gail Thornton. Redhead. Met her once, danced with her. I remember, because it was the night before the Fordham game. She asked me if there was a chance you'd get knocked off your pins. What happened to her?"

Terry said, "It used to be fun the way she used Ed Feder as a decoy. I didn't date her too much; she held me off. It was fun until I fell in love with her. Love isn't a game any more. Out there a guy thinks about it differently. He doesn't want a phony. He wants a girl to live with, a girl that's real. She's not the type."

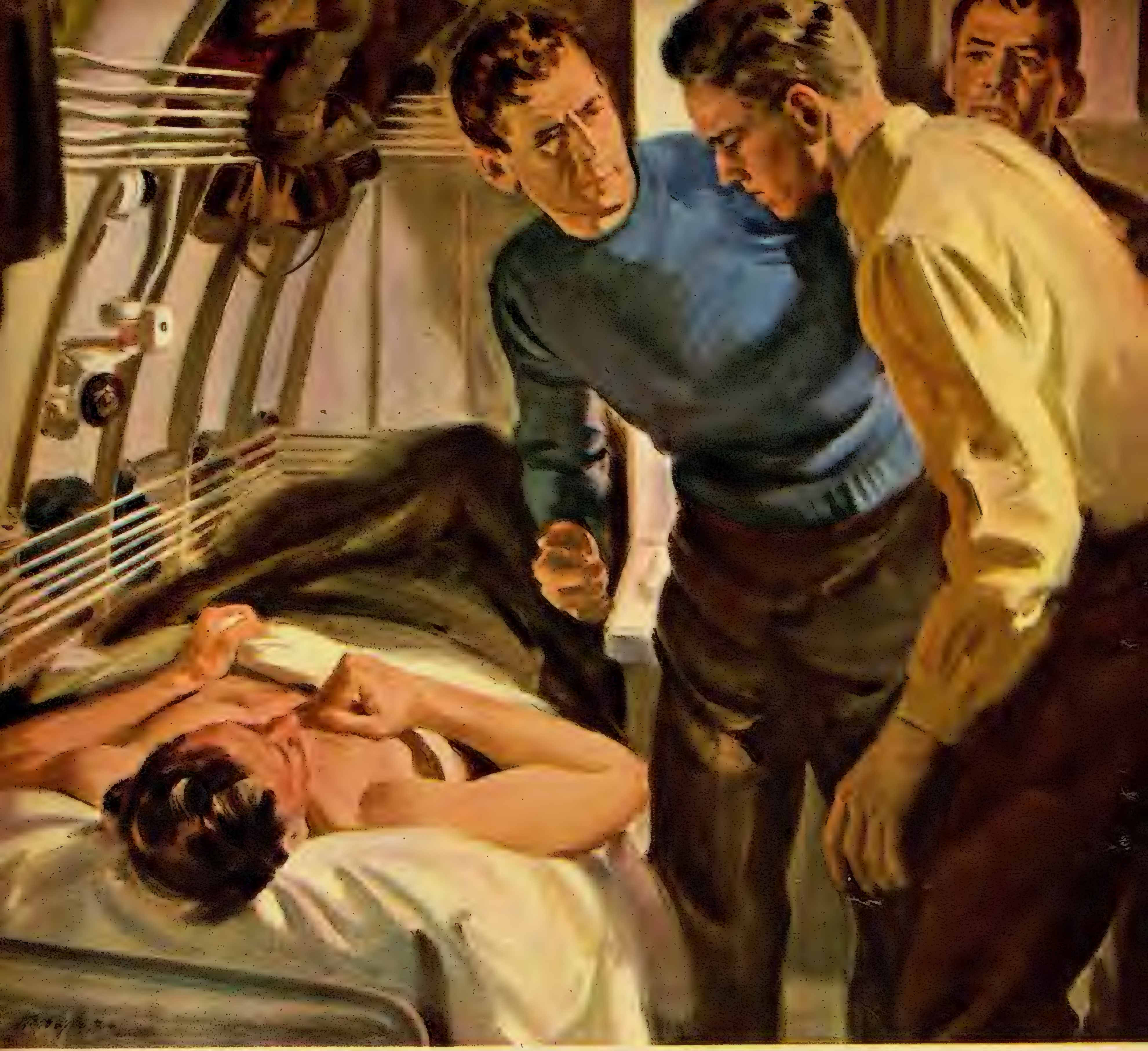
He'd talked too much. He'd kept all this within himself, where it belonged. The Old Man had a way of getting you to tell him your problems, but no one could help with this.

He grinned the cocky Rambler grin of old and flipped a hand. "Well, so long, coach. I got to ramble."

He went down the hall, wrinkling his nose at the familiar odor of sweat and arnica. Outside, he took a last look at the green-clad gridiron, seeing himself out there, the ball tucked in one arm and big Ed Feder running interference, knocking out the tacklers. Big Ed hitting

(Continued on page 60)

The boy sighed. "Well, it's good to know my competition was the best."



Browski lay looking like death. "He hasn't a chance, sir," said Pills. "Appendix burst?" Cassidy asked. "No, sir, but—"

DESTINATION TOKYO

With the most perilous part of his task ahead, Quade leaves the Copperfin and alone on a desolate Japanese shore he keeps his rendezvous with danger

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE son of an American diplomat, Russel Quade had lived all his twenty years in Japan. In Tokyo, one day, he met beautiful seventeen-year-old Betty Miller. After only a few hours together, Betty had to return to her cruise ship.

A year later Russ was in Los Angeles for two purposes: to find Betty and to further his ambitions to become a diplomat.

It was years later that Quade was ordered aboard the U. S. S. Copperfin, a submarine bound on a secret mission, destination unknown. He introduced himself to Captain Cassidy—already a hero in the war with Japan—as Lieutenant (j. g.) Russel Quade. As "extra cargo," Quade had little to do, and after he became acquainted with the officers and crew, he returned in retrospect to the years he and Betty had spent together since the night *she* had found *him*.

No matter how her own ambition to become an actress was affected, Betty insisted on remaining with him—when he went to Washington in an unsuccessful attempt to get a post with the State Department; to New York, to starve for a while in Greenwich Village. Finally Russ was offered a very minor job in the Paris U. S. Embassy.

He told Betty he could not take her with him. Heartbroken, she returned to Los Angeles and her own career.

After a year in Paris, Russ begged Betty to come to him. Then he met rich Stella Yarnell. Thinking Stella's influence might further his ambitions, Russ married her. Two days later Betty arrived!

When Betty refused to stay after Russ had told her the truth, he went to Moscow with Stella.

Meanwhile the Copperfin, after thrilling adventures, reached Japan, and Captain Cassidy succeeded in taking her right into Tokyo Bay.

In the conning tower that night, Quade sat waiting, his trunk—taken aboard at Mare Island—beside him, open.

PART SIX

CAPTAIN CASSIDY climbed up through the hatch.

"All set, Quade?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to do your job as quickly as possible." He turned to the loudspeaker, addressing the sound man in the control room below. "Simmons, make a careful sweep all around!"

In a moment the sound man's voice replied: "All clear, sir!"

"Blow negative!" Cassidy said.

There was the sound of air blowing water out of the tanks.

"Negative dry," Browski's voice reported.

"Blow safety!" Cassidy ordered.

Slowly the sub started up through cold, black enemy water. Just below the surface, the ship leveled off, rocking slightly. Scattered in the bay above them, warships of the Japanese Navy lay at anchor. A white searchlight from shore drifted slowly across the water; now it blinked out.

In the conning tower, Cassidy's voice was tight. He waited, then he said, "Vent negative."

There was the sound of air hissing in. It was the only sound in the whole ship. Then Cassidy's voice snapped, "Up scope!"

The periscope rose. Cassidy lowered the handles and began making a full, fast sweep. Lieutenant Taber stood by, watching. Beside him was a quartermaster. But Quade's eyes were on Cassidy. He was cool, collected; made for his job, Quade thought. He was all iron. You didn't know what he was thinking, what he felt. He was making a slower sweep of the surface now. Finally his lips moved:

"Surface!"

There was the sound of air rushing into the tanks. The sub's deck tilted up, and already water was draining off the conning tower as it broke surface.

"Crack the hatch!" Cassidy said.

The quartermaster wrenched the screw on the hatch. At once there was a rush of air escaping from the sub's interior; then the sound began to subside.

"Open hatch!" came the next order.

The quartermaster obeyed. He was already disappearing up through the hatch, going to the bridge. Cassidy followed, climbing the ladder fast, Lieutenant Taber right behind him. Quade came next. His heart was pounding.

The moment he was up, he took a sector forward, searching the water in the vicinity of the submarine. Then he looked toward shore. Snow on the ground. The dimmed-out lights of Yokohama! His face was hot in the icy offshore wind. His chest was heavy, so that it was hard to breathe. He felt *heavy* all over. He recognized half a dozen familiar landmarks! *Japan.* This was it! His eyes were so glued on the land it was only with effort he could return them to the bay.

The bay was dark—but in the dim reflection of a cloud-ringed moon there was a vague silhouette of warships. He saw an aircraft carrier. It was very big. The rest he could not make out. It was early, the nightly wartime curfew not yet in effect; and on the shore there was a movement of traffic.

The water around the submarine was black. The quartermaster had taken the aft sector. In a whisper he reported to Cassidy now: "All clear aft, sir!"

"All clear starboard, captain," Taber said.

"All clear port," Quade added.

Captain Cassidy stood over the hatch, called softly below: "Lookouts to the bridge! Bring up that aerology gear. Be quick about it and be quiet! All men on deck are to wear life preservers. We may have to dunk in a hurry!"

THE men started coming up, lugging Quade's gear with them. Quade got to work at once, setting it up. First he hoisted a small black wind balloon, securing the equipment for it there on the bridge. Meanwhile a signalman set a wind-cup machine in motion. It spun around and around. Temperature, barometer reading, and wind velocity apparatus were presently all in operation, Quade was everywhere, checking, calculating, computing. Suddenly, in a hushed voice, a lookout reported:

"Dark object broad and starboard quarter!"

Cassidy was focusing his night glasses in that direction. Quade waited. Cassidy looked down, addressing the man on the phone:

"What does the sound man get?"

"No motor sound, sir," the man on the phone whispered.

Cassidy listened intently, peering into the darkness. He whispered, "Stand by to dive!"

Quade was frantic. He made his way to Cassidy's side. "Shall I cut away the balloon?" It meant they wouldn't get the reading.

"If that fishing boat gets any closer," Cassidy whispered, "you'll have to."

Blindly Quade peered into the darkness ahead. There was a slapping sound of water. Then a distant Japanese voice called to them, the voice resounding hollowly. Suddenly, impulsively, Quade cupped his hands as a megaphone. He shouted in angry, vehement Japanese.

Cassidy stared at him, color draining from his face. The sailors on deck, garbed in heavy life preservers, were frozen. There was a moment of total silence. Then came the distant, answering voice in Japanese. It was apologetic. No one moved. Suddenly Cassidy grinned. He whispered to Quade:

"He's moving off!" He took a deep breath. "What the hell'd you say?"

Quade was shaking now. "I told him this was the Imperial Japanese Navy's Reserve and to get out fast."

"What did *he* say?"

"He said yes, sir, and that he was very sorry."

Cassidy nodded, satisfied. "Could be, though, that Nip'll make a report." He spoke to the man on the phones: "Commence battery charge."

Quade worked fast, writing, checking. Twice he went below to the conning tower. When he had finished his computations he returned to Cassidy on the bridge.

"I'm sorry, sir. The forecast is bad. We'll have to try again tomorrow night."

Cassidy frowned. "That means we'll have to lay on the bottom tonight and all day tomorrow." He caught Quade's arm. "You did what you had to do fast. You're all right, Quade."

"Thank you, sir."

AGAIN on the sandy bottom of Tokyo Bay, the sub listed unevenly. Quade had a feeling that tomorrow night the report would be good, and therefore he would not be going back below the surface of the water with them. He would be on his way ashore in a rubber boat, with two suitcases—the parts of a short-wave radio inside them. And once ashore, he would be headed into the city of Tokyo itself.

Tokyo. The end of his trip on the submarine. And the end of a lot of things, he thought.

Back there, in Europe, after Betty left, it turned out that he didn't get the German post at once, the way he'd thought he would. He didn't get it until six months later, and he'd had to live on Stella's money all that time. But then, afterward, he'd had to use her money, too, because the job, big as it seemed to him, was not really big and did not pay enough to support Stella. The lavish parties, the trips, the dinners, the champagne orgies, the hangovers, and the rest—he remembered it all.

He'd never loved Stella, and he'd drunk too much and lived too hard. There was always something going on, *always*, but the total effect was noise and nothingness; and black nights, walking the streets in Germany, the way he'd walked them in Paris, think-

(*Continued on page 48*)

"Betty, promise me something," Russel said. "No good-bys. We've had so many."

On the Air OVER THERE

Captain André Baruch puts a program on the air from a station in North Africa.

It's Crosby, Benny, or Dinah Shore at the twist of a dial for our boys in the Mediterranean theater—thanks to the Army Radio Network

BY ENSIGN RALPH CARSON

THOUSANDS of ships were lying off Italy. Our beachheads were already established. Every piece of equipment needed to keep men fighting and moving forward was being put ashore. An officer was overseeing the handling of one large wooden crate. He had nothing to worry about. The boys were handling it as tenderly as they might have handled a favorite glass jar of pickles.

"Easy, fellas," one hefty sergeant was saying. "Very easy. Here comes our radio station."

Their radio station it was, and is—just like five other stations set up in North Africa and known to our boys by the familiar signature, "An American Expeditionary Station, a radio service for American fighting men and their allies."

The boy you write to in North Africa, Sicily, or Italy will be hearing that signature sometime today. He's been hearing it since those early days in December, 1942. And it is exactly what the name implies—a special service designed to give him news and entertainment through the medium of radio.

Whatever the time, whatever the day, that boy of yours, in the moments when he can relax, will find the best in American entertainment in his own tent or recreation hall at a radio.

The Army Special Service Section in North Africa is now operating six stations to inform and entertain the boys. The stations' equipment and personnel are all-service. The programs are all-American. And the G. I. listeners are all for it.

It was scarcely a month after the first troops had landed in North Africa, and before anybody had given much thought to their morale, that the familiar voice of Captain André Baruch, which used to be heard on the Hit Parade, Waltz Time, and the Kate Smith programs, came on the air announcing the new radio service.

The opening plan of operations didn't include a radio station for troops. It did count on radio, however. When the first landings were made, a voice in perfect French asked the co-operation of the native population. The voice explained the whys of invasion, extended pleas for submission. That voice, too, belonged to André Baruch.

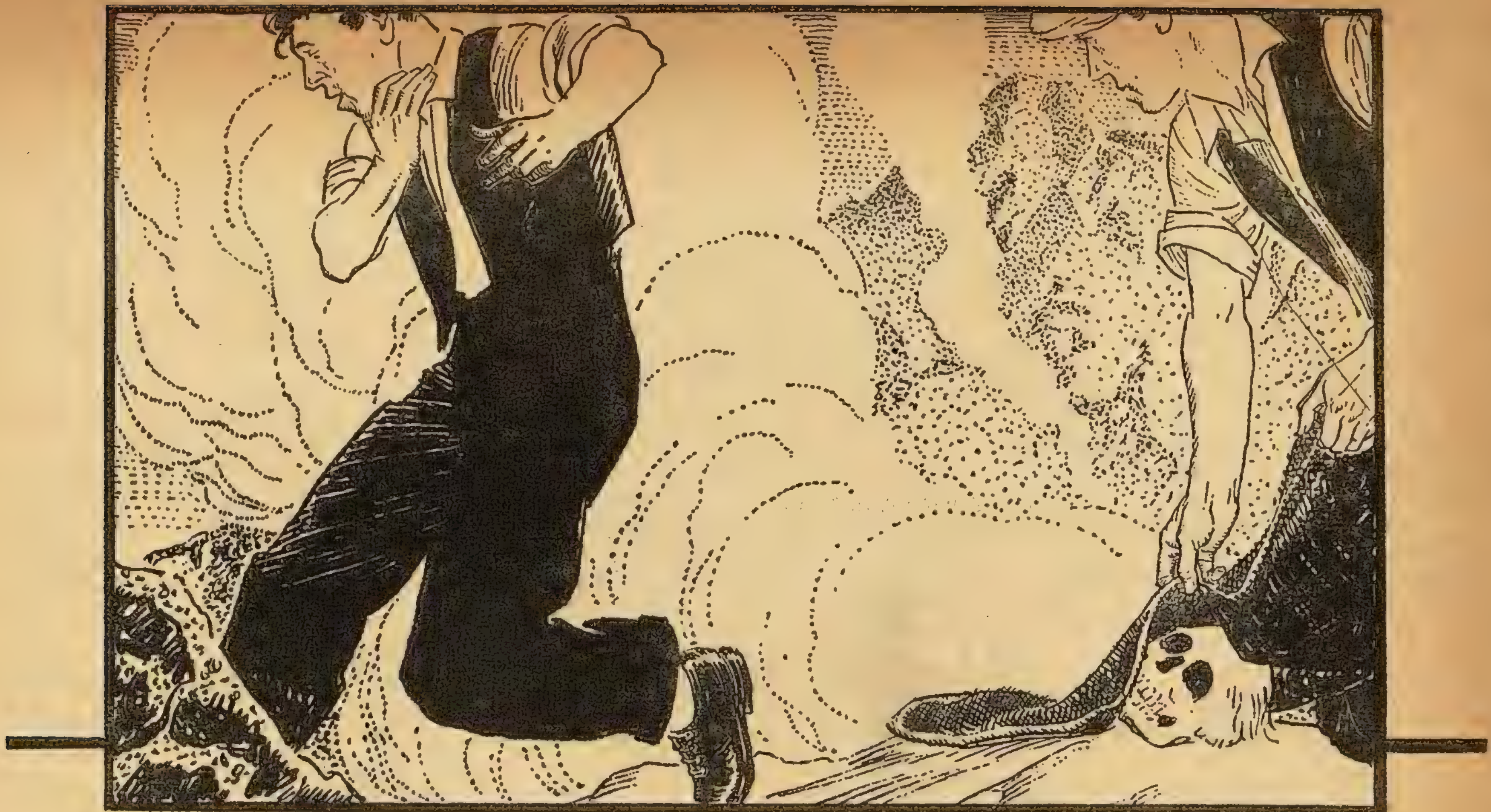
The Army that was later to bottle the Boche in Bon was on the march; the troops that were to deliver their supplies were installed in strategic port areas; the ships and sailors needed to bring over men and materials, and to safeguard their delivery, were on the job. But what were all these men doing in their moments of relaxation? Surrounded by a friendly civilian population whose language they couldn't speak, sleeping in pup tents on the sides of hills, sent back to blacked-out areas when the sun suddenly slipped out of sight, how were they to fill those moments between work and sleep?

A few officers who knew the all-inclusiveness of radio had the answer. But what of equipment, personnel, space, and operating facilities? Well, there was a part of an original French transmitter, there were pieces of baling wire, there was some Signal Corps equipment which could be "moonlight-requisitioned"—and there was a Captain Houston A. Brown, former university professor in engineering. So the first American transmitter overseas made expressly for entertainment of troops was set up in a place no larger than the one occupied by your refrigerator. It was housed, incidentally, in the kitchen of an apartment. If that first station was sired by André Baruch, it was dammed (and sometimes damned roundly) by its chief engineer, Captain Brown. But The Voice of the American Soldier and Sailor was on the air, and in exactly thirty-seven days after the first shell fell on Casablanca the air over dark Africa was alive with jive.

Though plans hadn't been made for entertainment by local radio, Army's Special Service had planned for the entertainment of each individual unit overseas. Each Special Service officer attached to the various units had in the Army B kit a radio, some records, and also some transcriptions of such air favorites as Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, and Fred Allen. Once listened to, however, these recordings lost flavor. More transcriptions were on the way, and exchanges could be effected between units; but for the immediate answer, again there was—the radio! For the first recordings Captain Baruch jeeped thirty-five miles to locate a well camouflaged outfit. In exchange for ten half-hour transcriptions, he took the company's broken-down phonograph back to the newly launched station for repairs. Hope (Bob) and hope hit Africa that night.

(Continued on page 56)

Top-flight entertainers perform for the men overseas. Here's Al Jolson at a North African mike.



COLOUR SCHEME

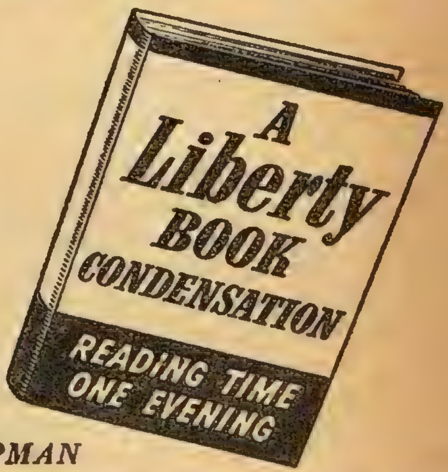
A Condensation of the Mystery Novel

by NGAIO MARSH

HOW CRITICS PRAISED THIS NEW KIND OF MYSTERY

"A superb novel...recommended without reservation."—*New Yorker*

"Cleverest mystery of 1943."—*Los Angeles Times*



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

WHEN Dr. James Ackrington limped into the Harpoon Club on the morning of Monday, January 13, he was in a poisonous temper. He had slept badly. He had embarked on a row with his sister about the therapeutic value of mud pools. He had asked for the daily paper, only to discover it had been used to wrap up Mr. Maurice Questing's picnic lunch. His niece Barbara burst out into one of her fits of nervous laughter and recovered the paper, stained with ham fat and reeking with onions. Dr. Ackrington, shaking it angrily, tapped his sciatic nerve smartly against the table. Blind with pain and white with rage, he made his way to the hottest of the thermal baths, only to find Mr. Maurice Questing sitting in it. Mr. Questing had laughed offensively and announced his intention of remaining in the pool, pointing out the less hot but unoccupied baths. Dr. Ackrington embarked on as violent a quarrel as he could bring about, then drove his car ruthlessly up the sharp track from Wai-ata-tapu Hot Springs to the main road for Harpoon.

Arrived at the club, he collected his mail and turned into the writing room. As he opened his letters only one of them seemed to arrest his attention. He glared at it, whistling slightly between his teeth.

Auckland, C. I.

My dear Dr. Ackrington:

I am venturing to ask for your advice regarding a patient of mine, the famous Geoffrey Gaunt. He arrived in Australia with his Shakespearean company just before war broke out, and on the final disbandment of the company came to New Zealand, where he has done some excellent propaganda stuff on the air. About four weeks ago he consulted me. He complained of insomnia, acute pains in the joints, loss of appetite, and intense depression.

I know you are living at Wai-ata-tapu, and understand that the Spa is under your sister's or her husband's management.

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Would you be very kind and tell me if you think Colonel and Mrs. Claire would care to have him as a resident for some six weeks or more? Gaunt has a secretary and a manservant, and I understand he would want accommodation for both of them.

Yours very sincerely,

Ian Forster.

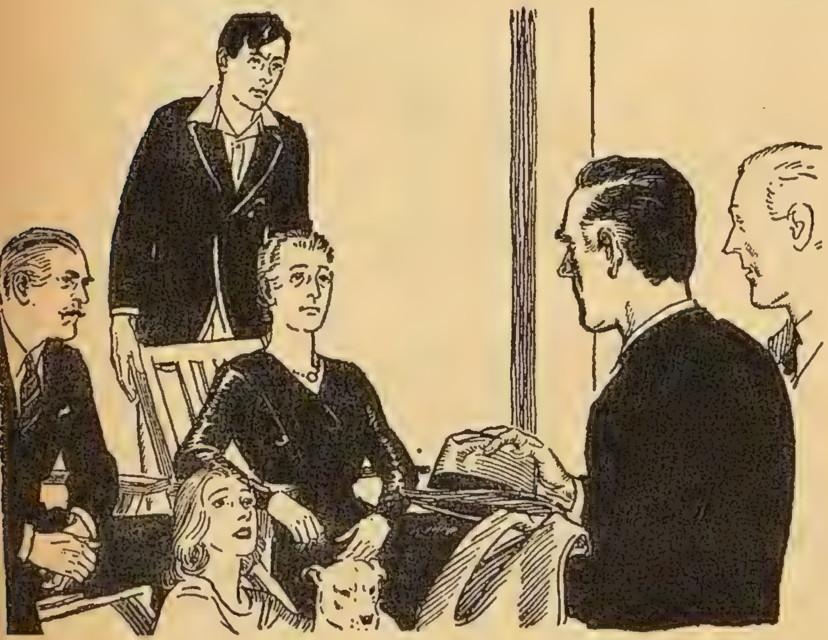
Dr. Ackrington, still whistling between his teeth, filled his pipe and lit it. After some five minutes' cogitation he drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote an answer in his thin irritable script.

As he sealed it, a trace of complacency lightened the habitual austerity of his face. He rang, ordered a whisky-and-soda, and with an air of relishing his employment began a second letter:

Roderick Alleyn, Esq., Chief Inspector, C. I. D., c/o Central Police Station, Auckland.

Sir:

The newspapers report you as having come to this country in connection with leakages of information to the enemy, notably those which led to the sinking of S.S. Hippolyte last November.



I consider it my duty to inform you of the activities of a person at present living at Wai-ata-tapu Hot Springs, Harpoon Inlet. This person, calling himself Maurice Questing, has formed the habit of leaving the house after dark. To my positive knowledge, he ascends the mountain known as Rangi's Peak, which looks out to sea. I have myself witnessed on several occasions a light flashing on its slopes. You will note that the Hippolyte was torpedoed at a spot some two miles out from Harpoon Inlet.

I reported this matter to the local police authorities, who displayed a somnolence so profound as to be pathological.

Yours faithfully,

James Ackrington, M. D., F. R. C. S., F. R. C. P.

Dr. Ackrington finished his drink and went out to post his letters.

COLONEL AND MRS. CLAIRE had lived for twelve years at Wai-ata-tapu Springs. They had come to New Zealand from India when their daughter Barbara was thirteen and their son Simon nine years old. A small inheritance had come to the recently retired colonel, and with it they had built the spa they now lived in. They had worked like slaves, receiving good advice with well-bred resentment and bad advice with touching gratitude. Besides these failings, they had a positive genius for collecting impossible people, and at the moment were at the mercy of a certain incubus called Herbert Smith.

On the retirement of her distinguished and irascible brother, Dr. James Ackrington, from practice in London, Mrs. Claire had invited him to join them. He had consented to do so only as a paying guest, as he wished to enjoy complete freedom for making criticisms and complaints, an exercise he indulged in with particular energy, especially in regard to his nephew Simon. His niece Barbara retained the sort of English vicarage-garden atmosphere that emanated from her mother. Simon, on the contrary, had attended the Harpoon state schools and had become truculently colonial, somewhat introverted, and defiantly uncouth. A year before the outbreak of war he left school, and was now taking the preliminary Air Force training at home.

On the morning of Dr. Ackrington's visit to Harpoon, the Claires pursued their normal occupations. Colonel Claire took his lumbago to the radioactivity of the mud pool, Mrs. Claire steeped her sciatica in a hot spring, Simon went into his cabin to practice Morse code, and Barbara cooked the midday meal in a primitive kitchen with Huia, the Maori help.

"You can dish up, Huia," said Barbara. "There'll be six in the dining room. Mr. Questing's out for lunch."

"Good job," said Huia skittishly. "He's no good."

Barbara glanced at her. "Mightn't it be better if you just pretended not to hear when Mr. Questing starts teasing you?"

Huia looked out of the corners of her eyes at Barbara and tittered.

BARBARA felt uneasy. It was almost as if the girl were laughing at her. Suddenly she decided to have the talk with her mother she had been putting off for days. As she walked toward the Springs she glanced up at the hill which formed a natural barrier between them and the Maori reserve lands. Old Rua, chief of the Te Rarawa tribe, was sitting there on the crest, as he did so often, appearing larger than human against the sky. Huia was one of his many great-grandchildren, and Barbara wondered if it were she the old man was keeping watch on, or themselves, or if, perhaps, he just liked to sit that way, lost in a long perspective of recollections. "I shall never understand them," she thought helplessly as she walked round the screen and found Mrs. Claire submerged up to the shoulders in steaming water.

"Mummy," Barbara said, "do you like Mr. Questing?"

"Well," said Mrs. Claire, "he's not out of the top drawer, of course, poor thing."

"I don't mind about that. And it's not because he talks a different language, or any of those things. I don't like *him,* nor the way he behaves with Huia. Or," Barbara added under breath, "with me."

"I expect," said Mrs. Claire, "that's only because he used to be a commercial traveler. It's just his way."

"Mummy, *why* do you find excuses for him? Why does daddy, who would ordinarily loathe Mr. Questing, put up with him? You'd think Mr. Questing had a sort of *hold* on us," she said, and, bursting into one of her fits of nervous laughter, started back to the house.

Dr. Ackrington bucketed his car down the drive and pulled up at the veranda with a savage jolt just as Barbara reached it.

"Did you have your morning soak?" she asked.

"I did not. That damned poisonous little bounder Questing was wallowing in the pool. How in the name of common decency your parents can stomach him—"

"That's just what I've been asking mummy."

Dr. Ackrington stared at his niece. Barbara resembled her uncle; yet while he, in a red-headed edgy sort of way, was remarkably handsome, she contrived to present as good a profile without its accompaniment of distinction. Her hair, her clothes, her incoherent gestures all combined against her looks and discounted them.

"Oh," said Dr. Ackrington at last. "And what did your mother say?"

Barbara pulled a clown's grimace. "She *reproved* me."

"Well, don't make faces at me," snapped her uncle.

As they went indoors, Simon came round the house and slouched in behind them. He was tall, big-boned, and sandy-haired, with a jutting underlip.

"Hullo, Sim," said Barbara. "How's the Morse code?"

"Going good," said Simon.

Dr. Ackrington turned on him. "Is there any reason why you should not say 'going well'?" he demanded.

"Huh!" said Simon, trailing behind them into the dining room, where Colonel Claire was already seated.

As Mrs. Claire came in, looking as if she had just returned from a round of charitable visits in an English village, Dr. Ackrington took out the letter from Dr. Forster. "This concerns all of you," he announced.

"Where's Smith?" demanded Colonel Claire suddenly.

"Don't mind Smith now," said Dr. Ackrington. "I passed him in Harpoon. He was turning in at a pub, and by the look of him it was not the first by two or three."

"He got a check from home yesterday," said Simon in his strong New Zealand dialect. "Boy, oh boy!"

"Will you allow me to read this letter, or will you not?" Dr. Ackrington struck the table angrily with the flat of his hand. His sister leaned back in her chair, Colonel Claire stared out through the windows, and Simon and Barbara, after the first two sentences, listened eagerly.

Barbara whistled. "Geoffrey Gaunt!"

"We can't take on a chap like that," said Simon loudly.

"And why not, pray?" his uncle demanded. "I imagined that three resident patients might be of some assistance to the exchequer." He turned to Colonel Claire. "What do you say, Edward?"

"Eh?" Colonel Claire raised his eyebrows in a startled manner. "Who is this Geoffrey Gaunt?"

"*Daddy!* You saw him in Jane Eyre. He's wildly famous." Barbara paused, her left cheek bulging. "He was *exactly* my idea of Mr. Rochester," she said ardently.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Claire, "that Mr. Gaunt would find us very humdrum sort of folk."

"*Mummy—*" Barbara began. Her uncle interrupted her.

"I fancied that, having gone to considerable expense in building a spa, your object was to acquire a clientele. I see I was mistaken. You prefer an alcoholic who doesn't pay his way, and a bounder whom I, for one, regard as a person better suited to confinement in an internment camp."

Colonel Claire said, "Are you talking about Questing?"

"I am."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't." Colonel Claire looked fixedly at the opposite wall. "I am under an obligation to him. I didn't want to mention it, but you, James, and you two children have shown so pointedly your dislike of Mr. Questing that I'm forced to tell you that I—I must ask you to show him more consideration."

With an air of martyrdom, Colonel Claire rose and moved over to the windows. "On second thought, I believe we should reconsider our decision about taking these people as guests. I—I'll speak to Questing about it."

GAUNT stood with his hands rammed down in the pockets of his dressing gown and his shoulders hunched up to his ears, and Dikon Bell, his secretary, noticed apprehensively that his leg was very stiff this morning.

"We've heard from Dr. Forster, sir," he said. "He's made inquiries about a place in the Northland. Subtropical climate."

"Sulphurous pneumonia?"

"Well, sir, we do want to clear up that leg, don't we?"

"We do." With one of those swift changes of demeanor by which he so easily commanded devotion, Gaunt clapped him on the shoulder. "I think you're as homesick for London as I am, Dikon. I shouldn't keep you here. Go back, my dear chap. I'll find somebody in New Zealand," said Gaunt with a certain melancholy relish.

"Are you giving me the sack, sir? They simply hated the sight of me in the Australian recruiting offices. And I fancy I should have little more than refuse value at home. I'm as blind as a bat, you know. I'd rather stay a little longer, if you'll have me."

"Well, let's hear about this place."

"Here is Dr. Forster's letter, and one enclosed from a Dr. James Ackrington, who appears to be a celebrity from Harley Street. Perhaps you'd like to read them," Dikon said, watching him rather nervously.

Geoffrey Gaunt had spent twenty-seven of his forty-five years on the stage and was firmly established in the first rank. He was middle-sized, dark, and as an actor possessed the two great assets: his skull was well shaped and his hands were beautiful. As for his disposition, Dikon Bell had written six years before, after a week in Gaunt's employment: "He's tricky, affected, clever as a bagful of monkeys, a bit of a bounder with the temper of a fury, and no end of an egotist, but I think I'm going to like him." He had never found reason to revise this first impression.

Gaunt read Dr. Forster's note and then Dr. Ackrington's letter.

"He *does* say the mud may be miraculous," Dikon said persuasively. "Why not try this place?"

Gaunt merely frowned as Colly, his valet, came into the room. "There's a gentleman downstairs, sir, wants to see you," Colly said. "They told him in the office you only see visitors by appointment, and he comes back with 'That's just too bad' and sits in the lounge with a Scotch-and-soda, reading the paper." He held out a card. "Persistent sort of bloke, sir."

"Oh, you get rid of him, Dikon," said Gaunt. "You know all the answers. I'm accepting no invitations. I think New Zealand's marvelous. If they want me to do something for the troops, I will if I can."

In the lift Dikon looked at the visitor's card.

MR. MAURICE QUESTING

Wai-ata-tapu Thermal Springs

Mr. Maurice Questing was about fifty years old. His features were blurred and thick, his eyes sharp. His clothes looked expensive and new, and his conversation was full of the near-Americanisms that are part of the New Zealand dialect.

"Pardon me if I speak in error," he said, "but is this Mr. Bell, Mr. Gaunt's private secretary?"

"Yes."

"That's great," said Mr. Questing, shaking hands ruthlessly and breaking into laughter. "I know you're a busy man, but I'd be very, very happy if you could spare me five minutes. I had hoped for a word with Mr. Big, but I've got an idea that a little chat with you will be very, very satisfactory."

"I see," said Dikon, "that you come from Wai-ata-tapu Springs."

"Yes. I'm going to be quite frank with you, Mr. Bell. I'm going to tell you I've got a very considerable interest in the Springs."

"Look here, Mr. Questing," said Dikon briskly. "You've evidently discovered that we've heard about this place. You've come to recommend it. That's very kind of you, but I gather your motive isn't purely altruistic."

Mr. Questing laughed uproariously. His conversation became thick with hints and evasions. After a minute or two Dikon saw that he himself was being offered some sort of inducement. Mr. Questing told him repeatedly that he would be looked after, that he would have every cause for personal gratification, if Geoffrey Gaunt decided to take the cure. Mr. Questing would see to it that their rooms were refurnished. He recognized the value of such a guest to the Springs. Dikon distrusted him more with every phrase he uttered, but he began to think that if such enormous efforts were to be made Gaunt should be tolerably comfortable at Wai-ata-tapu. He put out a feeler.

"I understand," he began, "that there is a resident doctor."

He was surprised to see Mr. Questing change color. "Dr. Tonks," Questing said, "doesn't reside at the Springs. He's at Harpoon. Only a few minutes by road."

"I meant Dr. James Ackrington."

"Oh, yes. Ye-e-s. The old doctor. Quite a character. Well, now, Mr. Bell, I've a little suggestion to make. I'm driving back to the Springs tomorrow, and I'd be delighted to take you with me. Of course the suite won't be poshed up by then, but any suggestions you cared to make—"

"It's very kind of you." Dikon held out his hand. "I'll tell Mr. Gaunt about it."

DIKON BELL was gripped by a sensation of panic as he drove Gaunt's car toward Wai-ata-tapu. What would his employer say to the Springs, with its air of amateurish incompetence, its appalling Mr. Questing, its alcoholic Mr. Smith, and its incredible Claires?

"Five days ago," said Gaunt, "you dangled this place before me like an atrocious bait. Now all you do is bemoan its miseries."

"In the interval," said Dikon, "I have seen the place. Remember, sir, that you have been warned."

"You overdid it; my curiosity was stimulated. That's an ominous-looking affair." Gaunt pointed. "What is it about these hills that gives them an air of the fabulous? They seem to be pregnant with some tiresome secret. What is it?"

"It was a native burial ground in the old days. They tipped the bodies into the crater. It's extinct, you know. Supposed to be full of them."

"Good Lord!" said Gaunt softly. "Can you look into the crater and see—"

"I don't know. It's a native reserve, the Claires told me. Very tapu, of course."

"What's that?"

"Tapu? Taboo; sacred; forbidden; untouchable. They used to bury the chiefs' weapons with them. Some are said to be invested with supernatural power by the god Tane. Any of them would be a collector's plum."

"Hullo," said Gaunt. "What's that affair down on the right? A sort of doss house, one would think."

Dikon said nothing but turned in at the gate.

"You don't dare to tell me that we have arrived," Gaunt demanded in a loud voice.

"Yes, sir."

"My heavens, Dikon, you'll writhe for this!"

"And there on the veranda," said Dikon, "I see the Claires assembled."

Dikon felt nervous and absurd as he approached the veranda. Mrs. Claire and the colonel were in deck chairs. Barbara sat on the steps, Simon next to her.

"Here we are," Dikon called out with an effort at gaiety. He felt Gaunt's hand on his arm and hurriedly introduced him.

"Such a long journey," Mrs. Claire said anxiously. "You must be so tired."

Gaunt's smile was formal. Dikon turned to Barbara. For some reason which he had not attempted to analyze, Dikon wanted Gaunt to like Barbara. It was with apprehension that he watched her give one of her galvanic jerks, open her eyes very wide, and put her head on one side like a chidden puppy.

"Welcome," Barbara said in her sepulchral voice, "to the *humble abode.*"

"Find us very quiet, I'm afraid," Colonel Claire said.

"My brother," Mrs. Claire murmured as Dr. Ackrington limped forward out of the house.

Dikon's attention was distracted from this last encounter by the entrance of Mr. Questing, who placed himself before Gaunt, oozing deference.

"This is a great day for the Springs, sir," he said.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, glancing at him. "If I may, I should like to see my rooms."

He turned to Mrs. Claire. "Dikon tells me you have taken an enormous amount of trouble on my behalf. It's very kind indeed. Thank you so much." And Dikon saw that with this one speech, delivered with Gaunt's famous air of gay sincerity, he had captivated Mrs. Claire. But he hadn't needed words to captivate Barbara.

"O Lord," she prayed silently, pressing her hands together, "make him like it here! Please, dear Lord, make him like it."

"CAN you possibly endure it?" Dikon asked.

Gaunt was lying full length on the sofa. "All," he whispered, "but Questing. Questing must be kept from me."

"At least we shall be spared his conversation this evening. He has an engagement. What did you think of the Claires, sir?"

"Marvelous character parts. Overstated, of course. A number one production on tour, shall we say?"

Dikon felt vaguely resentful, forgetting his own first impressions. "You captivated Mrs. Claire," he said.

Gaunt ignored this. "If one could persuade them to appear in those clothes and speak those lines! They'd be a riot. Miss Claire! Dikon, I didn't believe she existed."

"Actually," said Dikon stiffly, "she's rather attractive if you look beyond her clothes."

"Until we arrived, Dikon, you never ceased to exclaim against them. Why have you bounced round to their side all of a sudden?"

Dikon couldn't quite understand his change of attitude himself. It was as if the Claires, muddleheaded and gentle, had proved a sort of touchstone to which Gaunt had been brought and found wanting.

"I've just discovered that I like them," Dikon said. "I thought that tableau on the veranda was terribly sad. I wonder how long they'd been grouped like that."

"For ages, I should think."

"It is rather touching—they try so terribly hard," Dikon said. He wandered out onto the veranda. Some one was walking slowly round the warm lake toward the Springs. It was Rua.

HE was an extremely old man, exactly how old he did not choose to say. To find his European counterpart, one would look back beyond the dawn of civilization. Rua himself had witnessed the full impact of the white man's ways upon a people living in a stone age. He had in turn been warrior, editor of a native newspaper, and member of parliament. In his extreme age he had sloughed his European habits and returned to his own sub-tribe and to the way of life of his earliest youth.

In Colonel Claire's study a moment later he unfolded the purpose of his call.

"I have brought," he said, "a greeting from my tribe to your distinguished guest, Mr. Geoffrey Gaunt. We hope he and your family will do us the honor to come to a concert on Saturday week in the evening."

Colonel Claire rose abruptly and thrust his head out of the window. *"James!"* he yelled. "Here!" He turned to Rua. "We'll see what he thinks, um?"

"There was another matter about which I hoped to speak," Rua said. "The Peak is a native reserve and we do not care for trespassers. Mr. Questing has been seen coming down the western flank with a sack on his shoulders. At first he was friendly with this no-good young half-caste Eru Saul, who is a bad white man and a bad Maori. Now they have quarreled, and their quarrel concerns my great-granddaughter Huia, who is a foolish girl but much too good for either of them. And Eru says that Mr. Questing is behaving dishonestly on the Peak. It has been bad enough with Mr. Smith, who buys whisky for our young men. He is no good. But even *he* comes to me to warn me of this Questing."

The colonel's eyebrows climbed his forehead, his eyes and mouth opened. He turned pale.

"He has also boasted," Rua went on, "that in a little while Wai-ata-tapu will be his property. I have to come to ask you if this is true."

"What's all this about Questing?" demanded Dr. Ackrington, appearing at the doorway. "Why don't you call him Quisling and be done with it?"

"James! You have no shred of evidence."

Rua stood up. "If it is not too much trouble," he said, "perhaps you would ask Mr. Gaunt's secretary. . ."

"Yes, yes," the colonel agreed. He stumbled out of the room, and they heard him thump along the veranda toward Geoffrey Gaunt's quarters.

"So he's been trespassing, has he?" asked Dr. Ackrington of Rua. "I could have told you that when the Hippolyte was torpedoed."

Rua's old eyes were very bright and cunning as he looked at Dr. Ackrington, but he did not speak.

"He does it by night sometimes, doesn't he?" Dr. Ackrington went on. "With a flash-lamp? Good Lord, my dear fellow, I've seen it myself. Curios be damned!"

"But he has been seen digging." Rua pinched his lower lip and became very solemn. His eyes were inscrutable as Colonel Claire appeared again in the doorway.

"Mr. Gaunt's secretary says they'll be delighted," the colonel reported.

"My people will be very pleased," said Rua. "I shall go now and tell them. I wish you all good evening."

As he walked along the veranda his great-granddaughter Huia flew out and excitedly rang the dinner bell.

The first night's meal was not to go forward without the intrusion of that particular form of grotesque irrelevance which Dikon was learning to associate with the

Claires; for, as he and Gaunt approached the front door, a terrific rumpus broke out in the kitchen.

"Where's the colonel?" an agitated voice demanded. Smith, disheveled and with threads of blood crossing his face, blundered through the dining room and seized the colonel by his lapels. "Here," he said, "you've got to do something. He tried to kill me!"

Dikon, mindful of previous reports and influenced by an exceedingly significant smell, came to the conclusion that Mr. Smith was mad drunk.

"It was over at the level crossing," Smith began wildly. "I'd been up the Peak with Eru Saul, and I don't mind telling you why. Questing's been nosing around the Peak and the Maoris don't like it. We were watching for him to see what he's up to there. We waited for about an hour and then I got fed up and came down by myself. I hit the railroad bridge just below the tunnel as the five fifteen from Harpoon was about due. You know what it's like. You can't see the signals from there and before you know what's happening she's on top of you. I stood there, wondering if I'd risk the bridge or wade the creek, when I saw Questing's car come over the crest of the road and stop.

"Now, listen. You've got to remember he could see the signal and I couldn't. It's the red-and-green-light affair. I saw him turn his head to look that way."

Smith wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "He waved me on," he said. "I didn't move at first, and he did it again, impatiently, as much as to say, 'Hop to it.' Well, I hopped. I'd got halfway when I heard her behind me, blowing her whistle in the tunnel. And there I was, hopping the sleepers like a bloody ballet dancer. She was on the bridge when I jumped. I landed in a matagouri bush. Scratched all over. I felt funny, but I climbed the bank hell-set on getting at Questing. And had he waited for me? He had not. I don't know how I'd have got home if it hadn't been for Eru Saul. Eru'd come down the hill, and he saw what Questing swung across me. Look, Eru's out there in the kitchen. You ask him. He knows."

"I'll get him," said Simon, and went out to the kitchen. He returned, followed by a fleshy youth dressed in a stained blue suit. His coat was open, displaying a brilliant tie and an expanse of puce-colored shirt.

"Here, listen, Eru," said Smith. "You saw Questing swing it across me, didn't you?"

"Too right," Eru muttered. "Questing beckoned Bert to come on. I couldn't see the signal, but I reckoned he was crazy, seeing what time it was. I yelled, but he never heard me. Then she blew her whistle." Eru's olive face turned white. "Crikey, was I relieved when I seen old Bert sitting in the prickles!"

Smith rubbed his hands over his face. "I'm going to my room," he said. "I could do with a drink."

HE had scarcely gone when they heard the sound of Questing's car coming down the drive. Then his footfall sounded loud along the veranda.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Questing. "How's tricks? Any dinner left? Where's the Glamour Girl? Come on, Beautiful. Let's have a slant at the me-and-you."

It was at this moment that Dikon, to his unspeakable horror, discovered in himself a liking for Mr. Questing.

The tension in the room seemed almost ponderable, but Questing did not appear to notice it. He ate a colossal dinner, became increasingly playful with Huia, and, on her final withdrawal, produced a cigar case and was about to offer it to Gaunt when Dr. Ackrington spoke.

"You did not bring Smith back with you?"

Questing turned indolently. "Smith?" he said. "By gum, I meant to ask you about Smith. Hasn't he come in?"

"He's in bed. He's knocked about."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Questing very earnestly. "I bet he's annoyed with me, and I don't blame him."

"Smith appears to find attempted murder distinctly irritating," agreed Dr. Ackrington.

"Attempted murder? That's not a very nice way to put it, doctor. We all of us make mistakes."

Dr. Ackrington sputtered out Smith's story indignantly. Questing attempted several interjections but was ruthlessly talked down. Finally, however, when Ackrington enlarged upon his abominable behavior in deserting a man who might have been fatally injured, Questing raised a cry of protest.

"Don't be ridiculous. I didn't want a lot of unpleasantness, that's all. There was another chap there to look after him. He came down the hill right after. A chap in a blue shirt. Smith was all right."

"Mr. Questing, did you or did you not look at the signal before you beckoned Smith to cross the bridge?"

For the first time, Questing looked acutely uncomfortable. "Of course I looked at it," he said in a curiously flat voice. "It wasn't working."

It was a bad lie, clearly false. Questing obviously knew he was not believed, for after a moment he mumbled: "Well, *I* didn't see it, anyway. They ought to have a wigwag there."

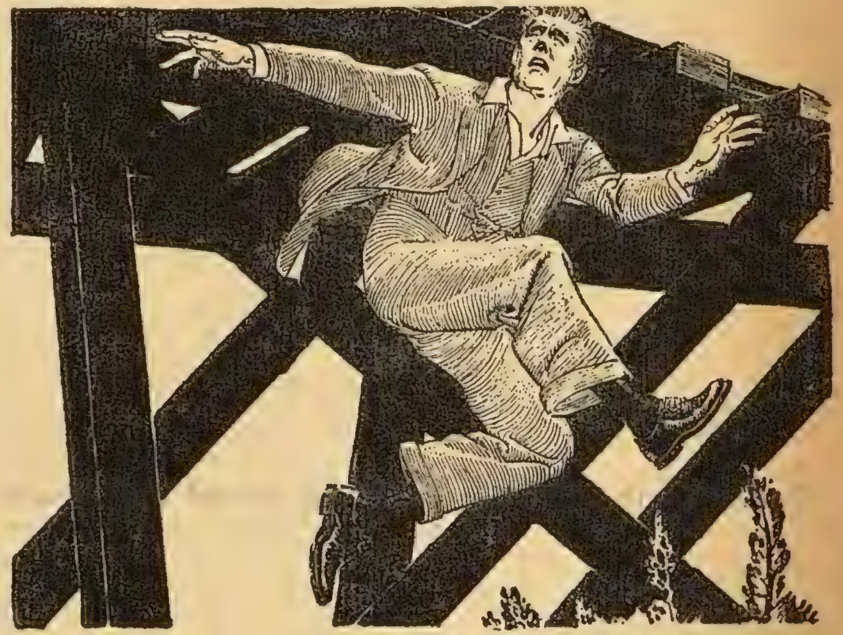
"Do you mind telling us where you had been?"

"Pohutukawa Bay."

"To see the trees in flower?"

"Why shouldn't I go to see the pootacows! It's a great sight, isn't it?"

"But you must have heard that there is no bloom this year on the pohutukawas. Everybody's talking about it."



"I hadn't heard," Questing said. "I was astonished when I got there. It was very disappointing."

Dr. Ackrington's eyes were fixed triumphantly on his brother-in-law as Questing got up and sauntered out of the room. He had scarcely passed out of earshot, when Dr. Ackrington snapped at the colonel, "Now, my good Edward, what do you say? The fact is, it is a phenomenally good year for pohutukawas. The bay is ablaze with blossoms."

After the party in the dining room had broken up, Gaunt suggested he and Dikon go for a stroll. Their departure was hindered by Mrs. Claire, who hurried from the house, full of warnings about boiling mud. "There are little flags, white for safe and red for boiling mud," she said. "Come back before dark."

They reassured her and set off. Gaunt was in good spirits. "I've always adored scenes," he said, "and this was a princely one. Really, Dikon, if this is a fair sample, I shall do very nicely here."

"I'm glad you've been entertained," Dikon rejoined, "but to me the affair seems an exceedingly sinister set-up. I mean, *why* did Questing lie like a flatfish?"

"Several most satisfactory theories present themselves. I am inclined to think that Miss Claire is the key figure," Gaunt said.

They walked on in silence for a minute, and then Gaunt said lightly, "Surely you can't have fallen for her?"

"What put that antic notion into your head?"

"The back of your neck has bristled like a hedgehog ever since I mentioned her. And it's not such an antic notion. She's got eyes and a profile and a figure. Submerged, it is true, in dressy floral ninon, but there nevertheless."

They had rounded the flank of the hill and now came in sight of the native settlement. It was very still, and over the brink of the hill a vast porridge pot had just come to boiling point. The sounds were irregular, each one mounting to its point of explosion. *Plop. Plop-plop. Plop.* The scrub and grass came to an end, and the path descended a steep bank to traverse a region of solidified blue mud, hot pools and geysers. The track, defined at intervals by stakes to which pieces of white rag had been tied, went over hillocks toward the native settlement.

"Look to your right," said Dikon. They had come to a hillock. The path divided and where it turned to the right was marked by red flags. "They told me you used to be able to walk along there, but it's not safe now. Taupo-tapu is encroaching."

They followed the white flags, and at last from the top of the hill, looked down on Taupo-tapu, the boiling mud pool.

It was perhaps fifteen feet across, a working ulcer in the body of the earth. Great bubbles of mud formed themselves deliberately, swelled, and broke.

"You can see where the thing has eaten into the old path," Dikon pointed out. "The red flags begin again on the other side and rejoin our track just below us. Just as well. It would be an unpleasant error to mistake the paths, wouldn't it?"

"Don't, for heaven's sake!" said Gaunt. "It's getting dark; let's go home."

During the following days the household at Wai-ata-tapu settled down to something like a normal routine. The colonel busied himself with Home Guard exercises. His wife and daughter labored incessantly in the house. Gaunt sat at stated hours in the springs, took short walks, and rested contentedly. On Wednesday Dr. Ackrington announced he was going away for a week.

IT was Thursday, nine days before the Maori concert, that Questing decided to carry forward his hitherto tentative approaches to Barbara. He chose the time when, wearing a shabby bathing dress and a raincoat, she went for her four o'clock swim in the warm lake. He waited near the diving board until she arrived. Then he stepped out to meet her.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Questing. "Look who's here! How's the young lady?"

Barbara eyed him with dismay.

"Look," said Mr. Questing with emphasis. "What's the idea of all this shrinking stuff? Listen, honey. I'm a practical man and I like to come straight to the point. But first I'd like to know how far you're wise to the position between me and your dad."

"I know nothing. Father doesn't discuss business with us."

"Well, now, we don't expect the ladies to take a great deal of interest in business, so I won't trouble you with a lot of detail. You might just say your dad's under an obligation to me."

You might indeed, Barbara thought, as Mr. Questing's only too lucid explanation rolled on. He had lent Colonel Claire a thousand pounds, taking the hostel and Springs as security. Colonel Claire was behind with the interest and the principal was now due. Mr. Questing clothed the bare bones of his narrative in a vestment of playful hints and nudges until at last even poor Barbara began to understand him.

"No!" she cried out at last. "Oh, no! I couldn't."

"Wait a bit, now. Don't get me all wrong. I'm asking you to marry me, Babs."

To Barbara the words sounded nightmarish. When she forced herself to look up and saw his eyes fixed greedily upon hers, her panic mounted, and she thought, I shan't like to refuse. I must get away. But, even as she turned, Mr. Questing flung his arms about her. She brought her elbows together and shoved with her forearms against his waistcoat.

Upon this scene came Simon and Dikon.

Dikon could never have predicted the impulse of pure anger that flooded through him when Barbara was discovered in Mr. Questing's arms. It was not until afterward that he recognized the complementary emotion which arose when she ran to her brother.

Simon put his arm across his sister's shoulders and said, "I'll look after this, Barbie. You cut along."

"Great hopping fleas!" Mr. Questing expostulated. "What's biting you? I try to get a little private yarn with Babs, and you act as if it was the Rape of the What-have-you Women."

"Go boil your head," said Simon. "And, Barbie, you buzz off."

"I really think you'd better," Dikon said. He followed her along the path. They had gone some little way before he saw that she was crying.

"Confound the fellow," he said, "for upsetting you!"

"It's not only that. He's got a *hold* on us. And what Sim's doing now I can't imagine. Oh, dear, it's exactly as if we dotted scenes about the place like booby traps for Mr. Gaunt and you."

"Never fear Gaunt. He adores scenes."

"You're very kind," said Barbara as if she saw Dikon for the first time.

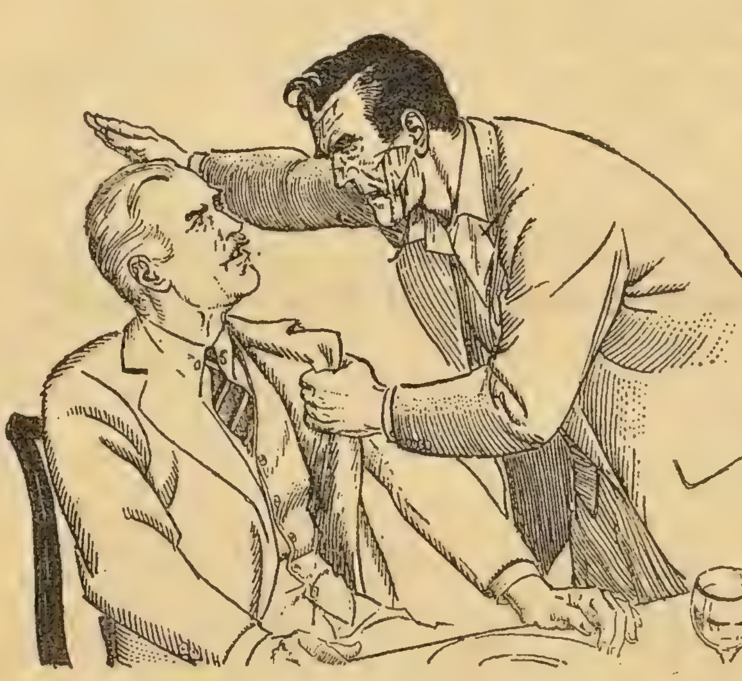
"You must stop being apologetic," Dikon said.

"I do so wonder what Sim's doing. Can you hear anything?"

"Well," said Dikon after a pause, "that *was* a dull thud."

Mr. Questing appeared then, nursing his face in a handkerchief that was dappled red.

"What's the matter with the crowd around here?" he shouted. "Ask a lady to marry you, and somebody hauls off and half kills you! I'm going to clean this dump right up. Listen, Babs. If you feel like changing your mind, you'll need to make it snappy. I'll give the colonel till the end of the month—and then *out.* I'm fed up. Pardon me, Mr. Bell, for intruding. But very shortly you'll see a big change for the better in the management of this bloody dump."



DIKON described the scene by the lake to Gaunt, and halfway through wished he had left it alone. Gaunt was surprisingly interested. "It really is most *intriguing,*" he said. "That girl *has* something." He paused, and took his chin between his thumb and forefinger. "It would be rather fun to try," he said.

With a sense of panic, Dikon said: "Try what, sir?"

"Dikon, shall I make her a present? What was the name of that dress shop in Auckland, near the hotel?"

"I don't remember."

"Sarah Snappe! Of course. Barbara shall have a new dress for this Maori concert on Saturday. Go to Harpoon and telephone. They must put it on tomorrow's train. There was a dress in the window, black with a dusting of steel stars. And ask them to find shoes and gloves for us. If possible, stockings. You can get the size somehow. What a child I am, after all, Dikon, aren't I? This is going to give me such *real* pleasure."

Dikon said in a voice of ice: "But it's quite impossible, sir. The Claires would never understand. A comparative stranger to offer their daughter clothes!"

Gaunt walked to the door and looked out. "You will go into Harpoon at once and telephone the order. The bill is to be sent to me, and the parcel addressed to Miss Claire. Wait a moment." He went to his desk and wrote on a slip of paper. "Ask them to write out this message and put it in the parcel. No signature."

Filled with the liveliest misgivings, Dikon went out to the car. Simon was in the garage and, at Dikon's invitation, came along. They drove in silence for a time, and then, without warning, Simon burst into a spate of talk about Questing, ending on a new theme.

"He says he's interested in Maori curios, but Uncle James says it's a blind. He reckons Questing's an enemy agent."

Dikon, taken by surprise, made a faint incredulous noise. "Somehow he doesn't strike me as the type. Why does Dr. Ackrington think—"

"When the Hippolyte went down in sight of Harpoon, Uncle James reckoned the raider got the tip from some one on shore. He reckons Questing has been acting as an agent and wants the Springs as his headquarters, with bogus patients and as likely as not a secret transmitting station. Chaps like Questing ought to be cleaned right up," Simon said.

"Well," Dikon said mildly, "what action do you propose to take?"

"I'll do something," said Simon. "I'll do *something.*"

FRIDAY, the day before the concert, marked the beginning of a crescendo in the affairs of Wai-ata-tapu. Gaunt breakfasted in his room. The morning was overcast, and he was in a fever lest the Claires should delay the trip to the gate and the parcel from Sarah Snappe be rained upon, since parcels too big for the post-box were merely dumped beneath it.

At ten o'clock Gaunt went down to the springs and Dikon went in search of Simon. He found him in his cabin in consultation with Smith, who, with a grudging acknowledgment of Dikon's greeting, loped away.

"Can you beat it?" said Simon. "Questing's been telling Bert he'll keep him on, when he cleans us up, and give him good money. What d'you make of that?"

"Does he want to keep him quiet?" Dikon suggested.

"I'll say! He had one pop at rubbing Bert out and he made a mess of it. He daren't come at that game again, so he's trying the other stuff."

Dikon blinked. "Tell me the latest news of Questing."

Simon rose and shut the door. "Wednesday night," he said, "was a washout. He went into Harpoon and had tea at the pub. But last night's different. There's a big ship loading in the harbor, and I hid up in the scrub. Three hours later along comes Mr. Questing, and I lit off to a possie I'd taped out beforehand. It's a bit of a bluff that sticks out on the other side of the inlet, opposite the Peak. O. K. Well, just when I thought I'd been had for a mug, it started—a little point of light popping in and out."

"Could you read it?"

"Neow!" said Simon angrily, in his broadest twang. "If it was Morse, it was some code. He *wouldn't* use plain language. There was a system of signals. A long flash repeated three times at intervals of a minute. Then five short flashes repeated three times. Then three short flashes. And after a long interval the whole show all over again."

"What will you do about it?" Dikon asked.

"Bike into town and go to the police station. Here, you'd better not say anything to Gaunt."

"What about Dr. Ackrington?" Dikon asked. "After all, he was the first to suspect something. He's returning tomorrow, isn't he? Wait till he comes."

A motor horn sounded on the main road.

"That must be the mail," cried Dikon.

IT was Barbara, after all, who got the mail. Gaunt was waiting on the veranda in his dressing gown—"Very dark and magnificent," thought Dikon maliciously, when Barbara ran up the steps and laid the parcel on the veranda table, having stopped first to thrust a telegram into her mother's hand. She lifted the lid from the box, stared at the dress, and took up the envelope lying on top of it.

"From Auntie Wynne. How kind!" said Mrs. Claire.

"That's not Auntie Wynne's writing," said the colonel.

"No." Barbara opened the envelope. The inscription in green ink had been written in an extremely feminine script. Barbara read it aloud:

"If you accept it, then its worth is great."

"I must say," said Mrs. Claire, "that although it's very kind of dear Wynne, it's not nice to make mysteries."

"But I repeat, Agnes, that it's not from Wynne. It's not her writing. Green ink and flourishes! Ridiculous."

Colonel Claire suddenly walked away, looking miserable.

"Mayn't we see the dress?" asked Gaunt.

The dress wasn't any more like Auntie Wynne than the writing had been. It came from another world than those dowdy hand-me-downs from Barbara's distant aunt that occasionally found their way to the Springs.

"But it's charming," Gaunt said. "Do you like it?"

"Like it?" Barbara's eyes filled with tears. "It's so beautiful I can't believe it's true."

"There are more things in the box, aren't there?"

She knelt on the chair, exploring feverishly. Dikon, whose orders had been to give Sarah Snappe *carte-blanche,* saw that she had taken him at his word.

"Bless my soul," said Gaunt lightly. "It's a trousseau."

"Perhaps Wynne wrote to James," began her mother, and Simon said, "You've got that telegram in your hand, mum—why don't you read it?"

They all stared at her while she read the telegram.

"It's from a Mr. Septimus Falls," she cried. "He says he's got lumbago and is coming for a fortnight. What *am* I to do?"

"Put him off."

"I can't. There's no address. It just says, 'Kindly reserve room Friday.' That's today," wailed Mrs. Claire. "What *are* we to do?"

MR. SEPTIMUS FALLS arrived by train and taxi at four thirty, within a few minutes of Dr. Ackrington, who picked up his own car in Harpoon. Mr. Falls turned out to be a middle-aged Englishman, good-looking, well-mannered, and inclined to be bookishly facetious.

"I'm so sorry not to have given you longer warning," he said, grunting slightly as he came up the steps. "But this wretched disease came upon me quite suddenly yesterday. I happened to see your advertisement and the doctor had suggested I try thermal treatment."

"But we have no advertisement," said Mrs. Claire.

"I assure you, I saw one. Your name *is* Questing?"

Mrs. Claire turned pink and replied gently: "My name is Claire, but you have made no other mistake. May I show you to your room?"

When Mrs. Claire returned to the veranda she found her brother in angry consultation with Barbara. "Will you stop making faces at me?" he was demanding. "Am I in the habit of lying? Why should I bestow raiment upon you, you silly girl?"

"I believe he knows something about it!" Mrs. Claire exclaimed archly. "Weren't we silly-billies? We thought of a fairy god*mother,* but we never guessed it might be a fairy god*father* at work, did we?"

"Merciful heavens," apostrophized Dr. Ackrington, "do I look like a fairy godfather? And pray, Agnes, why are you gaping at that paper?"

Mrs. Claire pointed silently to a paragraph in the advertisement columns:

THE SPA—Wai-ata-tapu Hot Springs

Visit the miraculous health-giving thermal fairyland of the North. Delightful surroundings. Homelike residential private hotel. Medical supervision. Under new management.

M. QUESTING.

"Medical supervision! My Lord, the fellow means *me!"* Dr. Ackrington uttered a loud oath and turned blindly along the veranda toward his room.

Before he could reach it, however, Mr. Septimus Falls, doubled over his stick, came out of his own room.

They halted, facing each other. Mr. Falls said mellifluously: *"Doctor* Ackrington? How do you do, sir? Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Septimus Falls. You, I take it, are the medical superintendent."

Mrs. Claire, Dikon, and Barbara drew in their breaths sharply as Dr. Ackrington clenched his fists and began to stutter. Mr. Falls looked mildly into Dr. Ackrington's face. "Can it possibly be Dr. *James* Ackrington? But I am sure I recognize you. The photograph in Some Aspects of the Study of Comparative Anatomy, you know."

"Did you say your name was Septimus Falls?"

"Yes. But I can hardly hope that my small activities have come to your notice."

"Here!" said Dr. Ackrington abruptly. "Come to my room."

"IT appears," said Dikon, telling Gaunt about the new guest later that evening, "that Mr. Falls is a sort of amateur of anatomy and that Ackrington is his god. I am convinced the revelation came just in time to avert bloodshed."

Gaunt paid scant attention—he seemed preoccupied with his own thoughts—so Dikon said good night and went to bed.

At twenty minutes past twelve on that same night the Hokianga was torpedoed in the Tasman Sea six miles northwest of Harpoon Inlet. She was the same ship that Simon from his eyrie on Friday night had watched loading in the harbor. The news was brought to Wai-ata-tapu in the morning by Huia.

Simon plunged into Dikon's room, full of angry triumph. But, before he could say anything, Gaunt came in and asked Dikon to drive him to the Peak. "I've asked your sister," he said to Simon. "Why don't you come, too?"

Simon consented ungraciously and they set out.

They were not the first arrivals. Several cars were parked outside the fence closing off the Native Reserve.

"You have to walk from here." Simon glanced disparagingly at Gaunt's shoes.

"Is it far?"

Barbara cut in quickly: "Not very. It's a good path and we can turn back if you don't think it's worth it."

"So we can. Come on," said Gaunt, with an air of boyish hardihood. He looked up the sloping flank of the mountain to where its crater stood black against the brilliant sky. "And that's where they buried their dead? Do the natives never come here nowadays?"

"Hardly at all," Barbara said. "It's tapu. Some of the younger ones who don't mind so much wander about the lower slopes, but I'm sure they never climb to the top."

The track, curving to the right, mounted the crest of a low hill. Harpoon Inlet lay behind on their left; on their right Rangi's Peak rose from the sea in a sharp cliff. Gaunt turned to Dikon. "You go ahead with Simon. Barbara and I will take it in our own time."

Dikon followed Simon at a grueling pace up the track on a high shoulder of the Peak until they reached a small platform. "He must have worked it from here," Simon said. Suddenly he gave a raucous cry of triumph. "What did I tell you? Footprints! You better take a look. The blighter was wearing hobnailed boots."

Dikon studied the impressions. "But can you visualize Questing in hobnailed boots?" he asked.

"He's been mucking about on the Peak for the last three months. He must have learned sense."

"They'll have to look at all his shoes. Shall I try to make a sketch of the prints?"

"That's an idea. If they knew their business, they'd take casts."

"Who precisely are *they?*" asked Dikon.

Simon uttered a loud exclamation. "There's some bloke out here from Scotland Yard. By crickey, he's the joker we ought to get hold of!"

"What's his name?"

"That's the catch," said Simon. "I've forgotten."

BARBARA and Gaunt did not go up the hill, after all. They found a place near the sea. Gaunt flung himself down, and Barbara knelt, sitting back on her heels.

"Do you mind if I tell you you should always do your hair like that?" said Gaunt.

"Like this?" She raised her hand to her head. The wind flattened her cotton dress, making it cling to her. She turned her head quickly, and Gaunt, as quickly, looked again at her hair. "Yes. Straight off your face and brushed fiercely back. Terribly simple." Then he began to talk to her about himself.

Barbara was enchanted, and when he took her hand, Dikon, limping over the brow of the hill, was just in time to see him lightly kiss it.

Gaunt and Barbara, after a few desultory questions about the wreck, lapsed into silence—a circumstance Dikon mistrusted, and with some reason, for Barbara was lost in enchantment.

When they returned to the house they found Mr. Septimus Falls and Mr. Questing sitting on the veranda—a singular association. Simon grunted a word of thanks to Gaunt and walked off in the direction of his cabin. Barbara ran straight past Questing into the house. Questing introduced Septimus Falls to Gaunt, adopting the manner of a ringmaster. "I've been telling this gentleman, Mr. Gaunt, that you and he must get together. It seems he is a student of the drama and a great fan of yours."

Falls looked self-conscious. "I haven't missed a London production of yours for ten years," he said.

"Splendid," said Gaunt cordially, and Falls hitched his chair a little nearer.

"I should like to ask you to confirm or refute a pet theory of mine," he said. "It concerns Horatio's very palpable lie in reference to the liquidation of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In your brilliant reading of Hamlet's account of the affair—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you're at. *'He never gave commandment for their death.'* Pure whitewash. What else?"

Mr. Falls went off on an extremely knowledgeable discussion of the minor puzzles of the play. He had taken out a pipe, and emphasized the points in his argument by knocking it out against the leg of his deck chair.

GAUNT began to talk about the more difficult plays, and Falls, still beating his irritating tattoo, followed him eagerly.

"Of course he was an agnostic," he cried. "The most famous of the soliloquies proves it."

"You mean Claudio? I played him as a very young actor. That speech! Death without flattery. It strikes cold.

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot . . ."

Gaunt's voice flattened to a horrid monotone and his audience stirred uneasily. Falls' pipe dropped from his hand and he leaned forward. The door of Dr. Ackrington's room opened, and he stood there, attentive.

Mr. Questing, always polite, tiptoed across the veranda, and retrieved the pipe. A shadow fell across the path. Smith, looking much the worse for wear, came from the cabin, followed by Simon. They stopped dead.

Gaunt drew to the close of the short and terrifying speech. Dikon reflected he was perhaps the only living actor who could get away with Shakespeare at high noon.

Questing tapped Mr. Falls' pipe enthusiastically against the veranda post. "Well, well, well," he cried, "if that wasn't an intellectual treat!"

Suddenly Dikon saw Simon signal to him, then turn and walk down the path. As soon as he could without exciting attention, Dikon followed him to the cabin.

"We've got him," Simon scowled as he came in. "Him and his pipe."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Missed it, did you?" said Simon. "I was sitting in here, trying to dope things out, when I heard the tapping. A long one repeated three times. Then five short dits. Then three shorts. Then the whole works repeated. The flashes from the cliff all over again. I reckon it's habit. He's had to memorize it, and he'd gone over and over it in his mind before he shot the works Thursday night—"

"Hold on. Whose habit?"

"Who the heck are we talking about?"

"We're talking about two different people," said Dikon excitedly. "Questing picked up that pipe just before you came. It wasn't Questing who tapped out your blasted signal. It was Mr. Septimus Falls."

ON Saturday afternoon Huia brought a message to Gaunt, a letter from Old Rua. It suggested that, though he did not venture to hope Gaunt would come in any other capacity than that of honored guest, yet Rua had been made aware of certain rumors. If there was any truth in these rumors, he would be deeply grateful to be advised of it, as certain preparations should be made for so distinguished a guest.

"Translated," said Dikon, "it means that they're burning their guts out for you to perform. I'm sure, sir, you'd like me to decline in the same grand style."

"Who said I was going to decline?" Gaunt demanded. "I shall be delighted to appear."

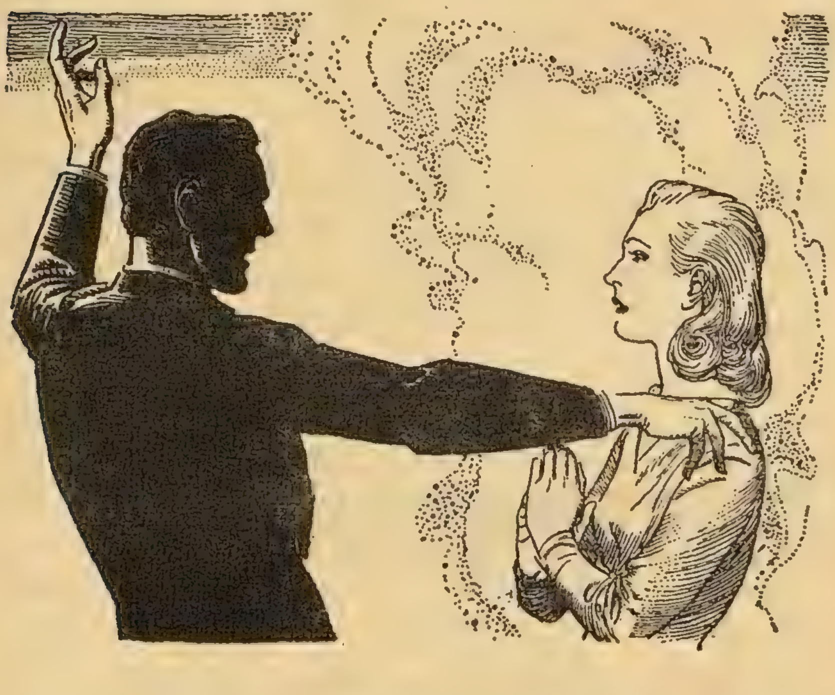
"You could fell me with a feather," said Dikon to Barbara after dinner. "I can't imagine what's come over the man."

"Everything that's happening's so marvelous," said Barbara, "that I, for one, can't believe it's true."

Dikon rubbed his nose and stared at her.

"You can build on looking very nice tonight. Are you going to wear the new dress?"

Barbara nodded. "Yes. But that's not what I mean—"



He cut in quickly, "Haven't you an idea who sent it?"

"None. You see," said Barbara conclusively, "we don't know any one in New Zealand well enough. That's what's so puzzling."

Mr. Questing appeared in all the glory of a dinner jacket, a white waistcoat, and his postprandial cigar.

"What's this I hear about a new dress?" he asked.

"I shall be late," said Barbara, and hurried into the house; and, because he could think of nothing else to say, Dikon murmured something about the arrival of an anonymous present.

Mr. Questing gave Dikon a foxy look. "Well, well, is that so? And the little lady hasn't got a notion where it came from?"

"I believe," said Dikon, already regretting his indiscretion, "that there is an aunt in India who is in the habit of sending things to Miss Claire."

"India," Questing said thoughtfully. "That's quite a little way off, isn't it?" He walked away, whistling softly. He's guessed! Dikon thought. Blast him, if he gets a chance, he'll tell her.

Barbara was late and the rest of the party were already in Gaunt's car when she ran out. Dikon had time only to see that her head shone sleekly. Mrs. Claire, sitting beside Dikon, twisted to peer back at her daughter. "Dear," she said, "isn't your hair rather odd? Couldn't you fluff it forward a little?" And Gaunt said quickly, "But I have been thinking how charming it looked."

The others had already gone ahead. Simon, Colly, and Smith had left directly after dinner and later Questing had hurried to overtake the colonel and Falls, who had decided to walk, crossing the native thermal reserve by the short cut. They had already arrived when Dikon stopped the car in front of the meetinghouse.

It was too dark to see Barbara at all clearly. But when she walked before him through the audience, he saw that Gaunt had wrought a miracle, and he thought, *I ought to have been the one to show her to herself.*

She sat between Gaunt and her uncle, and Dikon slipped into a vacant seat in the second row, watching Barbara.

Of all the Maori clans living in this remote district, Rua's was the least sophisticated. They sang and postured as their ancestors had done, and there was one song they sang that night that was to be remembered with a shudder by every one who heard it.

Rua, in a little speech, introduced it. It had been composed, he said, by an ancestress of his on the occasion of the death of a maiden who unwittingly committed sacrilege and died in Taupo-tapu. Many years ago she had lost her way in the mists on Rangi's Peak and had come upon the sacred burial place. Being hungry, she ate some of the cooked food she carried with her. In that place it was an act of horrible sacrilege.

When the mists cleared, she discovered her crime and returned in terror to her people. She told her story, and was sent out to this hill while her case was discussed. At night she thought she would creep back, but she missed her way. She fell into Taupo-tapu, the boiling mud pool. Everybody in the village heard her scream. Rua finished the horrific legend and his eyes flashed for a moment as he glanced at Questing.

The song was very short and simple. In the penultimate line a single girl's voice rang out in a piercing scream—the cry of the maiden as she went to her death in the seething mud caldron. It left an uncomfortable and abiding impression.

GAUNT had said that he would appear last on the program. Dikon felt he had been influenced by the song about death. For, after opening rather obviously with the Bastard's speech on England, Gaunt turned somberly to Macbeth, "I have almost forgot the taste of fears," and continued to the end.

It is a terrible speech, and Gaunt's treatment of it struck very cold indeed. Then he gave them Henry V with everything he'd got, bringing the Maori members of his audience to their feet cheering. In the end he had to do the speech before Agincourt as well.

Before the audience could again get to its feet, Mr. Questing had walked up on the platform and, forcing Gaunt to stand there, first on one foot, then on the other, began a speech thanking Gaunt for an intellectual treat and making it plain to the audience that Gaunt was staying at the Springs. The speech was a *tour de force* of bad taste, using Gaunt as bait to attract other visitors.

At last, with a beaming face, he drew to his insufferably fulsome conclusion, and Dikon hurried to his employer, discovering him to be in the third degree of temperament.

Gaunt completely ignored him and stationed himself beside Barbara. There he was joined by Dr. Ackrington, who began to apologize for Questing's infamies.

Upon this ludicrous but alarming scene came Mr. Questing himself. With his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, he looked at Barbara through half-closed eyes.

"Well, well, well," he purred in a noticeably thick voice. "So we've got 'em all on, eh? And very nice, too. So she didn't know who sent them to her?"

Barbara said in a small desperate voice: "But it wasn't—it couldn't have been—"

"I'm not saying a thing," cried Mr. Questing in high glee. "Not a thing!" He leered possessively upon Barbara, dug Dr. Ackrington in the waistcoat, and clapped Gaunt on the back. "Hope you liked the little pat on the back I gave you. It all helps, doesn't it?" And humming the refrain of the song about death, he made a sort of royal progress to the door.

As they moved toward the entrance, Gaunt, speaking in a furious whisper, told Dikon to drive the Claires home without him. "I'm walking," he said.

Some distance ahead, Dikon could see Dr. Ackrington's white crest moving slowly toward the door. The doctor had told Mrs. Claire he would walk home.

"Quite a crush, isn't it?" said Mr. Falls at Dikon's elbow. "I'm afraid the colonel has escaped us."

At last they were out in the warm air. It was so still that Taupo-tapu and the lesser mud pots could be heard placidly working in the dark.

Dikon was oppressed by the sensation of something primordial in which he himself had no part. "Let's bring the car round, shall we?" he said to Barbara. He was determined to get a word with her alone.

"Now, listen to me," he said, when they were in the car. "You think Questing sent you those damned clothes, don't you?"

"But of course he did. You heard what he said." With an air of simplicity that he found very touching, she added: "And I did look nice, didn't I?"

"You little ninny!" Dikon scolded. "You did and you do, and you shall continue to look nice. But why jump to the conclusion he did it?"

He did not mean to kiss her, he told himself. He had not even thought of doing so. But having begun, there seemed to be no reason why he should stop.

"Bar-bie!" called Mrs. Claire.

By the time she came up to them, Barbara was out of the car.

"I'm so sorry I was such a long time," Mrs. Claire said. "Mr. Falls has been looking for Edward, but I'm afraid he's gone. I don't think we need wait."

Suddenly they were arrested by a cry so shocking it hung on the air as a sensation after it had ceased to be a sound. On the silence that followed there came again the monstrously domestic noise of a boiling pot.

"Will you wait here by the car?" Dikon said. "I'd better go and see if any one's in trouble out there."

Dikon could hear the pools working as he set out for the thermal reserve. The reek of sulphur grew stronger and the ground beneath his feet quivered. He had felt himself to be alone and was startled to see the figure of a man silhouetted against a pale background.

"Who's that?" Dikon said loudly.

"I was about to ask the same question," said Mr. Septimus Falls. "I see now that it is Mr. Bell."

"We heard a scream. It seemed to be in this direction. What are you doing here?"

"I came to look for Colonel Claire. I hope he has reached the hill and gone home. Look here." Falls turned and led the way to the base of a hillock. Dikon saw they stood at a junction of red-and-white-flagged tracks on the native side of the mound above Taupo-tapu.

"When I came to look for Colonel Claire," said Falls, "a man's silhouette appeared against the sky line. He carried a torch. I was about to hail him when I noticed he wore an overcoat, and I knew it couldn't be the colonel, so I let him go. Suddenly I realized the man was taking a long time to reach the hillock. Then I heard the scream. I ran to the top of the hillock. There was nobody there. I turned and looked back, and it was then I noticed the path on the crest of the hillock was broken."

He flashed his torch light so that Dikon could see clearly where a gap had eaten into the path immediately above the big mud spot, the one they called Taupo-tapu. "Then—it had happened?" he said.

"Of course I looked down. I expected to see something unspeakable. There was nothing."

"It's all a mistake," said Dikon violently. "The path may have fallen in a week ago."

"You forget that we came that way to the concert. It has fallen in since then."

"Since you know all the answers," said Diken unevenly, "perhaps you'll tell me what we do next."

"Establish the identity of the man, don't you think?" said Mr. Falls. "But you know there was only one member of the party who wore an overcoat, and that was Mr. Questing."

They had agreed to tell Mrs. Claire and Barbara nothing, and the short drive home was made ghastly by Mrs. Claire's speculations on the origin of the scream. When they had returned to the Springs, it was a relief to hear her say that after such a late night they must pop straight off to bed.

Dikon parked the car, and returned to find Mr. Falls waiting for him on the veranda. They had agreed that Dr. Ackrington should be consulted. It was not until now that Dikon remembered how scattered the various departures from the concert had been.

Gaunt was sitting on one of the tables. Beside him stood a bottle of whisky to which he had evidently been treating Dr. Ackrington and Colonel Claire. Dikon sat down and, resting his head on his hand, listened to Mr. Falls give his version of the story. It was some time after he had finished that Dr. Ackrington said in a voice that seemed foreign to him: "He may have returned. Have you looked?"

"By all means, let us look," said Falls. "Bell, perhaps you wouldn't mind?"

Dikon went along the veranda to Mr. Questing's room. He wasn't there, and when Dikon went on to look through other rooms where Questing might conceivably be found, he could hear Simon practicing Morse in the cabin, and through the open door saw that he and Smith were together there. Dikon interrupted Simon in the middle of a heated dissertation on fifth columnists in New Zealand and told him briefly what they believed had happened. He was inexpressibly shocked by the way Simon took it.

"Packed up, is he?" said Simon angrily. "Yeh, and now they'll *never* believe me. What a louse!"

"Cursing and swearing about the poor mug when he's dead!" said Mr. Smith. He stirred uneasily and disseminated a thick spirituous odor. "My luck all over. I land a permanent job with good money, and the boss fades out on me."

"You'll be O. K.," said Simon. "Dad'll keep you on."

Dikon said, "It's difficult to reconcile your disappointment with the statement that Questing tried to kill you."

"He satisfied me about that," Smith said. "His car's got one of them green talc sun screens. He was looking through it and never noticed the light turn red. He took me along and showed me, And I said I'd overlook it."

"With certain stipulations, I fancy," said Dikon.

"Why not!" cried Smith indignantly. "He owed it to me, didn't he? I got it in writing, too, while he was still worried I'd turn nasty over the train. Far-sighted—that's me."

Dikon was disgusted with both of them as he walked out. Simon caught up with him. "Bert's not so good," he said. "He's had a couple. He'd be all right if he kept off the booze."

Smith lurched between them and took their arms.

DR. ACKRINGTON was talking as they entered the dining room. "If this appalling accident has happened—I say, *if* it has happened—then the police must be informed."

"I have already," said Mr. Falls, "informed the police. While Bell was parking the car. They suggested we should form a search party before they take any steps in the matter. I make one stipulation. Let us avoid the path past Taupo-tapu. The police will wish to make an examination."

The search party was formed. The colonel offered to go to the Maori settlement and make inquiries.

As Mr. Falls still insisted the section of the path above Taupo-tapu was not to be used, the only way to the native settlement was by the main road. It was agreed the colonel should drive there in Dr. Ackrington's car, and organize a thorough search of the village. Meanwhile the rest of the party would explore the hills, thermal enclosures, and paths round the Springs.

Dr. Ackrington was taking the stretch of rough paddock behind the house, Dikon the hill, Smith and Simon the hot springs and the rough country round the lake. Mr. Falls proposed to follow the path across the native thermal Reserve until he came within a short distance of Taupo-tapu. Gaunt said there seemed nowhere for him to go and they decided to manage without him.

As Dikon set out along the path by the Springs to the hill, Simon caught up with him by the brushwood fence.

"Don't you reckon we're dopey if we let that bloke go off on his pat? He's the bird that knows the signals, and so he was in with Questing, wasn't he?"

"But if Questing's dead, what can Falls, if he *is* an agent, do about it?"

"I'm not a mathematician," said Simon obscurely, "but I reckon I can add up the fifth column when the answer's two plus two."

"But he telephoned the police."

"Did he? *He* says he did. The telephone's in dad's office. You can't hear it outside. How do we know?"

"Well, stop him if you like."

"He lit off before we got started. Where's his lumbago?"

"How the hell do I know! Shed it in your marvelous baths," said Dikon, but he began to feel uneasy.

"O. K., call me a fool." Simon frowned. "The police don't seem to think I'm so crazy. After you told me it was Falls tapped out the signal, I went to them. They're going to make inquiries about him. And by the way, I asked them the name of this big pot out from home. It's Alleyn. Chief Detective-Inspector Alleyn."

Smith, like some unattractive genie, materialized out of a drift of steam. "Know what I reckon?" he said. "It's blind justice, after what he tried on me. What's the good of looking when he's been an hour in the stock pot?"

He moved on toward the lake.

"He's drunk," said Dikon. "Is it wise to let him loose?"

"I'll keep the tags on *him,"* said Simon. "You look out for Falls."

Dikon set out for the hill. He climbed steadily until he reached a place where the Reserve was spread out before him in theatrical relief. The short tufts of grass and brush were motionless. He was going to turn back when he saw Mr. Septimus Falls moving along the white-flagged path across the Reserve. The mound above Taupo-tapu was easily distinguishable; Mr. Falls had almost reached the limit of his allotted patrol.

AT that moment a cloud passed before the face of the moon. The Reserve, the path, and Mr. Falls had all been blotted out. It was not long—perhaps no more than a minute—when a light flashed on the mound above Taupo-tapu and was gone, but not before the image of a stooping man darted up in Dikon's brain. "Why, damn and blast the fellow," muttered Dikon, "he's messing about on forbidden territory!"

He had an impulse to plunge downhill and catch Falls red-handed. Then he told himself he must go warily with Falls. Vague suspicions began to take definite shape. Septimus Falls had arrived, making certain he would not be refused a room, just as Questing had maneuvered to get possession of Wai-ata-tapu and was about to take over.

He had tapped out a repetition of the signal flashed from the Peak. Had this been an intimation to Questing that Falls himself was another agent? And had Falls been at such pains to ensure nobody inspected the path above Taupo-tapu because he was afraid Questing might have left incriminating evidence behind him?

Dikon decided he would tell Dr. Ackrington what he had seen. "I shan't tell Simon," he decided. "His present theory will lead him to behave like the recording angel's off-sider whenever he sets eyes on Falls."

It was with a sense of extreme depression that he finally reached the house. As he tapped at the door he heard a drone of voices. The colonel and Dr. Ackrington sat together portentously. With a trace of his old regimental manner, the colonel said, "Come to report, Bell?"

Feeling rather like a blushing subaltern, Dikon gave his account. Dr. Ackrington looked increasingly uncomfortable. But said quickly, "I'm afraid, Bell, you've merely been afforded a momentary glimpse into a mare's-nest. Mr. Falls has already informed us of this incident. When he arrived at the first red flag and was about to turn back, he was arrested by a suspicious noise. Then a light flashed. Falls decided that he'd go forward and establish the identity of this person. But whoever it was had bolted."

Dikon felt foolish and therefore rather annoyed, so that, though he hadn't intended to, he related the story of Mr. Falls and his pipe and Simon's suspicions. Dr. Ackrington listened with ill-concealed impatience. "Damn and blast that cub of yours, Edward!" he shouted. "He knew I regarded Questing with the gravest suspicion, yet he picks up what may prove to be vital information and tells me nothing about it! In the meantime, a ship goes down and an agent from whom we should have got valuable information goes and gets lost in a mud pot."

Dikon attempted to lead the conversation back to Mr. Falls.

"Sheer twaddle and moonshine," Dr. Ackrington fumed. "The young ass had his head full of this precious signal and no doubt heard it in everything. The man's full of nervous mannerisms. I've observed him. He's forever fiddling with his pipe. Falls is a reputable person. We have discovered friends in common. I shall speak to Simon. It's essential he should not go shouting this preposterous theory to any one else."

"Quite," said the colonel. "We'll speak to him."

DIKON hadn't anticipated that on the following morning he would wake to find several large men standing about the Claires' veranda, with the unmistakable look of plain-clothes policemen. He put on his dressing gown and went to see his employer. When Dikon asked how Gaunt had slept, the latter laughed bitterly and said nothing. Dikon was about to make an uncomfortable exit when Gaunt said, "Ring up that hotel in Auckland and book rooms for tonight."

With a feeling of the most utter desolation, Dikon said: "Then we are leaving, sir?"

"I do not book rooms out of sheer elfin whimsey," Gaunt said. "Please settle with the Claires."

But Gaunt did not leave. No one was to leave the Springs, Sergeant Webley of the Harpoon Police Force decided after a preliminary questioning. Gaunt had behaved very badly. To Dikon's horror, he first tried to bribe the man, and then, when the bribe was refused, he took refuge in a fit of temper. He screamed:

"How dare you take this attitude with me? The man has been killed by a loathsome accident. You behave as if he'd been murdered."

"But," said a voice, "isn't it almost certain that he has?" It was Mr. Falls. *"Do* forgive me," he said. "I came to tell Sergeant Webley he is wanted on the telephone."

"Thank you, sir," said Webley, and went out.

"Why did you say—*that*—about Questing?" said Gaunt.

"That he has been murdered? Because of several observations I have made. The bite out of the path, for instance. Have you ever tried to dislodge a piece of that solidified mud? And I observed by the light of my torch that the displaced clod held the impression of a nailed boot or shoe, and Questing was the only man in evening dress at the concert. Then (and, dear me, how departmental I sound!) the clod had contained a white flag which lay beside it, the only white flag on that side of the mound."

At this point Dr. Ackrington appeared in the doorway. "I don't know whether you realize it," he said, taking them all in with a comprehensive glare, "but we are under suspicion of homicide, every manjack of us. And now it is my duty," he said grandly, "to inform you Webley has apparently been recalled to Harpoon. At the moment we are not under supervision, and I suggest we lose no time in discussing our position. We are meeting in the dining room in ten minutes."

Gaunt was the last to come into the dining room, and his manner was disagreeable and sulky.

"What's the good of all this?" he demanded. "Questing died in an unspeakable manner and I believe that it was an accident." He struck his hands on the table. "He's dead. Let him lie."

"That is where I differ from you," said Dr. Ackrington. "In my opinion, Questing is very far from being dead."

The sensation he created seemed to please Dr. Ackrington. "In my opinion," he went on smugly, "the whole thing was staged. For some time I have suspected Questing of being an enemy agent. It would be strange, under these circumstances, if Questing failed to discover he was in some danger. My theory is that Questing, feeling the place was getting too hot for him, staged his own disappearance in order to escape."

Simon scowled. "In my opinion, it's not so much a theory as a joke," he said. "If Questing wanted to make a get-away, what was his big idea letting out a screech you could hear for miles around?"

"What better method to protect himself from interruption?" said Dr. Ackrington complacently. "Do you imagine, after hearing that scream, there was a Maori on the place who would venture near Taupo-tapu? And remember, it had been arranged we should *all* pack into Gaunt's car for the return journey. Questing had expected to be practically free from disturbance."

"A most ingenious theory and lucidly presented," Falls said. "I congratulate you."

What *is* it about the man? Dikon wondered. He looks all right. His voice is pleasant. One keeps thinking he's going to be an honest-to-God sort of fellow, and then he talks like an affected pedagogue."

"Dikon!" Gaunt had shouted at him. "Dr. Ackrington has been waiting for your answer. He wants your opinion on his solution. If you've nothing to say, we must conclude you've no objection."

"But I have," said Dikon, rousing himself. "I've every objection. I don't believe in it at all."

"If Dr. Ackrington's theory doesn't satisfy you," said Falls, "can you suggest another explanation?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I haven't seen the print on the clod of mud, but it can't be an old one if it suggests somebody kicked the clod loose, so it looks like foul play. Yet I'm afraid it seems a very chancy sort of trap for a murderer to set. I mean, *anybody* who happened to walk that way might have gone over. How could a murderer rely on Questing being the first?"

"You find my theory logical and yet cannot accept it. I think, Mr. Bell," Dr. Ackrington said. "You may be excused from further attempts to explain yourself."

FROM that moment the other men treated Dikon as an onlooker. It was impossible to regard him as a suspect. He was with Mrs. Claire and Barbara when Questing screamed. He drove to the hall and had no opportunity to enter the thermal Reserve before, after, or during the concert.

"As for the rest of us," said Dr. Ackrington importantly, "I have no doubt Webley will suspect each of us in turn. It is evident from questions he has put to *me* he has crystallized upon the footprint. Now, did any of us wear boots or shoes with nails in them?"

Only Simon and Smith, it appeared, had done so. "I got them on now," Smith roared out. "In my position, you don't wear pansy shoes. Anybody's welcome to inspect my feet," he said.

"That goes for me," said Simon. "I've got three pairs. They can look at the lot, for mine."

"Very well," said Dr. Ackrington. "Next, they require to know our movements. When I tell you Webley has not made so much as a single note upon my theory of disappearance, you may understand my anxiety."

"I think you underrate Webley," said Falls. "Police procedure must be a little cumbersome. And in the absence of motive—"

"Absence of motive!" Dr. Ackrington shouted. "My dear man, the path to Taupo-tapu is littered with alleged motives. Even I—*I* am suspect, if it comes to motive."

"Good Lord," said the colonel, "I suppose you are, James! You've been calling the chap a spy and saying shootin' was too good for him for the last three months or more!"

"And what about you, my good Edward? We all know Questing had you under his thumb. And what about you, Simon?"

Simon said quickly: "I've never tried to make out I liked him. The police know what I thought about Questing. And what about Mr. Gaunt? He looked as if he'd like to scrag him after his little speech last night."

"Too right," Smith agreed.

Gaunt turned on him. "What about you? Three weeks ago you were howling attempted murder and breathing revenge."

"I've explained all that!" shouted Smith. "Sim knows all about that. It was a misunderstanding." He pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and flung it on the table. "Look at it! We buried the bloody hatchet, Morry Questing and me. That's what he was going to do for me. Written out by his own hand in pansy green ink. Pass it round. Go on!"

THEY passed it round. It was a signed statement written in green ink. The colonel at once recognized the small businesslike script as Questing's. It undertook, in the event of Questing becoming the proprietor of Wai-ata-tapu, that Herbert Smith would be given permanent employment at a wage of five pounds a week.

"And now, what's it worth?" Smith sighed. "Dead or bolted, it makes no odds—me contract's a washout."

"I had an idea," said Mr. Falls gently, "that we were going to discuss alibis. Now, we left this infernal concert severally. Questing went out first. You followed him, Gaunt, after an interval of perhaps three minutes. Not more."

"What of it?" Gaunt demanded, at once on the offensive. He added immediately, "I'm sorry. I'm behaving badly, I know. But this business has jangled my nerves. I don't pretend I wasn't angry—I was furious. I thought the best thing I could do was to go out and apply fresh air to the famous temperament. There was nobody about. I lit a cigarette and walked home by the road. When I arrived, I heard voices in the dining room and joined Colonel Claire and Dr. Ackrington in a drink."

"Quite so," said Ackrington. "Thank you, Gaunt. I will proceed with my own statement. First, I will state flatly that if I could have got at Questing last night I should certainly have given him fits. After his presumptuous advertisement, his conduct at the concert was the last straw. I hurried across the Thermal Reserve with the idea of catching him. I did not find him, so I came home."

"I should like to know," said Falls, "if you noticed the gap in the path."

"I did not. It's unfortunate," said Gaunt airily, "that nobody saw the doctor whizzing past the geysers."

"I am aware of that. I am unfortunate in that I was unobserved."

"But you *were* observed, James," said the colonel. "I was behind you, you know."

"May I ask why you haven't mentioned this before?"

Colonel Claire returned the classic answer: "Nobody asked me."

"Were you hard on his heels the whole way, colonel?"

"Eh? No, Falls. You see, he went so fast. The bumps in the ground hid him for a while. But I saw him again when I got to the top of the mound. He was nearly over at the hill by then."

"It's not my idea of a cast-iron alibi," said Gaunt.

They plowed on with the colonel's story. When asked if he had noticed the gap in the path, he became vague and changed his mind with each question put to him. Falls took a hand. "My recollection of the gap is that it showed rather sharp and dark, like a stain across the outer edge of the path."

"Yes!" the colonel exclaimed. "Like a black stain."

"Didn't you notice the white flag on top was missing?"

"Ah! Now, did I? You'd notice a thing like that, wouldn't you? But then again," the colonel said, "one saw the *red* flags going off at the *foot* of the mound, so naturally one wouldn't follow *them.* And the path is sharply defined. One would just follow it up the mound. And so there," he added quite cozily, "we are."

"Precisely nowhere," said Dr. Ackrington. He pointed at his nephew. "You," he said.

"Bert and Colly and I were together," said Simon. "A chap from Harpoon gave us a lift back. Ernie Priest, it was. He dropped us at the front gate."

"Did any of you leave the hall during the performance?" asked Falls.

"You did, didn't you, Bert?"

"What if I did!" cried Smith, instantly on the defensive. "I went out with Eru Saul and Maui Matai for a quick one. We got back in time to hear his nibs screeching his socks off."

"*'Once more into the blasted breeches, pals,'*" said Smith in a shrill falsetto. "*'Once more.'* We could hear you all the way down the path."

"I resent this," said Gaunt, breathing noisily.

"My dear Gaunt, surely not?" soothed Mr. Falls. "A piquant incident! I would like to ask if Mr. Smith and Mr. Claire and Mr. Gaunt's man remained in the hall until the general exodus."

"Yes," said Simon, glaring at him.

"Did you see Questing go out?" asked Dr. Ackrington.

"Too right we did," said Smith. "He had a bottle in his overcoat pocket."

Dr. Ackrington cleared his throat. "I'm afraid," he said, "that, beyond establishing a species of alibi in three cases, we have not attained very much."

SUDDENLY steps sounded outside, followed by a muffled grumble of voices. Through the wide windows of the dining room they watched Webley lead his three assistants toward the veranda. One of them was holding a sack. Webley took something from it. He held it up. It was a heavy boot and it dripped mud. Webley brought it into the dining room and displayed it. The surface of the leather was pulpy and disfigured.

"I'd be obliged," Webley said, "if any of you ladies or gentlemen could put an owner on this."

Simon cleared his throat. He embarked with a great air of consequence upon an account of his and Dikon's visit to the Peak. "Let me have a look at the sole and I reckon I'll tell you if it made those prints on the Peak. Mr. Bell made a sketch of them," he finished.

Dikon took out his notebook and Simon pounced on it with a cry of triumph. "Here it is. Look at that!"

Webley compared the sketch with his muddy exhibit. He looked at Dikon and nodded.

Gaunt said: "And in what condition is our fugitive Questing now, Dr. Ackrington? Is he galloping away to some hide-out, dressed in dungarees and patent-leather pumps, or is he capering about in the rude nude?"

Webley said: "You've been telling them about your theory, doctor? Disappearance, eh? You'll find it difficult to fit in this boot, won't you?"

"The difficulty," said Dr. Ackrington, "is not insuperable. Isn't it possible Questing realized he had left recognizable footprints and threw the boots into the caldron?"

The meeting dissolved into a series of mumbled duologues. Gaunt insisted he was utterly prostrated and wanted to be left alone, and Dikon went for a walk. When he returned, Falls, Webley, and the colonel were huddled together on the veranda. They moved and Dikon saw that between them they held a curious-looking object which they covered quickly when they noticed him.

It would have been much worse, of course, if they hadn't covered it, but, though the sack was thick, it was wet. It followed the shape beneath it in a hard eloquent curve. Dikon's imagination found sockets in the shadows beneath the curve. He suffered such a violent feeling of nausea he didn't notice Eru Saul come toward them and was startled when Falls spoke to him.

"Hello," said Mr. Falls. "What brings you here?"

Eru was coatless and wore his puce-colored shirt. "Rua sent me over to ask if they found him?" he said.

"A part of him. His skull, to be exact."

"'Struth!" Eru whispered.

"I hear you missed the star turn at the concert last night, Eru," said Mr. Falls, trying to make conversation. "I do hope you returned in time for the magnificent St. Crispin's Eve."

"Was that when he said something about the old dugouts being asleep?"

"Yep, that's right."

"Marvelous, wasn't it?"

It was just at that point that Gaunt came charging out of his study.

"It might interest you to know," said Webley dully, "that we have found Mr. Questing."

"*Found* him?" said Gaunt softly. "Where?"

"Where he was lost, Mr. Gaunt. In Taupo-tapu."

Gaunt looked at his fingers, seemed to hesitate, and then turned on his heel and walked back along the veranda. Mr. Falls broke the silence by saying: "What a very gay taste in shirts Mr. Eru Saul displays."

Eru, a desolate figure, had plodded up the drive as far as the last turn visible from the house. His puce-colored sleeves were vivid in the sunlight.

Barbara said nervously: "He always wears that shirt. One wonders if it's ever washed."

"I know," Dikon said. "He wore it on the day of Smith's accident."

"No, he didn't," said the colonel unexpectedly.

"But, daddy," said Barbara, "he came into the dining room to confirm Mr. Smith's account, and he was wearing the pink shirt."

"He couldn't have been," said the colonel.

"The shirt was pink," Dr. Ackrington said loudly.

"It couldn't have been, James. People talked about the feller's blue shirt."

Webley said heavily: "If you'll excuse me, I'll get on with it." And, casting a disgusted look at the colonel, he turned to Questing's room.

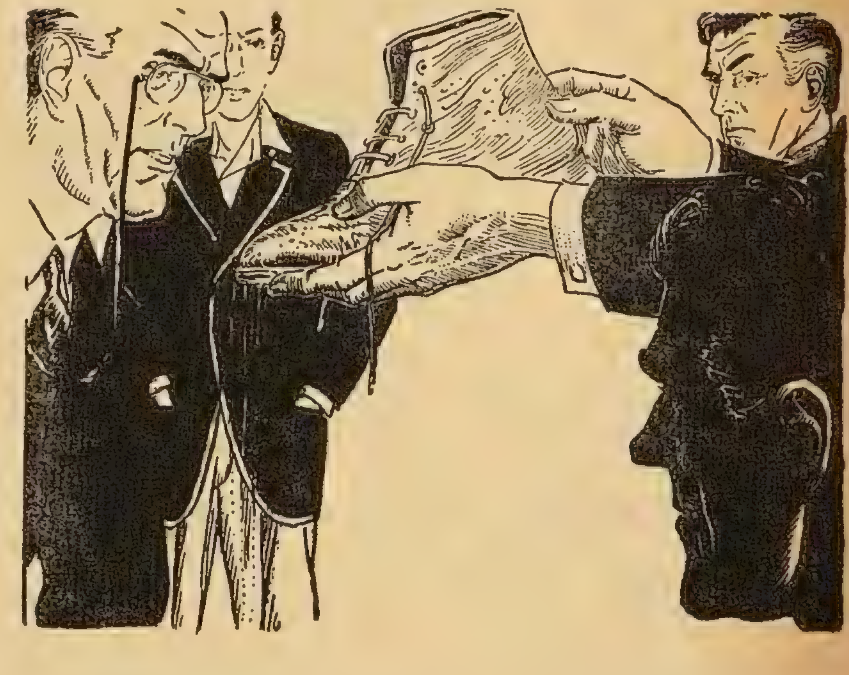
"It wasn't blue, dad," said Simon. "It was that same goshalmighty affair he's got on now."

"Here are three people swearing pink and one blue," said Mr. Falls. "What about you, Bell?"

"I'm on both sides," said Dikon. "It was puce, but I agree with the colonel that Questing said it was blue."

"It was too blue," Smith put in unexpectedly—and Simon turned on him.

"You're color-blind," he said. "It was pink. You're making out it was blue because he said it was blue. You'll be telling us next he went to Pohutukawa Bay that afternoon, like he said he did."



"So he did go to the bay," Smith shouted. "He took Huia. Eru told me. So get to hell!" added Smith, and disappeared.

"He did *not* go to Pohutukawa Bay," said Dr. Ackrington. "I bowled him over. Completely! *Huia!*"

Huia appeared in the doorway.

"Did you go in Mr. Questing's car to Pokutukawa Bay on the day when Smith was nearly run over?"

"I never do anything bad with him," Huia sobbed. "Only go for drive to t'e bay and come back."

"Did you see the pootacows?" asked Simon.

"How can we go to Pohutukawa Bay and not see pohutukawas? They were like blazes all over t'e shop."

Webley came out of Questing's room. "Mr. Bell," he said, "may I trouble you, please?"

Webley followed Dikon inside and shut the door. He went to the dressing table and took up an envelope. Dikon saw with astonishment that it was addressed to himself.

"Before you open this, Mr. Bell, I'd like to have a witness."

He put his head round the door and mumbled inaudibly. Mr. Falls was cautiously admitted.

"But why did he write to me?" Dikon murmured.

"That's what we'll find out, Mr. Bell. Will you read it?"

It was written in green ink. It bore the date of the previous day and was headed: "Private and Confidential."

> Dear Mr. Bell [Dikon read aloud]:
>
> You will be surprised to receive this communication. An unexpected cable necessitates my visiting Australia and I am leaving first thing tomorrow morning.
>
> Now, Mr. Bell, I should commence by telling you that I appreciate the very happy relationship that has obtained since I first had the pleasure of contacting you. The personal antagonism I have encountered in other quarters has never entered into our acquaintance and I thank you for your courtesy.
>
> And now, I am going to be very, very frank with you. I have become interested in a particular district not ten miles distant from where you are located. It happens to be Rangi's Peak, which I knew is taboo, but I am a business man, after all, and I have an idea there is money to be made digging up those Maori gadgets. In the course of my visit I've made certain discoveries. On Friday last, the evening before the S.S. Hokianga was torpedoed off this certain place, I was on the latter and I observed certain occurrences. My attention was arrested by a light which flashed several times from a spot farther up the slope. I was lying behind some scrub. I observed a certain person. This morning, Saturday, I learned of the sinking of the Hokianga, and at once connected it with the above incident. I sought out the person in question and accused him of being an enemy agent. He denied it, and added that if I went further in the matter he would turn the tables on myself. Now, Mr. Bell, I am not in a position to right myself against any accusations this person might bring, and in *his* position he is more likely to be believed than I am. I was forced to give an undertaking I would not say I had seen him. He adopted a very threatening attitude. I do not think he trusts me. He seemed to think I had inside information about his code of signals, which is not the case.
>
> Now, Mr. Bell, I am a man of my word, but I am also a patriot and the idea of a spy in God's Own Little Country gets my goat.
>
> So I drop you this line, which I shall post before taking the air for Aussie. You will note I have kept my undertaking to this person and have not mentioned his name. I trust you, Mr. Bell, to take what action you think best. Again expressing appreciation for our pleasant association,
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> Maurice Questing.

DIKON folded the letter and gave it to Webley.

"He was an appalling scamp," Dikon said, "but I rather liked him."

Huia rang the luncheon bell.

"It seems to leave the field wide open again, doesn't it?" Mr. Falls murmured as they walked along the veranda.

"For an enemy agent who is also a murderer?" Dikon asked.

"It is a strong presumption. Have you any objection, Webley, to our making this new development known to the rest?"

"Well, I can't exactly stop you, can I, Mr. Falls?"

"I mean," amended Mr. Falls, "with an enemy in our midst, isn't it a wise policy to put every one on the alert, as it were?"

"Mr. Falls and I," said Webley, "are going to wash our hands. Don't wait for us, Mr. Bell."

Upon this sufficiently broad hint, Dikon went in to lunch.

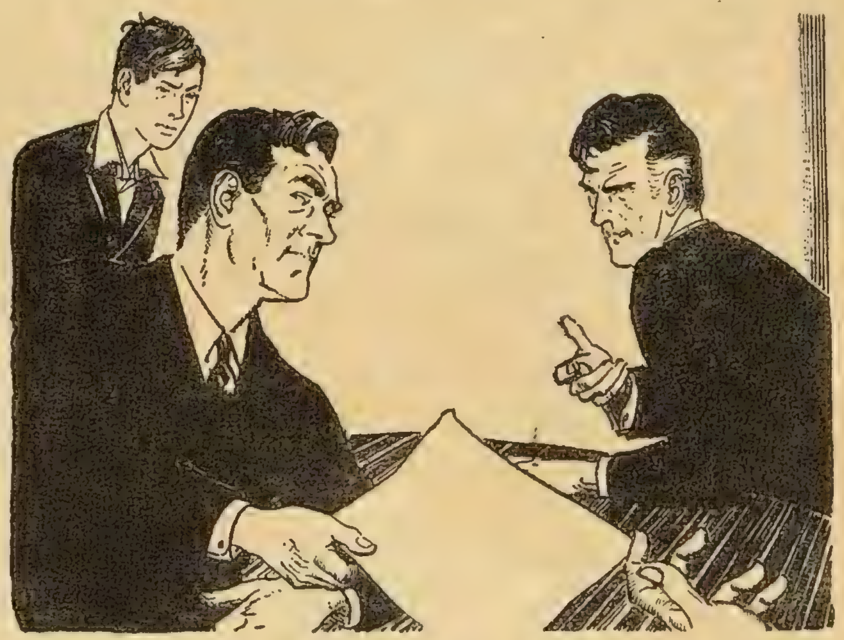
Luncheon went forward in a silence that was broken only by the late entrance of Webley and Mr. Falls. At last Huia collected the plates, and, as if by agreement, Mrs. Claire and Barbara went out together. Smith muttered, "Excuse me," and slouched out to the veranda.

"I should like," said Mr. Falls finally, "to clear the memory of Mr. Maurice Questing. He was *not* an enemy agent."

Dr. Ackrington broke out with some violence, and was not silenced until an account of Questing's letter had been rammed down the gullet of his understanding. He turned quite pale and his protestations ceased.

"I suggest," Falls went on, "that fright, rather than business, prompted Questing's sudden decision to leave. He felt himself to be in danger, just as we now feel ourselves to be in danger, and he passed the buck to Mr. Bell."

"Will you excuse me?" said Gaunt. "I don't want to be difficult, but I've been extremely upset by this unspeakably horrible affair and I just haven't got a mind that revels in *post mortems.*"



"One moment, Mr. Gaunt," said Falls. "You're upset, I fancy, not so much by the knowledge that Questing died very horribly as by the fear that you yourself might be implicated. After all, you quarreled with Mr. Questing because he used your name as an advertisement, and because he pretended he was the author of a gift that you yourself had made."

Barbara, who had slipped back into the room, started galvanically. Gaunt began to accuse Dikon. "So I've got you to thank—"

"No," said Falls. "My dear Gaunt, who but you could have made this gift? A quotation from Shakespeare on the card? Written by the shop assistant? Besides, your very expressive face betrayed you last night when Questing spoke of her enchanting dress to Miss Barbara. You looked—forgive the unhappy phrase—positively murderous."

"Good heaven, who ever committed murder for such a motive?"

"I quite agree," said Falls. "Who ever did? May I pass on to another of our suspects? Mr. Smith. His motive appears at first to be revenge for an attempt on his life."

"Revenge my foot!" Simon shouted. "They buried the hatchet."

"True, but there are too many motives. Let us look instead at circumstances. Four points have interested me enormously. The railway signal. Eru Saul's shirt. The pohutukawa trees. The misplaced flag. If an explanation is found that will apply equally to these four parts, we shall have gone far toward solving the whole. These are factual things."

"How about yourself?" Simon demanded abruptly.

"I am coming to myself," said Mr. Falls modestly. "What I have to say is in the nature of a confession."

Webley looked up quickly.

"When I left the hall," said Mr. Falls, "I went immediately into the thermal Reserve. I saw Questing ahead of me—recognized him by his overcoat. Later, having insisted that none of us should go to the scene of the crime, I myself went there. On my return, I informed Colonel Claire and Dr. Ackrington of my visit. I gave as an excuse a story that I had heard some one moving about on the other side of the mound. This was untrue. There was nobody there."

Suddenly Falls thrust his hand inside his jacket, and Simon scrambled to his feet with an inarticulate cry.

"Grab him! Quick! Before he takes it! *Poison!*"

But Mr. Falls held up nothing but a strip of semi-transparent yellow substance.

Gaunt laughed hysterically, and Simon turned on him. "The man stands there and tells you he lied, and you think it's funny. All along I've said there was something fishy about him. He tapped out the code signal and—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Falls. "You noticed my experiment on the veranda, did you? An experiment to test Questing. It had an unfortunate result. He picked up the pipe. Quite innocently, of course, but it conveyed an unhappy impression not only to you but to some one much more closely interested. His murderer."

"That's right," said Simon. "You!"

"But I see," Mr. Falls continued urbanely, "you are looking at this piece of yellow celluloid I hold in my hand. I cut it off Questing's sun screen on his car. Its color is important. Color plays a significant part in our story. If you look at a red object through this celluloid it becomes a different shade of red but it is still red. If you look at a green object through it, a similar phenomenon occurs. If Questing said that he mistook the red signal because he saw it through this celluloid, he lied."

"Yes, but damn it all—" Simon got no further.

"Questing stated, on the occasion of his almost fatal signal to Mr. Smith at the railway bridge, that Eru Saul wore a blue shirt, but we know he wore a pink one. Did he lie again? That same evening he fell into Dr. Ackrington's trap and agreed there was no bloom on the trees at Pohutukawa Bay, when the bay was scarlet with blossoms. Dr. Ackrington concluded that he had not been to the bay, but we know he had."

WEBLEY got quickly to his feet. One of his men came in from the veranda and stood by the door.

"Questing," said Mr. Falls, "carried a torch when he crossed the thermal Reserve, flashing it on the white flags that marked the path he must follow. When he reached the mound above Taupo-tapu over which the track passes, he would see no white flags ahead of him, for the one on the top had been displaced. He would, however, see the faded red flags marking the old path on which Taupo-tapu has now encroached. Questing followed the red flags and so came by his death. My contention is that Questing's murderer is the man who knew he was color-blind."

Falls, disregarding the sharp exclamations that broke from his listeners, went on steadily: "Now, persons afflicted with color-blindness are most reluctant to admit to this defect. Questing, instead of admitting he could not distinguish the red signal from the green, said the signal was not working. Mr. Smith told you that later on Questing gave him the story of the celluloid sun screen. These people also confuse green with red. A patch of red, if seen by green torchlight, could appear colorless. With the white flag removed, Questing, if color-blind, would have no standard of comparison and would certainly expect the red flag to be white. Accepting my theory of Questing's color-blindness, let us see how it squares up with the evidence of the track. My own investigation took place by torchlight, remember."

He smiled apologetically. "I saw," he said, "the clod of displaced earth had split away from the iron flag standard. I could see the groove made by the standard in the broken section of the bank. The heel marks from the nailed boot were behind it and on the clod itself, suggesting that the heel stabs had been used to loosen the standard rather than to dislodge the clod. The standard lay a little distance from the clod.

"Both flag and path were intact when we went to the concert, so the flag was removed after we had entered the hall. So Questing's murderer was a man with hobnailed boots. He threw the boots into Taupo-tapu. He had visited the Peak, for the boots correspond with Bell's sketch of the prints. He had access to the Reserve during the concert. He knew Questing was color-blind, and was anxious that we should not discover this fact. He was an enemy agent and Questing knew it. Now what figure in our cast fits all these conditions?"

"Eru Saul," said Dr. Ackrington.

"No," said Falls. "Herbert Smith."

"I am not entirely convinced," said Dr. Ackrington importantly. "How are you so sure Smith knew Questing was color-blind? He may have *believed* the story of the sun screen."

"He was never told that story. Smith is not color-blind, you know; he knew Questing wrote with green ink. The sun-screen story was invented after the murder, to explain why he had suddenly become friendly with Questing. He had to produce his precious letter. Above all, we mustn't know of Questing's defective sight. That's why he insisted Questing was right about the color of Eru Saul's shirt. Of course Questing gave Smith the real explanation of his failure to see the signal. Nonetheless your suspicions that Questing tried to kill Smith gave Smith his chance to get the letter from Questing which assured him his job, so he could remain here to carry on his spying. All went well for Smith until Questing discovered him on the Peak and accused him of espionage. Then Questing had to be killed."

"But Smith was in the hall—or with Eru Saul—"

"Ah, but was he? Eru Saul told me that when he returned to the concert, after going for a drink with Smith, he heard Mr. Gaunt recite a speech about *'old dug-outs being asleep,'* a recognizable paraphrase of *'gentlemen in England now a-bed,'* part of the St. Crispin speech. But Smith told us that as he returned to the hall he heard Mr. Gaunt shout, *'Once more into the blasted breeches, pals.'* Unmistakably the opening line of the Agincourt speech, the last item in Mr. Gaunt's recital.

"In the five or six minutes between the beginning of the Crispin speech and the beginning of the Agincourt speech Smith could re-enter the doorway with his companions and, while all eyes were focused on Gaunt, slip out again and run to the Reserve. He had time to kick the standard until it was loosened, to think of the evidence left by his boots and throw them overboard, to run back to the hall and be standing there, close by his friends, when the lights went up."

He turned to Simon. "You were with him after the concert. Did you notice his feet?"

Simon shook his head.

"Mr. Gaunt's man was with you. Could we speak to him?"

Colly was brought in.

"Colly," said Mr. Falls, "what sort of boots was Mr. Smith wearing when you went home last night?"

"Not boots at all, sir," said Colly instantly. "Soft shoes."

"Was he wearing shoes when you walked over with him before the concert?"

Colly jumped. "No—he was wearing boots then. 'E took 'is shoes in 'is pocket, case we finished up with a dance."

"Did he carry his boots home?" asked Webley.

"I never see them," said Colly, and looked uneasy.

Webley walked over to the man at the door. "Where is he?" he asked.

"In his room, Mr. Webley. We're watching it."

"Come on, then," said Webley.

Their boots made a heavy trampling sound that died away in the direction of Smith's room.

"IT'S no good asking me to work up a grain of sympathy for him," said Dikon. "He's a dirty little spy and a still dirtier murderer. It's poor old Questing I can't bear to think about." He was walking with Barbara two days after Mr. Falls had cracked the case wide open. "And now—exit Smith in custody. Exit Mr. Septimus Falls in a trail of glory. And soon, alas, exit us."

"How soon?"

"Next week. After the inquest. He wants to take a company to London. The Bard in the blitz. It's a grand idea," said Dikon, and added, "I'm leaving him to have one more shot at enlisting. There must be *something* for a blind bat to do. Will you write to me?"

She nodded.

"There's no sense in it," Dikon said. "There are tears in your eyes because he's going, and here am I, ready to howl like a banshee at the notion of leaving you."

Barbara glared at him. "It's because—well, it's partly because I've been such a fool. Slopping all over him because I thought he was like Mr. Rochester. But he's just vain and selfish and rather common. Giving me those things—as if I was a *cheap plaything.*"

"You're too hard on him. He's kindhearted; gives presents like you'd shell peas."

"Well, don't let's talk any more about the things, because I can't pretend I didn't like them."

Dikon took her arm and, to his great astonishment, felt her hand slip into his own.

"You will write to me, won't you?" said Dikon. "If the war lasts a long time you will forget what I'm like, but I shall come back."

"Yes," said Barbara. "Come back."

"THAT," said Mr. Falls, leaning back comfortably in the chair opposite Webley's desk, "is about all, I fancy. I'm going down to Wellington as soon as the inquest's over. I'm afraid we've only caught a sprat, but it will show the seriousness of the position."

"We've been very fortunate to have you," said Mr. Webley. "There was the old doctor writing in and writing in, and yet the thing looked somehow ridiculous."

Mr. Falls said: "Dr. Ackrington behaved very well. As you know, I got him to come and see me in Auckland. That was after I'd had his letter. But I didn't decide to go to Wai-ata-tapu until the next day. There was no time to warn him, and we met face to face on the veranda while I was doing my decrepit dilettante stuff. He backed me up nobly. And while I'm handing out bouquets—you, Webley, were extraordinarily good over the whole show, insisting on my doing the summing-up business. It was best to let them know the truth. Simon Claire, for one, would have raised a hell of a dust if there had been any doubt left in his mind. As it is, they have all undertaken to say nothing. If you can adjourn the inquest and hold things over a little, it will give me a chance to dig deeper before the principals realize how much we know."

"You don't want to appear at all, I gather?"

"Mr. Septimus Falls will have to give evidence, I'm afraid, but he will not return to Wai-ata-tapu."

Sergeant Webley gave a low chuckle. "It's been a real privilege," he said. "We'll meet again, I hope, with a bigger catch."

They shook hands. "I'll warrant we do," added Webley, "with you on the job. Good-by, Mr. Alleyn. Good-by."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THIS is confessedly a catch-all column about a number of books which were unfortunately crowded out recently but deserve a far better fate.

The first is **The Serbs Choose War,** by **Ruth Mitchell,** sister of the late General Billy Mitchell and a crusader in her own right. It was she, you remember, who jumped the gun and labeled the OWI a censorship which tried to suppress her book—a charge promptly refuted, curiously enough, by her own publishers.

The book is the story of her life in Yugoslavia and parts of the other Balkan States—and more especially her adventures as a member of the Chetniks. They are amazing, sometimes hair-raising, often grueling, and occasionally almost unbelievable. But always laudable of the Serbs who chose to fight despite their lack of equipment and who prefer to die rather than submit to tyranny.

Ruth Mitchell

Miss Mitchell bespeaks their dauntless valor, their fiery patriotism well, and she herself served with them heroically. You'll find it rapid, adventurous—and a surprising life for a lady.

AT the other end of the pole is a wacky book about an almost unbelievable family, the Sousas, written by the grandson of the great John Philip—in which he reveals all. All, in this case, being the antics of as uninhibited a group as ever lived under a non-institutional roof. Sousa mère was hipped on running a well organized household and her idea of doing it was by shouting instructions from the head of the stairs in the hope that somebody would be below to act on them.

John Philip Sousa III

Papa Sousa liked to hunt, fish, and boss people, and spent all his time at those avocations. A younger sister slept winter and summer in a raccoon coat, shunned school and conventions.

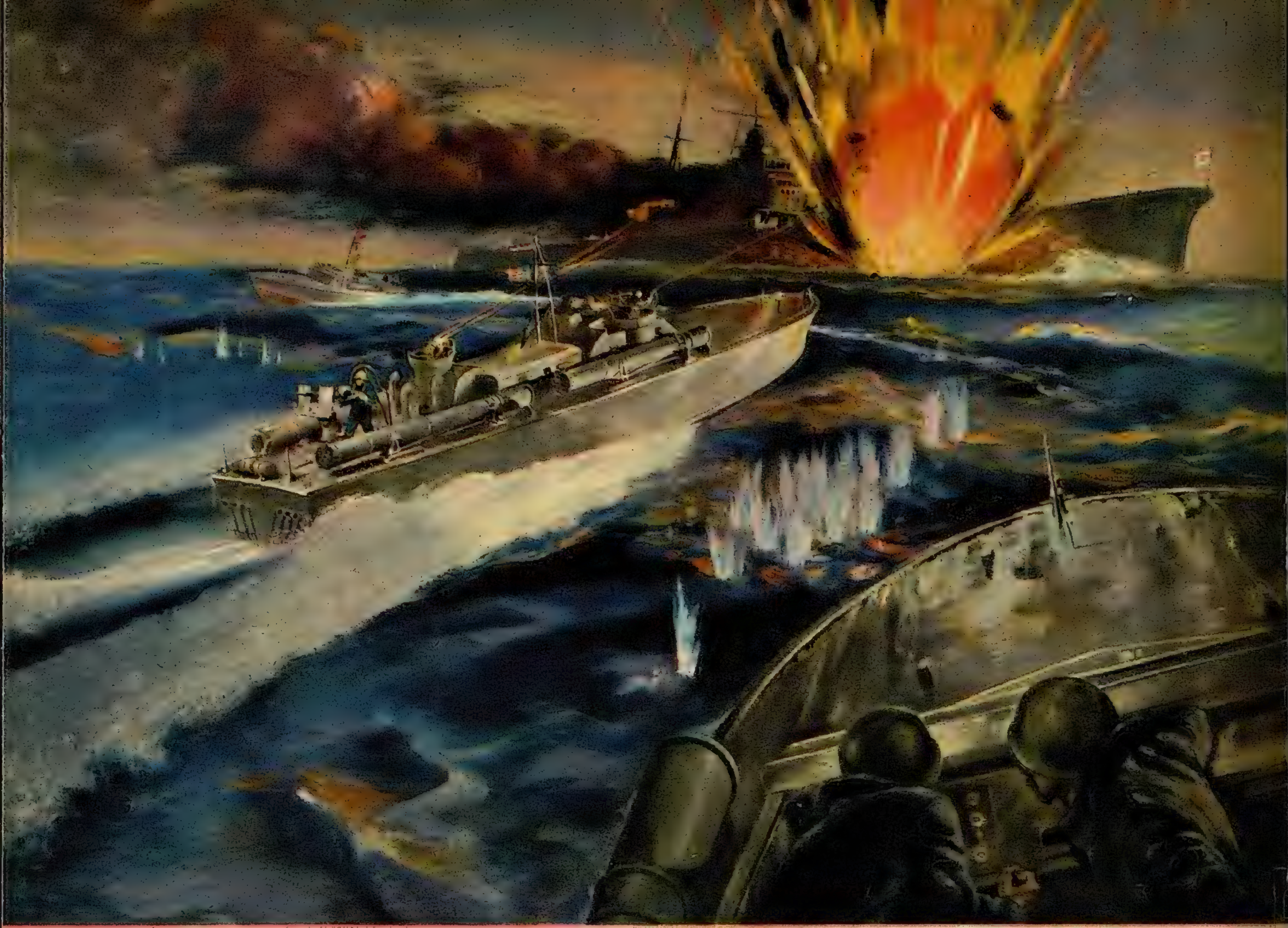
They are reported on by **John Philip Sousa III**—whose objectivity is amazing.

A PLEASANT, romantic novel you can enjoy whizzing through is **Red Raskall,** by **Clark McMeekin.** It's the story of a young girl, a horse-loving English pastor's daughter, who sailed to Virginia in the early days of the colony, went through adventures galore, from shipwreck to coping with pirates and swindlers, but who found love, a pleasant home, and a beautiful horse in the new world. An engaging yarn that will entertain you superlatively.

WELL worth reading, too, is **The Germans Come to Paris,** in which **Peter de Polnay** combines both his personal adventures and an enlightening account of what has been taking place in France since its occupation.

MARTHA OSTENSO has performed the ambitious task of writing two books for one publishing season. One, a novel called **O River, Remember!** is a well told tale of two pioneer families, one Norwegian, the other Norwegian and Irish—the first dominated by a shrewd matriarch, becomes rich; the other a carefree but cultured brood might have happily married into them had the mother allowed. Instead, through the years an unspoken enmity grew between them—until this generation, when love at last brought them together.

The other is **And They Shall Walk,** which is written in collaboration with the famous **Sister Kenny** and is a splendid account of Sister Kenny's life and work.



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DESTINATION TOKYO

Continued from Page 29

ing of Betty; and saying Betty's name when he slept, Stella always asking him the next morning, "Who is Betty?" But he never told her. He never told Stella anything at all. He treated her badly; and finally there was the divorce. He was transferred to Amsterdam, and she stayed in Berlin. She was still there when the war broke out in '39; but by then he was back in the States.

IN the States he did not get in touch with Betty for months. She was now very successful and he was too ashamed of himself to let her know he had returned from Europe. He remained in New York. He saw her name on marquees and billboards, in magazines and newspapers. She'd got what she wanted.

Then one night he went to a theater and saw one of her films. It was a musical, in Technicolor. He sat fascinated. Each time she spoke from the screen there was a chill all through him, and whenever she sang, he remembered the little apartment in Los Angeles, the way she'd sung to him after they'd had dinner, very low, smiling as she sang. He stayed for three showings of the picture, until at last the theater closed. And that night he knew he *had* to see her again!

The next day he took a train for California. Hollywood. The world of glitter and glamour. Girls in white slacks wearing snoods and dark glasses; thick tan studio make-up, false eyelashes. The bar of the Beverly Brown Derby filled with these girls every evening, coming from Fox and M-G-M on their way home, stopping for a drink.

Quade moved into a small apartment in Beverly Hills, got settled, then called Betty at the studio. The studio operator would not put him through, nor give him her home number, but she finally promised to leave a message that he had called. At seven that night a shiny gray roadster, its top down, stopped at the curb in front of the apartment. He watched from the window. Betty got out and started toward the apartment. She was in studio make-up, and she wore a red peasant dress, her blonde hair combed neatly into a red snood. She wore open-toed red sandals. She disappeared now into the apartment entrance.

He was shaking with excitement; scared and almost sick. When her knock sounded at the door he straightened himself up, then answered.

For a moment she stood statuesquely, looking at him, neither smiling nor elated, her expression impenetrable. He did not know what to do. Glancing around, she stepped inside. He closed the door. He felt ice cold. She turned toward him, her eyes wide, inquiring, still not speaking, but seeming to say much—although it was not clear to him what she was saying. He smiled. He tried to kiss her. But she turned away.

"Please—my make-up!"

He felt ridiculous. She watched him a moment silently, then she smiled a little smile, raising her eyebrows. "Hello, Russ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" he said.

She was startled. "What's the matter?"

"You're *acting!* You're going through this like a scene."

She was vexed, frowning.

"Even that—that expression," he said. "It's a cliché. This is *me*. There's no camera here."

Her eyes flashed. "Was I supposed to fall in your arms?"

"No. And you can leave right now if you want! Forget I even called. But for the Lord's sake don't *act!* If you've got anything to say—say it straight out!"

She watched him, and the thaw set in now. In a moment she sat down on the divan.

"I'm sorry, Russ! Honestly, I—I don't know *what* emotion to feel! I'm all—confused! I just came from work. They gave me your message at the gate as I was leaving and I came right over." She paused. "I haven't had time to think—to reason any of it out: about you being here. I—" She broke off. "I've been in front of the camera since eight this morning. I'm *tired!* And in this make-up, it's so damned thick, with the false eyelashes"—she pulled them off—"I feel like I'm *still* playing a part. Your message cued me into the scene."

She looked up, trying to smile. "But—I guess I shouldn't have tried to write my own dialogue."

Softly he said, "You're still talking in Technicolor."

"Am I? Then perhaps I bore you."

He hadn't meant it that way, but she was on edge. He was down beside her at once.

"Betty—"

She spoke sharply, without thinking: "What do you want of me?"

"Honey—"

She looked at him. *"Can't you leave me alone?* Must you *always* be in my life? Must you—" There were tears in her eyes.

"Baby, you're tired! Just relax. Don't try to say anything. We'll have dinner somewhere."

She was wiping away the mascara. "It's such an awful *shock!* One minute I think you're in Europe, in the war—then all of a sudden you're here. It's —I'm trembling inside, Russ. I don't know *what* my feelings are!"

"Let's have dinner."

"I can't," she said. "I look terrible!"

"You look wonderful."

She gazed at him. "Oh, you *fool!*" She kissed him. "There! You've got some of it, too—lipstick." She laughed, still brushing away the mascara. Her face was streaked with it. "You won't even *like* me without my make-up on. Where are we going to eat?"

THEY went to Romanoff's, but it was no good for him, because he was always being introduced. Actors, directors, producers came over one by one, sat down, and chatted. Several people asked her "How is Johnny Burke?" and each time she answered, "He's fine. Swell. Making a new picture out at—" and she named the lot.

When they were alone, he asked, "Who is Johnny Burke?"

"He's a young director—used to be a writer. A tall, lanky, gawky sort of guy. Has a great future. But not handsome at all, Russ, like you."

"I'm not handsome."

"Of course you are, darling!"

"You going to marry Johnny Burke?"

She lowered her eyes. "I was considering it."

He did not know what to say, so he said nothing, but he felt dead. They talked of Tokyo, the day they met, and laughed. And then they did not laugh so much, but drank steadily, to kill it —that feeling. Because they were growing closer together. The time-gap between them was filling; the strangeness, the newness dissolved. Once she looked up, her lips parted, staring at him. But he couldn't meet her eyes, and he knew then, as he hadn't before, that he had killed himself. He'd killed himself with her each time—and there was no guaranty he wouldn't do it again. That is, if he had the chance. Looking at her, he did not think she would give him the chance, and he hoped for her sake she wouldn't. But for his sake he wanted her more than life itself.

"I love you, Betty!"

"No you don't."

"I do. I've been crazy because of you!"

He started where he'd left off in Paris. Lamely and miserably he tried to explain himself. He ordered more drinks. He told her of Germany, of Stella. He saw himself mirrored in his own words —and he hated himself, but he kept talking, drinking. He told her everything—how he'd followed girls in Berlin because they looked like her; how he

JACK MARKOW

"Expecting some one?"

wrote her letters and tore them up. How he talked in the night, obsessed, and always thinking he would get over it. That it was over between them anyway, and tomorrow or next month he would get over it, and that would be best. But how he'd never gotten over it, and never would now—now that it was too late.

"Maybe it isn't."

"What?"

She was looking at him, frightened. "I'd be a fool to ever fall in love with you again, wouldn't I?"

"Yes."

"I'm so safe now, and so happy."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Really I am! Each time, after you, I was determined to become a good actress, and—"

"And I'd drag you down."

"No."

"I would. It always turns out that way."

"It's because you're so—weak, Russ. You need somebody—but once you have them you become headstrong, independent, and—" She broke off. "Then, when you're alone, you're confused, bewildered, and bitter. You've never really found yourself."

He looked straight ahead. "Moreover, I have nothing to offer. The chance later of a diplomatic post in Brazil—a two-bit career."

"Oh, that doesn't matter! You know it doesn't. You're not that mercenary. Don't you know that only people matter? You can never be happy if you don't know that."

"But I couldn't take you away from this."

"Why not? If I wanted you I wouldn't care! Oh, I don't pretend it'd be easy to give it up. But this was always a *substitute*. Remember?"

He was humiliated.

"But you never understood that! I don't think you do now." She paused. "Let's wait and think it over—about us. Let's not plunge into anything again—because I don't want to be hurt any more, Russ! I want to be sure."

HE saw her home. Back in his apartment, he swore that he would leave her alone. He knew now why he had never been able to drive her from his mind—because she was too good for him. And he would never be her equal. He would only break her heart and her spirit; send her away from him again, if not physically, then mentally, with the petty tyranny of his character. He could not cure his soul. And secretly, as badly as he needed and wanted Betty, he didn't really want to be anything but himself.

He was no good for her. He swore he wouldn't see her or call her. But he called her the next morning, went to dinner with her the following night. And then, after that, several nights a week. They were married in January, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Johnny Burke, the director, was best man.

The Brazil job did not come through. In the months that followed, Quade worked as technical adviser on several films with European background. Nights he wrote articles telling, as were a dozen other writers on the Far East, exactly why Japan would never go to war with the United States. He was in the middle of one of these articles at noon on Sunday, December 7, when, by chance, he reached over and turned on the radio. He did not finish the article.

By May he was East and in the Navy.

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("Probably three days ahead of my draft board," he told Betty.) He was given a commission on the basis that his knowledge of the Japanese language rendered him qualified for a special branch of the service. But he did not know why he was put through an intensive training course in aerology.

In October he was back in Hollywood, and he and Betty moved to the apartment on Sunset. Johnny Burke was now in the Marines, a combat correspondent. Quade had a few weeks' leave before being assigned to duty. In Washington he had been approached, among others, for a job which then was just possibly coming up. On the spur of the moment he'd volunteered. But now he did not know if that particular assignment would materialize. He knew only that he would be leaving soon.

HE and Betty lived in a dream. He would never forget that November—or early December either: Santa Claus Lane, the holiday atmosphere; news of battles, predictions; the places they went—the mountains, Arrowhead; the beaches, dimmed out, walking along the shore hand in hand. Dinners in the apartment—Betty finally letting the cook go, so that things would be the way they'd always been with them—simple and down to earth; the two of them laughing, going places together, and Betty so warm against him, holding him and loving him.

One morning at breakfast, she said, "Oh, Russ—I've never been so happy! Honest, I've *never* been so happy! You're a wonderful person, darling!"

He shook his head. "I'm not. It's only that being away from you so long threw a helluva scare into me, and I've been on good behavior. That's all." He paused. "Sure, I've been good, living in your shadow. But I couldn't go on like this."

"Darling, you won't have to! In peacetime we'll go to Brazil, or anywhere else they send you."

"I love you, Betty," he said. "You're lovely and I love you with all my heart. Please believe me! This is the most honest I've ever been in all my life. For once I don't hurt anywhere, and there's nothing I want that I don't have right here."

LADY POETS

They never had
Themselves a time,
But how they love
To sin in rhyme—
Lyricizing
Theoretic
Pasts, alas,
All too sin-thetic!

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

Then, when he got his orders, he said, "Betty, promise me something. When the time comes—no good-bys. Everything's been so damned swell! Just pretend it's going to go on."

"But, darling—"

"Promise me! We've had so many good-bys. I couldn't stand another one. Just get up and go to work, the way you always do. Don't show that you know. No tears or anything like that."

There were tears now, though. "All right—whatever you say, Russ."

And *he* was the one who showed it—the night before he left. And later, at home, getting stinking drunk, nasty drunk, not even kissing her good night. Then the next morning when he woke up she was gone, the way he'd made her promise to be gone. So that was the last time he saw her. And now, the way it'd turned out, the last time he'd ever see her. He'd been drunk.

PILLS could not sleep. His eyes kept coming open, looking through the red-lighted darkness. Here on the bottom, the ship's list was worse, and there was a gentle rocking with the changing current. The silence was terrible. He was thinking of Browski. He had observed Browski from a distance, and knew what was wrong with him, and he was afraid—not for Browski, but for himself.

He had no knowledge of surgery, or even medicine—just one short year of chemistry. He guessed now it had never been indigestion Browski had suffered; it was chronic appendicitis. Even without knowing how to diagnose, he knew that much.

Sometimes appendix attacks went away. He prayed that would happen now! Browski would not let him come near him, so Pills had asked Cookie to give Browski an ice pack to put on his stomach, and Cookie had done it. Pills hoped that would work. If Browski got worse, and the appendix broke, it would kill him. And Pills would suffer. The fact that he hated Browski made it worse. Thinking this, he himself was in agony. He imagined pains in his own

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stomach. His bunk slip was sweaty, and he turned on it restlessly, this way and that.

At 3 A. M., wide awake, he saw the shadow of a man move silently into the forward room. A light flashed around, and then the figure was at Pills' bunk. It was the chief machinist. Pills rose at once. From across the room some one whispered:

"Take good care of him, Pills."

Pills peered through the darkness. He saw Wolf in his bunk, leaning on his elbow, the red glow of a battle lamp shining across his face. So the others were awake! Not a word had been spoken—except Pills asking Cookie to get the ice—but they all knew! Here, underwater, in darkness and silence, they were all kin. What one man felt, they all felt.

He followed the chief machinist into the c. p. o. quarters. The light was on here, glaring white from its iron sea cage, and the captain stood over Browski's bed. Browski lay looking like death. He was naked to the waist and sweating profusely. His body was covered with hair. Pills moved up beside the captain.

CASSIDY glanced around at him. "Look him over. . . ."

Pills stepped up to the bunk. Browski was too sick to protest, or care, and Pills poked his finger into his stomach and side. Browski writhed in pain when Pills touched him. He kept his lips tight and his eyes shut. In a moment Pills looked up. Cassidy was watching him.

"I think it's—"

"I think it is, too," Cassidy said, "but examine him thoroughly. "We have to be sure."

Pills nodded. He left the c. p. o. quarters. When he returned he had his kit. He took Browski's temperature and his pulse, and then, wearing rubber gloves, he explored. There was no doubt. He looked at the captain. His own face was white.

"He hasn't a chance, sir!"

"Appendix burst?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Is there still time to get it out?"

"There might be."

"Then prepare to operate."

"But I can't, captain! I've no experience, no *knowledge*, no *instruments!* All I know is first aid. I'm not a doctor! I'm not even—"

"You've a Hospital Corps Handbook, haven't you, with pictures, and a book on anatomy?"

Pills nodded.

"Ever witness an appendectomy?"

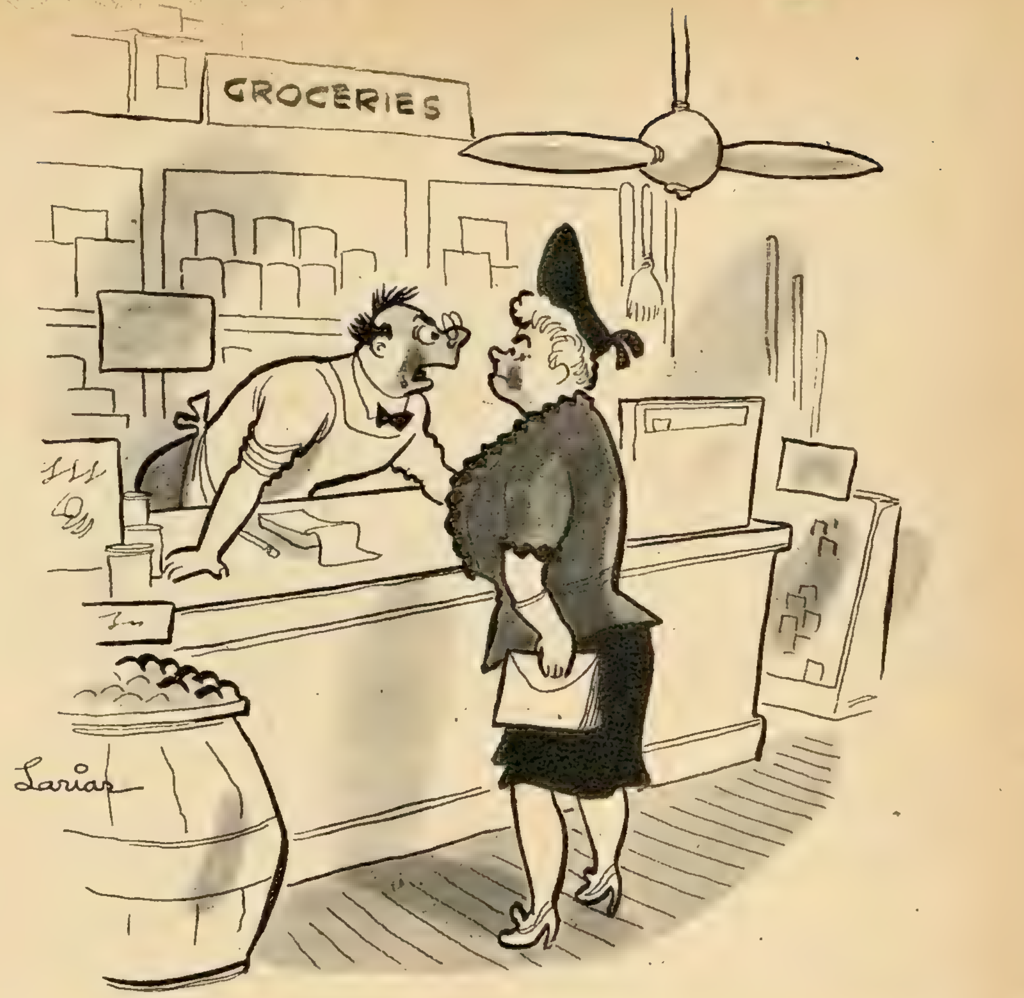
"Just once," Pills said; "but I wasn't even close to it! I tell you *I can't do it, sir!* I'd just—*butcher* him. I'd—" He turned, looking at Browski again. The chief machinist spoke, his voice echoing hollowly from the bulkheads:

"I can *make* you some instruments, Pills, if you show me what they're supposed to look like."

Pills' eyes came up. He saw several faces. The c. p. o. quarters had slowly filled with men. They were all looking at him. The captain was looking at him, too. It wasn't right! Pills thought. He shouldn't have been put in a spot like this! Sweat trickled down his cheeks. His eyes on Browski, Pills whispered, "All right. O. K. Somebody shave the hair on his stomach."

He didn't know why he said it. He could never do it! *What the hell did they think he was?* They expected miracles! He turned and left the compartment.

THE HOME FRONT



"If I just worked here, lady, instead of owning the place, I'd tell you where to get off!!!"

In the crew's messroom, trembling, sick, he turned the pages of the medical books. Sailors were crowded around him. He needed muscle retractors, scalpels, clamps. A boil scalpel and a pair of tweezers, those were all the tools he had. The chief machinist stood at his elbow.

"Let me have a look at those pictures."

On the other side of Pills an electrician's mate was saying, "You'll need a strong light. I'll rig up a landing light for you."

Cookie came out of the galley with his two prized pearl-handled knives. He was holding them tenderly.

"Hey, chief," he said to the machinist, "these here are made of the best steel there is." His voice was a little weak. "They'll make—terrific scalpels, if you grind them down."

The chief machinist turned to Pills. "I can make these things all right. Let me take the book with me."

Pills nodded. He was reading Navy Medicine now, mumbling out loud, trying to memorize. It was all confusion, just words! He read again, out loud: " 'Below the greater omentum, some of the coils of the lower intestines can generally be seen.' " It didn't make sense!

He looked around. The men were talking, low. "Shut up, you guys, will you!" They stopped talking. Pills' eyes drank in the book. In a moment he was mumbling out loud again, concentrating. He fell silent, reading.

At 5.15 A. M. everything was ready. The crew's mess had been transformed into a makeshift operating room. White cloth hung from the end of a table and was spread out on it. Pills had on a white apron and a gauze mask. The electrician's mate was focusing the landing light, bright and white and hot, on the table. Cookie had kettles steaming. Pills was still reading Navy Medicine. His hand shook holding the book.

The chief machinist came in with the instruments.

"I made 'em from knives, forks, spoons, electrician's clamps—anything I could find," he said.

Pills nodded. "Give them to Cookie to boil."

The machinist handed the instruments to Cookie, who dumped them into boiling water. The exec stood near by, studying a page he'd torn out of the anatomy book. He glanced at Pills now.

"I've got it measured and charted, Pills. I'll draw a chart on his stomach. You can follow the course."

"That'll be a help, sir," Pills said.

The captain came in. "How am I going to administer the ether, Pills?"

"I thought a tea strainer with cotton on it ought to work, sir. I've had Cookie fix it up."

"It's right here," Cookie said.

Over the loud-speaker a voice said, "Browski is being brought in."

THE captain, Tex, Cookie, and the others put on their gauze masks. Pills put down his book, leaving it open at the place. Now Wolf and the Kid moved slowly, painstakingly, into the room, supporting the chief between them. Browski looked drawn. His face glistened with sweat. He managed a weird half-smile at Pills.

"Hello, nursie."

"Hello, chief," Pills whispered. He wasn't smiling now—for the first time with Browski he wasn't smiling! Even though Pills had the mask on, Browski knew that.

Wolf and the Kid helped him up on the table. The landing light shone down on him. Tex moved forward and, holding the torn-out page in one hand, began drawing a diagram on his stomach.

In a moment he was through. Pills came in closer now. He was looking at Browski. Browski was looking at him.

"That was some idea of yours—dropping *my* purse!"

For a moment the silence was intense. Then Browski said, "Treat me good, nursie."

"O. K., chief."

"And in case things don't turn out . . . no hard feelings."

"Thanks."

The sub was still, only the hollow echo of deep water against its sides. Pills looked up at the captain, nodded, and Cassidy poured some ether onto the tea strainer. Tex began handing Pills his instruments. Browski breathed in the ether. Suddenly he began to speak. Pills looked up. Sometimes, going under, men talked. Browski's words were low, mumbling.

"Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done . . ."

I won't do it! Pills thought. I'm not going to kill him! Let somebody else do it!

Browski's voice dwindled to a whisper and stopped. Pills looked down at him, his eyes wild. The captain stared at Pills steadily, his eyes cool. Pills felt the captain's gaze, and met it, getting strength from him. Then he leaned forward, his hands no longer shaking. Carefully he began the incision.

AT a quarter of seven, in the forward room, Tin Can asked:

"How long's it been?"

"Hour and a half," Yoyo reported.

Tin Can pared his nails. "Vigilance and vitamins . . . he's a good guy, the chief. I hope—"

At five minutes of eight, after two hours and forty minutes, Pills was sewing in the last stitch. The appendix was out. Cookie'd put it in a bottle. The room stank of ether and every one was drunk on it. Pills himself could scarcely see. His eyes burned, his throat was clogged. He finished the job and stepped back. He felt he'd been clumsy! He'd made mistakes. He'd kept stopping to read the book. Now he looked at Browski. The chief was very still.

He's dead! Pills thought. He's dead.

". . . as we forgive those who trespass against us."

It was a tiny whisper. The chief's lips were moving. He was alive! As the chief continued his prayer, Cassidy looked at Pills. His eyes were eloquent.

". . . For Thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, forever. . . ."

"Amen," Pills said aloud. He broke now, turned away, choking, his eyes wet.

THAT night they broke surface again. The bay was black, the lights on the shore dim. It was snowing. There was no incident. Quade got his readings in record time, and the sub returned below without charging batteries. They hovered just beneath the surface, Tex keeping a constant vigil with the periscope. Quade compiled his reports, wrote his message, then changed into civilian clothes. He put on a tweed suit, a topcoat, and a felt hat. All the clothes had Tokyo labels on them. The shirt he wore even had authentic Japanese laundry marks stamped inside the collar.

He put a German passport in his pocket—it allegedly proved his citizenship, and contained in its pages a well documented tourist permit. He checked them, to make sure he had his visa and the other cards and papers of identification required of foreigners. The *pièce de résistance* was a beautifully forged letter from the imperial palace—which would be discovered on his person if he were searched: this alone was enough to make any low-caste police or army official who might otherwise detain him drop him like a hot coal. The last thing he put in his pocket was money—Japanese currency.

Everything had been carefully arranged. And yet, with all of it, he knew he would get by for only a limited time. The Japanese were fanatics at prying into your personal life in peacetime—but in war they were much worse. It didn't matter. A few hours was all he needed. He deposited an automatic in his coat pocket. He would use it only if there was no other way.

Then he started into the control room. The sailors stood about, looking at him. He smiled at them. He said, "So long," and they nodded, not knowing where he was going or when he was coming back.

He climbed the ladder into the conning tower. His suitcases were here waiting, and so was Cassidy. Tex was still on the scope. Ensign Mathews stood by, his eyes solemn. Cassidy looked immense: his hair rust-red, his face hard, high-cheekboned. He was looking at his sealed orders. Now, still holding them, he dropped his hand to his side.

"Ready, Russ?"

Quade looked up, a little startled at being called by his first name. Now he smiled. "Yes, sir."

For a moment Cassidy seemed awkward. He glanced at the orders again, then back at Quade.

"I don't see anything about how you're supposed to get back. Must be in *your* orders."

QUADE shook his head. "I won't be coming back, sir."

"Any good reason why not?"

"Yes, sir. The whole thing's timed. With the right breaks I'll get into Tokyo just before the curfew goes into effect. That means once I've made the broadcast I won't be able to get out—because there'll be no traffic on the streets, nothing at all—until morning."

"And by morning the bombers'll be over."

"Yes, sir. And you'll be getting the ship out of here as fast as you can."

"But couldn't we pick you up, say, somewhere along the coast, in two or three days?"

"It's too risky, sir—with their patrols and what not. It may be hard enough getting ashore now." He was nervous. He wanted to get it over with. "Besides, I doubt I'll get away with it that long in Tokyo. You have no idea how thorough they are. So chances are I wouldn't last long enough to even *get back* to the beach." He paused. "You know yourself, sir, when it's the question of one man or an entire ship—"

"You're *expendable*," Cassidy said. Quade suddenly realized he had whispered the word.

"Yes, sir." He smiled wryly. "Something like that."

Cassidy was looking at him. He put out his hand. They shook warmly.

"We'll be tuned for you," Cassidy said. "If we don't hear your broadcast by one A. M. we'll come up and send the message ourselves in English." He patted his inside pocket. "I have your duplicate here."

"You'll hear my frequency come through all right," Quade assured him.

The submarine sending the message was an alternative in the event anything happened to Quade. But the sub would be detected almost at once. Because, of necessity, they would be broadcasting out here in the open, on water, and the Jap monitors could locate and chart their position in a matter of minutes. The submarine gates closed, they would be doomed: blasted to pieces.

Which was why Quade was going in to Tokyo to make the broadcast. In a big city there are steel buildings, electric wires, and other natural atmospheric obstructions. By changing frequencies twice during his brief broadcast (which would be in the Japanese language, a pseudo stock-market report) the detectors would have much more difficulty in finding him. It was quite possible he would even be off the air before they finished their computations.

But, most important, they would know the broadcast had been from inside the city. Their assumption would be that it had come from a traitor among their own people, or a foreign spy. It was unlikely they would even remotely suspect the presence of a submarine.

The entire pattern was to get off the weather report to U. S. bombers somewhere at sea on the flight decks of aircraft carriers and at the same time to save the submarine from exposing itself. Because even the most credulous Jap would find it difficult to believe an American submarine had actually penetrated Tokyo Bay. For a few hours tonight the destiny of the ship was in Quade's hands.

"All clear, Tex?" Cassidy asked.

"All clear," Tex said.

"Take her up," Cassidy ordered. "Stand by to break out the rubber boat." He turned to Quade. "One of the sailors will row you ashore. We don't want to leave the boat there on the beach to be discovered."

The ship was breaking surface again. The quartermaster climbed up and opened the hatch.

On the bridge of the ship, the batteries charging now, it was still snowing. Sailors lowered Quade's suitcases to the deck below, and the Kid was standing by with the rubber boat. Tex turned to Quade, shook hands with him.

"Good luck, baby."

"Thanks, Tex," Quade said. "And I hope some day—"

"Yes?" Tex asked.

But Quade didn't say it. He was going to say he hoped Tex would get back to Corregidor and find his wife. But he didn't say it, because he knew, and Tex knew, that she wouldn't be there any more.

"—I hope some day you get ashore in Japan for a scenic vacation."

Tex smiled. "To visit the ruins."

Quade nodded, glad now that he had said it. He shook hands again with Cassidy. He hesitated, looking at Cassidy.

"It was good about Pills."

Cassidy nodded. "Great bunch of guys on this ship."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night," Cassidy said.

Quade climbed down to the deck. The suitcases were already on the rubber boat. With the help of Wolf and Tin Can he managed to climb aboard.

The Kid began paddling toward the beach. Quade looked back at the submarine—black in the night against the falling snow. He remembered the records, Christmas aboard, the wardroom talks, the continual pounding of the Diesels. And then, he could no longer see the Copperfin. He turned back, and saw instead the Kid's face, smudged with grease so as to be dark against darkness.

"You'll have to be careful," Quade whispered. "Fortunately the wind's the other way, so if there are any dogs near by—they won't get our scent."

The Kid was silent. He paddled steadily. Looking ashore, Quade saw that the cove where they intended coming in was desolate. Quade did not see any dogs, and he wondered if the War Department had been right about the Japs using them. There were spies in Japan, most of them Koreans, and the War Department had excellent up-to-the-minute information on coast defense.

They drew in close to the shore now. Snow banked against the rocks in the cove. At last the Kid hooked his paddle in a rock crevice and hove to. Quade grabbed at a rock and scrambled out—but his foot slipped, and he got a shoe full of icy water. He cursed silently. The Kid handed up the heavy suitcases.

"Can you find the ship all right?" Quade whispered.

"Yes, sir. Good-by, Mr. Quade."

"Good-by," Quade said.

He watched as the Kid pushed off. In a moment the little rubber boat was lost from view. Wildly he thought, I could dive in and swim back. But he stood motionless, looked up and down the empty beach, then turned inland.

He stopped before the first barbed-wire barrier. He looked at it, careful not to touch it. He took a small knife from his pocket, opened the steel blade and, stepping back, let it fall—hitting the wire. There were no sparks. It was safe then. Painstakingly he lifted the suitcases over, took off his topcoat and threw it after them, then crawled through. On the other side he put on his coat and picked up the bags. He started off.

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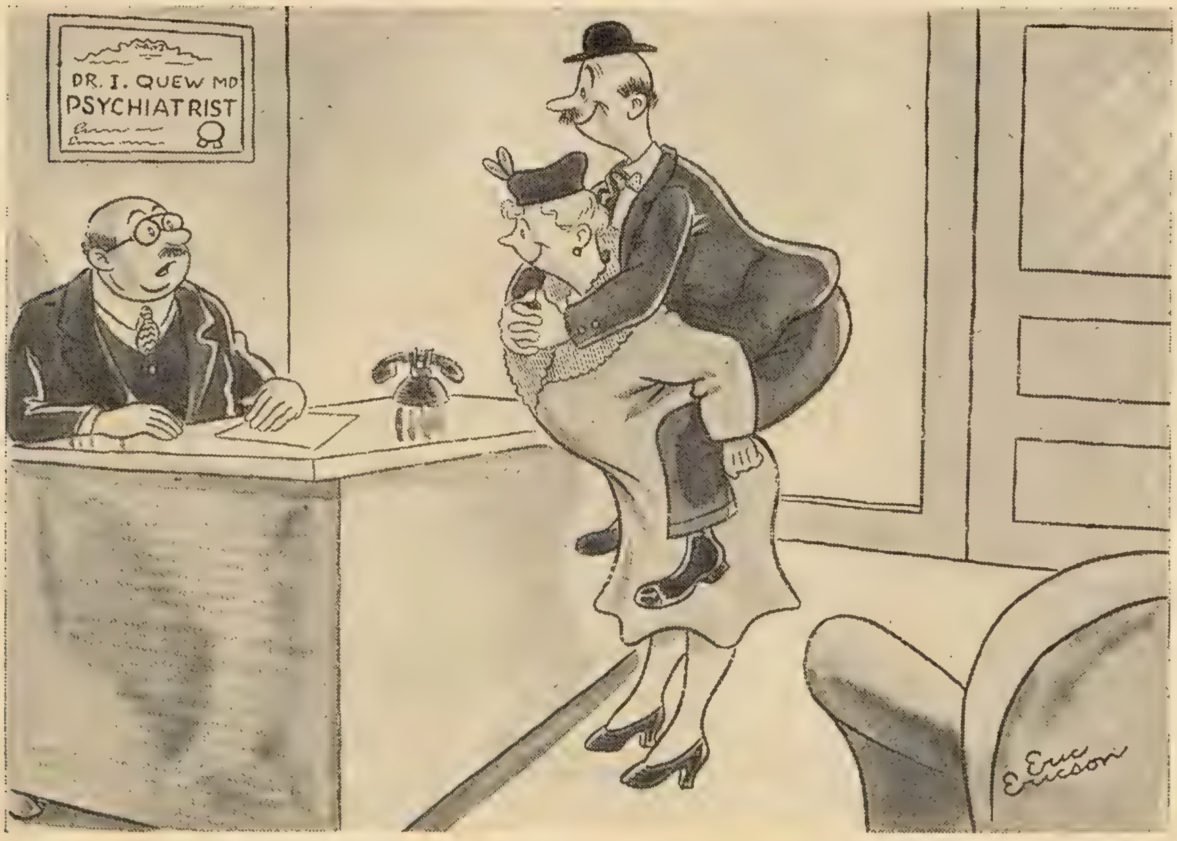

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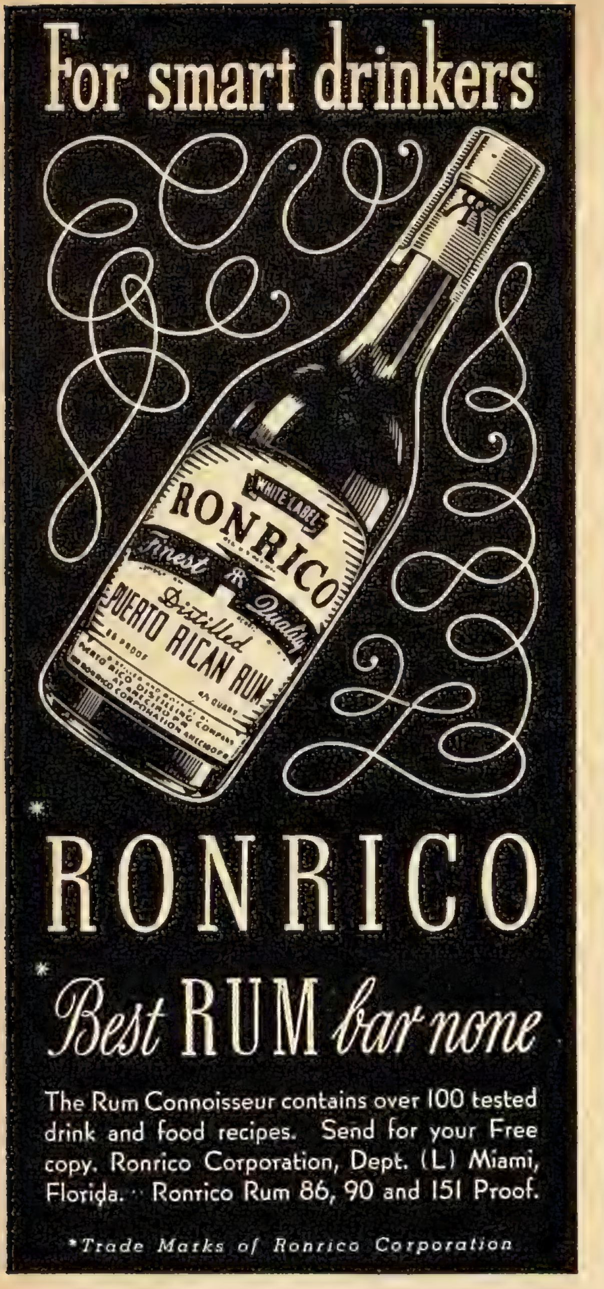

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REVELATIONS OF MERLE OBERON

Continued from Page 17

Australians need to claim her as their own. Visitors from that country frequently cry "Coo-ee!" across rooms at her, then nod and beam. She beams back, suspecting this to be a signal of recognition among natives of Tasmania.

Actually, she knows almost nothing about Australia, and even less about Tasmania, which she left at the age of seven.

She was christened Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. Her father had died before her birth and left a considerable sum of money to Mrs. Thompson. She, however, was somewhat flighty about finances.

"Somebody dropped a hat," says Miss Oberon, "and then mother found she hadn't a penny left." It seemed expedient, therefore, to accept an invitation from Lady Monteith, Merle's godmother, to visit with her in Bombay. Lady Monteith's diamonds, income, and house were all on the large side. Since Merle, as well as her mother, had good manners and the knack of consistent amiability, they managed to stretch the visit to two years.

Merle was an extremely pretty child with nice teeth, naturally wavy chestnut hair, and an air of determined good breeding.

She was happily not made to feel her position as a poor relation either at the Monteiths' or later at her uncle's house in Calcutta, where, having perfected their technique as staying guests, she and her mother lived for the following eight years. On the contrary, large social ladies in white leghorn hats persisted in pinching her chin and calling her an enchanting little angel.

Highly receptive to such flattery, she joined an organization called the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—the Cats—given to pantomimes and polite dialogues. When she was seventeen she persuaded her aunt and uncle to take her with them on a voyage to London. Once there, she was loath to leave. She felt she had exhausted the possibilities of the Cats.

Anyway, so many people had told her she ought to go into films that she began to believe them.

When her relatives went back to India, therefore, they left Merle behind with a hundred dollars, and for safe measure, a ticket to Calcutta. The former she spent in three days for odds and ends. The latter she cashed in for eighty dollars, to purchase a prime rabbitskin coat. Thus bedizened, she sought work.

There wasn't any. Her uncle had paid a fortnight's rent in advance on her expensive little flat. Also, she knew five London families who might reasonably be expected to invite her to dinner at least once. These social occasions alone kept her alive until she heard of an audition for inexperienced girls to be given by the H. M. V. Film Company at the Café de Paris. Although H. M. V. officials were unimpressed, the proprietor of the café sidled up as she was leaving and asked if she'd like a job as hostess. She refused with hauteur.

"Come to tea tomorrow," he urged, "after you've thought it over."

Miss Oberon came to tea—for the tea—and suffered the proprietor to explain his offer. She was to sit with a young man, furnished by the management, rise at the beginning of each dance number, and by example lure the paying customers out on the floor. (Nobody wants to be first in England.) "Two pounds ten a week," said her host, adding, after a glance at her hunger-pinched face, —"and dinner."

The tea had been a good one. She accepted. In three months she regained six of the fifteen pounds she had lost. She also added to her wardrobe, and improved contacts with the theatrical people met at the café, until she won herself a bit part in a Gaumont-British film, Alf's Button.

It brought ten dollars a day for a time, but the part was sliced from the final version.

Undiscouraged, she continued to play bits at various studios during the next two years.

At about this time Alexander Korda, a Hungarian director possessed of a great sense of showmanship and a sensitive if nearsighted eye for beauty, began to revolutionize the English film industry. One afternoon, in the commissary of the Wembley studios near London, an assistant nudged Korda.

"Look at that brunette," he said. "A genuine beauty!"

Korda had forgotten his glasses. Unwilling to make a point of his myopia, he stared, smiled, said "Lovely." Later, spectacles on nose, he visited Miss Oberon's set and stared at her for an unnerving two minutes. Then he introduced himself, adding that he would find a place for her in his forthcoming production. Two months afterward he did.

When Henry VIII was released, several of Miss Oberon's acquaintances in London rang her up to complain that her performance had been cut from the picture. She was mystified. Not only had she played Anne Boleyn but the critics had picked up her contribution (remarking especially the scene before the mirror in which she had murmured wistfully, "It's such a *little* neck, isn't it?") and had pronounced her a sensation.

Finally it occurred to her to ask her friends if they had been late to the theater. "Oh, well, five minutes or so," they admitted. That explained it. But while her performance had served little more than to provide an opening for the film, it established her as a cinema personality. She had worn no make-up except a little powder. An American make-up man, hired by Korda, took her in hand. "Baby, if they liked you that way, wait till *I* get through with you," he exulted. When he was finished, her hairline had been shaved back until, in that respect, she resembled Winston Churchill; her grease-heavy eyelids flapped miniature fans of artificial lashes; her face was a mask with a red pout.

Startled by this apparition, Korda promptly cast her as an Oriental woman. By the time Miss Oberon arrived in Hollywood a legend had sprung up that she was the daughter of a Javanese princess who had somehow got mixed up with a British (or perhaps Arabian) Army officer.

"Heaven knows I looked it," says Miss Oberon.

She apologized to Sam Goldwyn one evening when she arrived at his house for dinner without having had time to apply her make-up, believing her false face was her fortune.

"I should like," said Goldwyn, "for you to star in Dark Angel for me just as you are." Miss Oberon choked.

When the picture was premièred, she entered the theater unrecognized. Afterward even women columnists who had printed unpleasantries about the Schenck incident cornered her and shed congratulatory tears on her bosom.

Yet during the seven years since her initial success Hollywood columnists have treated her private life caustically. Even her happy-chappy romantic friendship with David Niven, whom she discovered as a compatriot in a strange land, was publicized as a betrothal, and she was looked at askance in print because she did not marry him. Neither had ever entertained a notion of marriage.

The year 1937 was an exciting one for Miss Oberon. Driving through a London fog, she was smashed into by another motorist and suffered multiple injuries.

IN 1939 Miss Oberon was married to Korda.

Besides their formal Regent's Square house, still miraculously erect but uninhabitable among blocks of rubble, the Kordas maintain a suitably chic establishment in Bel Air, California.

This house, a spacious whitewashed brick affair boasting the quietest garden and the most discreet kidney-shaped pool east of Garbo, was decorated, from wine cellar to attic storage space for Queen Anne cast-offs, by its mistress herself. She also governs its all-female staff, including her justly famous cook, a maid (who is so indispensable that her ten-year-old daughter is allowed to sleep in), and a chauffeuse, who took the job as a student of social psychology.

She admits freely that she was possibly oversplendid in her choice of a California villa. Still, she insists that both she and Sir Alexander are cottage folk at heart, offering as evidence the fact that neither she nor her husband has ever managed to salvage any considerable sum from the fortunes each has earned.

"I'm stupid about money," she explains, "and Alex is simply vague.

"I am the giggly type," she says blandly. She considers that she has succeeded at being an utterly feminine career woman who verges on the silly when occasion and a sufficiently large male audience make the effort worth while.

Never robust (part of her charm on the screen has always been the sleight-of-figure magic with which she invests it), she has recently succumbed to semitropical Hollywood's mañana complex and has become physically lazy. Studio workers complain that she now presents as many excuses for not keeping engagements as any one else. On the other hand, she is one of the few stars who still persist in the *noblesse oblige* gesture of providing coffee for the crew whenever an afternoon grows intolerably long.

Those Oberon admirers who fear they have seen the last of their favorite may consider her immediate plans for the future with good cheer, in any event. They are even assured of once again melting in pity for her at her wistful best, now that she has both literally and figuratively kicked up her heels in The Lodger, for Orson Welles is scheduled to direct her in Tolstoy's War and Peace sometime during the winter.

It is unlikely, however, that either she or her audience will ever again forget that the lady has gams.

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ON THE AIR OVER THERE

Continued from Page 30

The infant had been laughed to life, and now ship and shore stations alike kept it breathing with recordings, requests, and blessings.

Those first days it was strictly Baruch to Brown, Baruch before the mike and Brown behind it. Brown held the mike with one hand and with the other supported the transmitter. Baruch read news, jockeyed records, answered requests, and brought a breath of America to your boys in Africa. At the beginning lack of recordings, makeshift equipment that sometimes wouldn't make, and a dearth of personnel kept the station down to a two- and three-hour night schedule. Today six stations operate thirteen and a half hours a day and are crowded with almost every big radio show the States affords, *sans* commercials. The staff comprises a separate unit similar to This Is the Army and keeps up its military training and duties.

SURPRISINGLY enough, only a small percentage of the working staff are former civilian professionals. Other than Captain Baruch, only three announcers of the entire group are names you might recognize. Corporal Bob Keefe came from WOR, key station of the Mutual Network; Texans will remember the deep, honest voice of Sergeant Bob Duren; and from Portland, Oregon, there's Sergeant Dick Wesson. But the Army believes in training its own personnel while they work, and so does Captain Baruch. One day a sergeant came up to deliver a bicycle, and he talked himself and the bicycle into a job. Back in Dallas, Texas, he was Barney Weadock, an advertising account man. In most of Africa he's "that large sarge" or "Sergeant Six-by-Six." Buell R. Snyder, a Jersey boy, used to sit at home and answer contest ads for a living. He's learned to write less commercial radio script. Mae West once chose Harold Stark for a leading man. As an Army lieutenant, he now reads poetry to weary doughboys at slumber time.

When the boys found American news and American entertainment flowing from their Army-supplied unit radios, they longed for private hearings. Soldiers besieged native shops, some long out of supplies and parts, to pick up radios at any price. What couldn't be bought they made from discarded pieces of equipment. The boys in unit chow halls and the lone soldier on the hill with just one earphone were fighting far from home, but they heard *home* and felt it, and if once in a while the music they heard awakened memories —well, memories were what they were protecting.

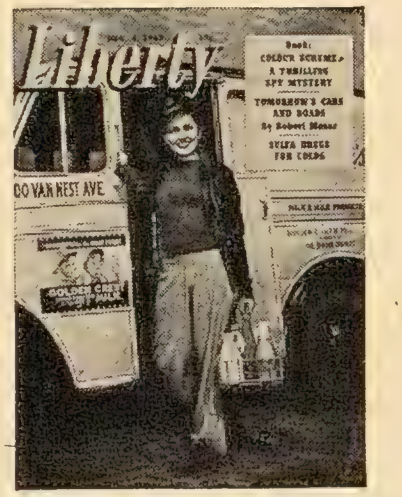
As for the local population, long under a radio interdict, once more they turned to their sets for unpropagandized news. America filtered into their living rooms.

But one station couldn't cover Africa. Back to the States went the story of what it was doing, and the Army was ready. Already set up in the Special Service Division of the Army was a radio subsection under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Tom Lewis, former advertising executive. Back to Africa went ready-made equipment, recordings, and supplies. As the troops moved up, other stations took to the air. The Sicilian campaign was announced as being officially over on August 17—but on August 13 an American Expeditionary Station on the island was already bringing to troops their own brand of American entertainment.

Besides the regular "airtractions" from the States, there are special shows —shows only for the boys overseas. The Front Line Theater presents "*top*lays" with "*top*ersonalities"; Command Performance packs a half-hour request wallop; Melody Roundup is a hillbilly dilly; and Army's Special Service keeps adding to these specially recorded shows.

G. I.s love their own entertainment, and the stations feature live talent shows wherever practicable. One station has found a choral group in which the former Riverside Church (New York) soloist Richard Wallgren appears. Another features a Negro quartet as the Overseas Serenaders. Quiz programs pitting Army against Navy are extremely popular. Each station has its own request hours—named, appropriately enough, Sad Sack, Barracks Bag, and the Little Brown Jug—and, judging from the amount of mail received by each station, the names will become as historic as "the forty and eight." Folks back home have picked up the station or have heard about it from letters, and they write requesting numbers dedicated to brothers, husbands, and sweethearts—verbal messages from home, as welcome to the boys as home-baked ham.

LIBERTY'S COVER



Symbolic of the thousands of American women who help the war effort by working on men's jobs in our essential services as railroad conductors and bus drivers, in laundries and on delivery trucks is cover model Betty Doyle.

Vital statistics: Age, 21. Height, 5 feet 10. Weight, 118 pounds. Hair, brown. Eyes, blue-gray. Residence, New York City, where, incidentally, milk*men* rather than milk*maids* are strictly the rule.

News is featured at times when the most men can listen. That puts it on at much the same time as it goes on for you—at Reveille Roundup, between six thirty and eight, and at noon, when chow-hall sergeants see to it that the news drowns out the clatter of pans and the boys soft-pedal the click of G. I. silverware against mess kits so that they can hear "what's cookin'." Each station has its own news writer, trained to guard the rigid censorship of a war theater but ready to give all the news available four times a day and more when necessary.

Originally the stations excluded commercials, but requests poured in for "real American radio"; so now there are occasional programs prepared for "Joe Quartermaster, the man who sells G. I. drawers with a reet-pleat and a drop seat." Instead of spot announcements there are cautions, such as "An alert soldier is a live soldier" and "Don't waste food; the folks back home are rationed." Health messages directed against the fly, the mosquito, and venereal diseases are repeated time and again.

For the most part, programs are tuned to the request letters. When a top sarge wrote in and complained that jive kept his hive awake, the stations instituted fifteen minutes of slumber music at the close of the day. A captain couldn't get to a radio at any one of the four regular daily periods for news, so now the news digest, a two-minute review, ends the day's broadcast.

THE requests show a definite trend. At the beginning the cry was for "hot jive." Lately the toughest fighting men are asking for sentimental ballads. Letters read: "Please play You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To, 'cause it reminds me of the sweetest kid in the world."

British servicemen have taken to American entertainment and Bing Crosby can count the Tommies as his most ardent fans. And Captain Baruch gets a particular boot out of requests for Bea Wain records. The popular songstress of the Hit Parade is his wife.

Here is real radio Utopia. How else and where else would it be possible to listen to Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Charlie McCarthy, *et al.* without turning the dial? They're all over there pitching for your boy, and all on one spot of the dial.

The word "morale" has been bandied about until very few understand it, but you don't have to understand the term to know how the soldiers feel when they write letters like this one:

> Dear Captain Baruch:
>
> The other evening we heard swing music and then, "This is the American Expeditionary Station." Goose pimples ran up and down our spines, and since then our morale has increased one thousand per cent. Last week we had a tent full of boys who we were treating following the Sicilian Campaign. When we turned to your swing program, smiles of joy and complete forgetfulness of their pain came over the faces of the boys. Words can't express the happiness that your programs have given to the American soldiers. So thanks for giving us a few hours of happiness each day. Good luck!

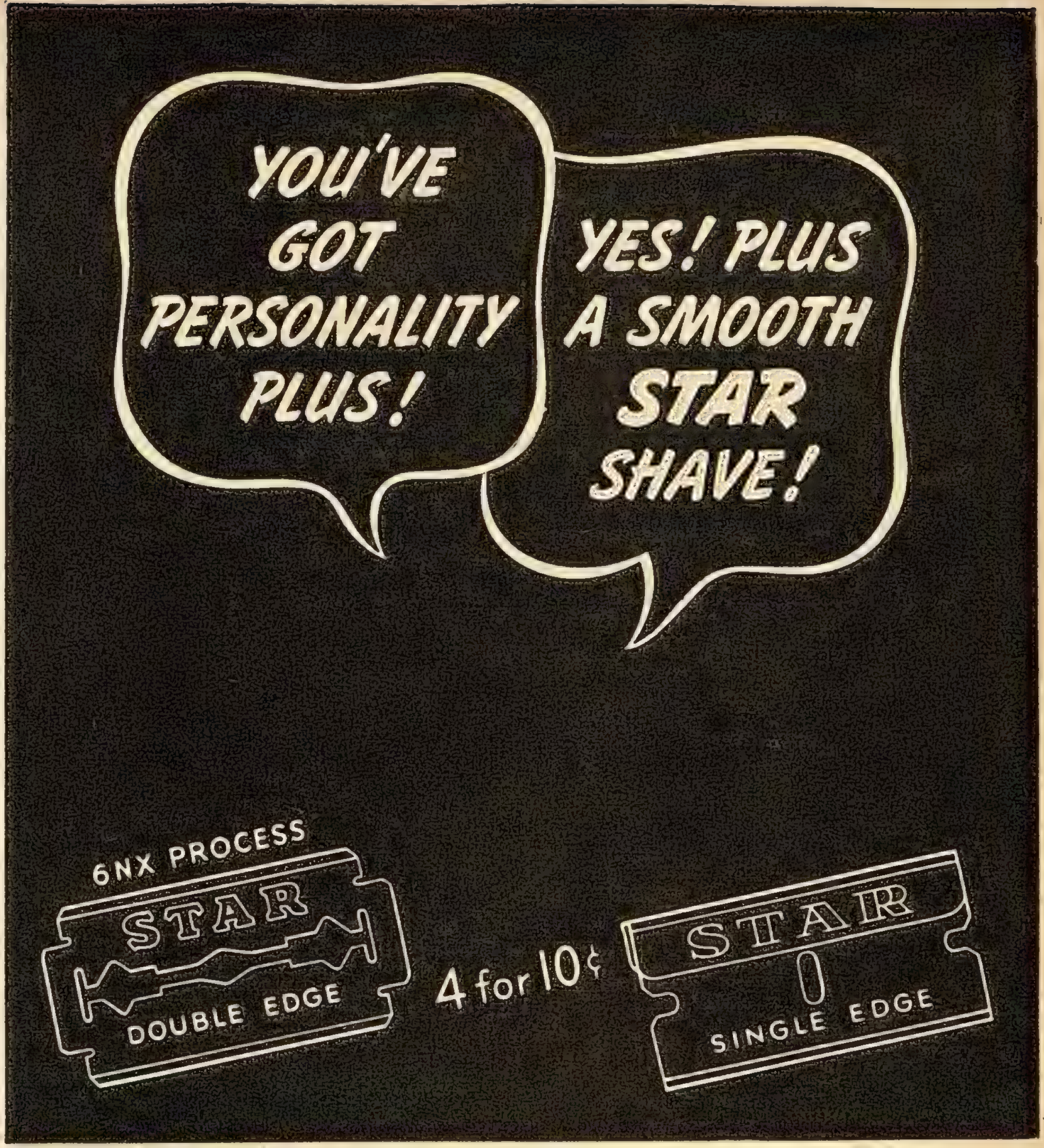
The letter was signed by Sergeant Skalka of an evacuation hospital.

Generals, too, have taken time off from their duties to add their words of praise to those of the soldiers under their command. At the dedication of the first station General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Allied Force commander in chief of North African Operations, wired his congratulations and thanks on behalf of all the forces under his command.

The most touching letter came from a corporal: "Please play Star Dust for my wife and myself. It's our wedding anniversary." That she couldn't hear it didn't matter. You see, it was *their* song.

No greater testimonial is needed for the job these stations are doing.

THE END



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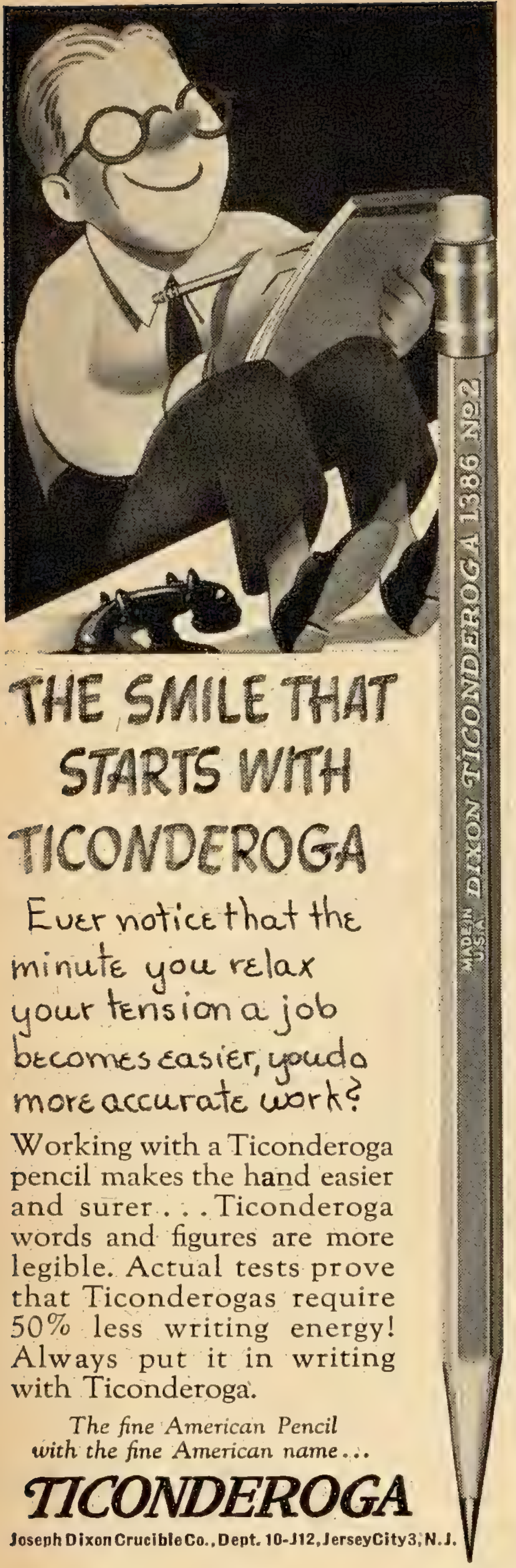

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GERMANY'S CHOICE—QUIT OR BE DESTROYED!

Continued from Page 19

Nazi system of complete efficiency and "organization" for every disaster began to crumble; it just wouldn't work under the weight of the Allied air blows. Tens of thousands of homeless—both Berliners and refugees from other cities—completely upset living conditions and food and clothing rationing systems. The Völkischer Beobachter, Nazi Party organ, trumpeted to the people to "crowd together and make room for homeless women and children." Berliners with frayed nerves dutifully followed the Party's dictum, but indoors many of them faced their "guests" and snarled over the loss of one of their few remaining comforts—semi-privacy.

Production was badly disrupted because of damage to industrial suburbs—just as Allied air chiefs had carefully planned it in working out their blueprints for bombing. One grim bit of evidence in a Berlin suburb was the remnant of a brick wall. It was only a few feet high, but it marked the site of what had been a war factory one third of a mile long. The manpower and material famine made it extremely difficult even to build adequate bomb shelters. When the Swedish legation in Berlin decided to build a concrete shelter, it had to bring in the cement and the workers from Sweden, and even to build in the legation gardens the barracks to house the workers.

Nazi functionaries seemed befuddled and unable even to keep up with the problems of registering the dead and missing, recording bomb damage claims, and dividing train space between women and children évacués and the troops. Every hospital corridor was full of the wounded and dying. It was bad luck to be just plain sick in Berlin—or, for that matter, anywhere in Germany—for the aged civilian doctors who escaped Army duty were completely swamped by work in the bombed areas. Many amusement places closed up shop. It was just as well, for in the German capital the people didn't have much time for amusement. After their long working hours they were too busy digging trenches or building shelters.

Despite all this, Berlin so far is virtually untouched in comparison with Hamburg, formerly Germany's second city and chief port. As a city, Hamburg no longer exists; 77 per cent of it was reduced to rubble, ashes, and smoldering ruins as a result of four R. A. F. and two American Flying Fortress raids between July 24 and August 2. These raids cost the Allies eighty-seven bombers, but cost Germany Hamburg, for between 5,000 and 6,000 acres—about nine square miles—of the big city were devastated. This was 100 times the damage the Luftwaffe had been able to inflict on Coventry and nearly sixty times greater than the 105 acres the Germans had burned out of London in 1940.

Aerial photographs reveal that street after street of Hamburg's solid gabled buildings, built after the great fire which destroyed most of Hamburg in 1842, are a series of desolate gutted ruins. Ruined is the famous Hopfenmarkt, Hamburg's largest public square, where her staid, comfortable citizens once went to buy their vegetables and fruits. Old churches, such as the Nikolaikirche, the St. Petrikirche, and others, and hospitals and other institutions suffered. The port area, once Europe's largest, which used to accommodate more than 15,000 ships a year and which became one of Germany's war-production life lines, was a disorderly mass of seared embers; even the water-front rats couldn't survive there. Wrecked were the great shipyards which once built some of Europe's largest steamers, but which lately were believed to have been turned to submarine production.

Likewise was ruin visited on the vast oil works; the nonferrous metal plants; the textile factories which turned out the gray-green uniforms for Hitler's legions; the foodstuff plants whence flowed the Nazi ersatz commodities; and scores of miscellaneous factories where armaments, precision instruments, and vehicles were made. Public utilities, railroads, warehouses, and Army and Navy installations also were burned out. The Altstadt (Old City), which stemmed from a fortress built in 808 by Charlemagne as protection against the Slavs, was burned out, along with the parks, picture gal-

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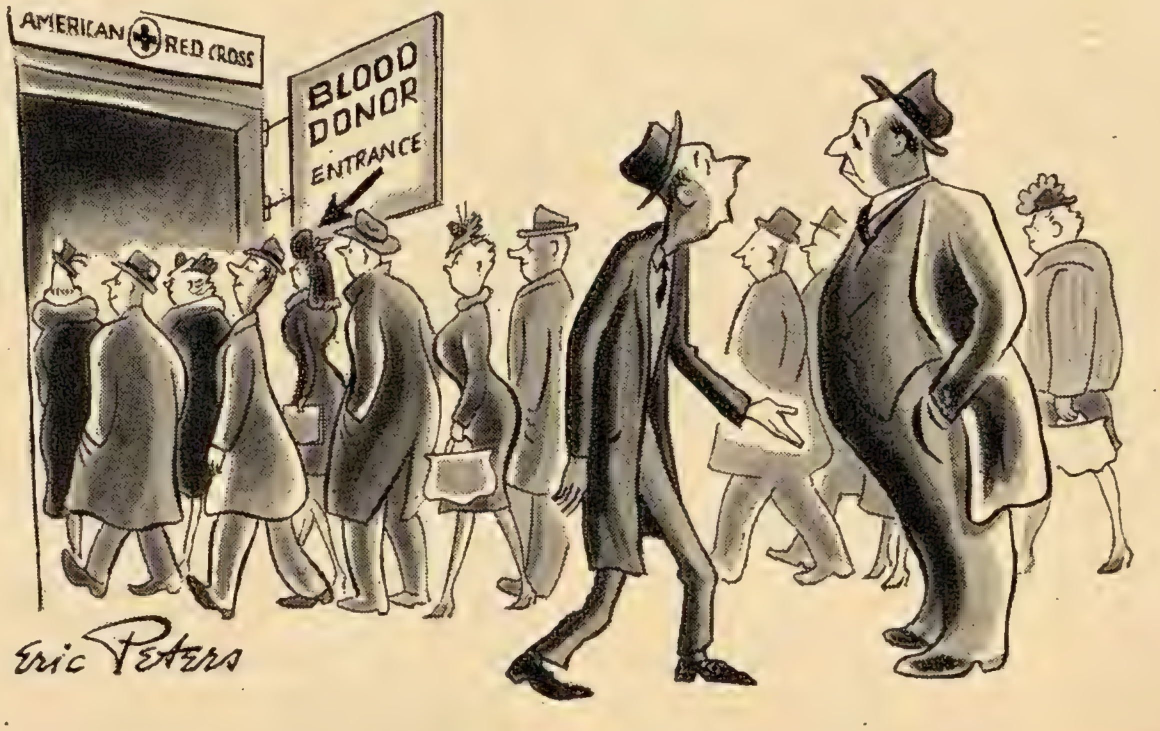


"They gave *me* a pint and their blessings!"

leries, and schools. Hamburg was a dead city—the grimmest sight on a grim continent.

Air Force officials in Washington and London hardly needed to point out the tremendous blow dealt the Nazi war economy by the destruction of Hamburg, which followed on a larger scale the damage already done to Cologne, Essen, Rostock, and many other German cities. Not only were a people dazed and shaken but factories and ports were dealt blows from which they probably never will recover.

Hamburg and the others are examples of what happens when the Allies decide to reduce an entire city or section to impotence. There is also another type of aerial blow—the knockout punch against a smaller, more concentrated military or industrial target.

A. A. F. files in Washington show what happens when the Flying "Forts" go after such targets. For instance:

On June 11, 168 Forts of the Eighth Air Force attacked the strongly protected naval base at Wilhelmshaven. The Nazis put up a smoke screen, but the Forts got through. Previous reconnaissance had spotted Nazi efforts to disguise telltale shadows on great oil tanks through camouflage. The Fortresses lined up the tanks in their accurate bombsights and let go. Twin pillars of smoke and flame 2,000 feet high leaped up as the 500-pound G. P. (general purpose) bombs found their mark; that was so much less fuel for the already oil-poor Nazis.

Five hundred and sixty bombs in all were rained down on the base, a portion of which, from the air, presents the appearance of a giant lizard. Post-raid photographs showed the remarkable precision with which the patterns struck. In addition to the oil tanks, the following damage was inflicted: (1) The Marine Werft engine assembly shops were badly damaged; (2) the Navigation Office and adjoining buildings were hit; (3) The Fortifications Office area, whence antiaircraft fire is directed, was damaged; (4) the roof was torn off a cable-testing building; (5) direct hits were scored on naval barracks, undoubtedly killing personnel; (6) a drill house and adjoining buildings were blasted; (7) half a dozen bombs fell on a large building under construction; (8) a school for naval officers was demolished; (9) two bombs landed on another new building; (10) two blocks of additional naval barracks were leveled; (11) five sheds and railroad tracks were hit; (12) a mine-sweeping depot was destroyed; (13) sheds were hit; (14) a bridge, which from the air resembled a silk thread, was damaged; (15) sheds lining the edge of the entrance dock were splintered and set afire; (16) the important boiler house of the navy yard power station took a direct hit; and (17) a seaplane station was put out of commission. Our planes also shot down seventy-six enemy fighters—ME-109s and FW-190s—and probably shot down twenty others. Not a bad day's work, and the cost was only eight Forts.

On June 20, 183 of a flight of 235 Fortresses raided an extremely vital synthetic rubber plant at the Prussian city of Huls. Germany's dependence on synthetic rubber is great, for she has been able to get little if any real rubber from Japan. It was one of the most successful raids of its type ever made. In three and one half minutes the Fortresses dropped more than 400 tons of bombs, inflicting major damage on sixty-seven items. This meant more than seventy tons of bombs per square mile within the factory area.

Among the ruined targets were at least six huge cylindrical gas-holding tanks, 130 feet in diameter. Pipe lines leading to the synthetic oil works at Gelsenkirchen were burned out. The bombardiers were very particular about those pipe lines, for destruction of them meant disruption of that companion plant, at least for the time being.

One month after the raid American planes flew back to take pictures. The roof of one building had been repaired, and rubble from one destroyed building, about 60 by 260 feet, had been cleared away. Those were the only apparent signs of reconstruction; the plant otherwise was still a mass of broken bricks, tangled metal, and ashes.

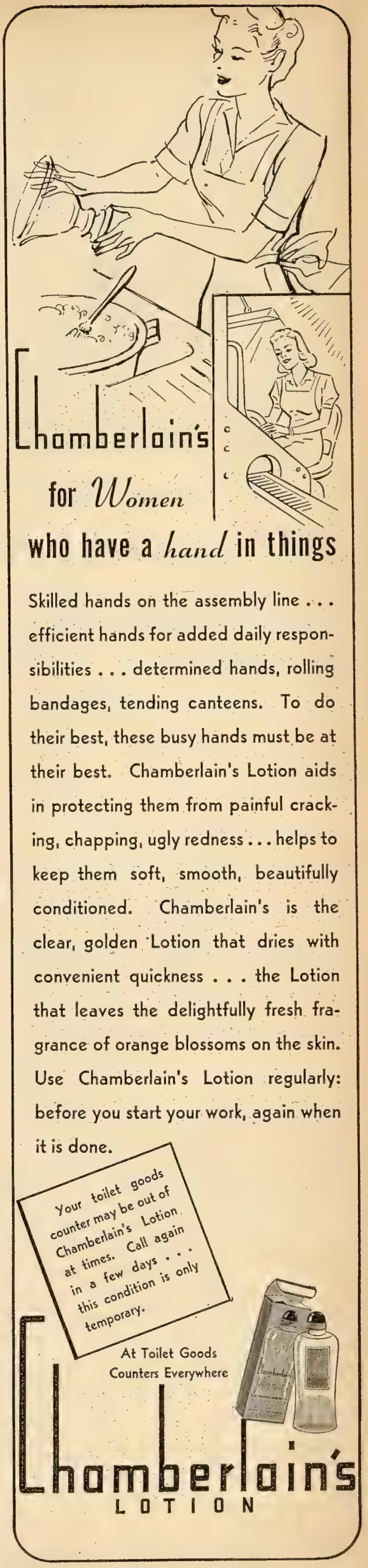
In this raid we lost sixteen Forts, but definitely shot down forty-six of 125 enemy fighters, probably destroyed twenty-one more, and damaged thirty-five.

And so the record reads. Everywhere the American bombers have struck they have done damage that disrupts German war industry for months, if not permanently. Air observers in Washington interpret the record as a considerable tribute to the American specialty of daytime precision. Whereas the Germans, in their offensive against Britain, sought to blanket as much of the island as possible in the hope of doing great damage, the Americans go in for accuracy, and the results show it pays. For instance, the Luftwaffe in 1940 made fifty raids against the Battersea power station and finally managed to hit it once, inflicting damage that disrupted only a portion of the plant for two and one half hours. The A. A. F. regards this squandering of bombs as wasteful. When it drops its "eggs," it pins its faith on its bombsights, not on "hope."

HOWEVER, just in case the A. A. F.'s theories may not be wholly correct, the Germans also are getting a vicious dose of area bombing by night from the R. A. F., which is achieving better results over Germany than the Luftwaffe did over England. Either way, the Nazis lose.

A word about the references to "blueprints for bombing." That is not merely a pat phrase. Americans and British air chiefs have mapped out intricate schedules for knocking out various branches of German industry. They plan as far ahead as twelve months. If, for instance, they want to knock out Germany's fighter-plane plants, they start a year ahead of time by concentrating on the coal mines which provide the fuel to keep the plants going; then on the iron mines; next on stock piles of raw materials; then on the plants which produce the precision instruments and the armaments which go into the planes; and finally they knock out the plane-assembly plant itself. This way, the plant is crippled for months before so much as one bomb is dropped on it.

At Army Air Force headquarters in Washington a map of Europe has been prepared with the shadow of a noose over Germany and her satellite and slave countries. It bears the legend: "The Noose Tightens." The conquest of Italy by the Allies will have an important bearing on the tightening of that noose.



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With all of Italy in our hands, we will have great air bases at Rome, Naples, Foggia, Taranto, Brindisi, Bologna, Genoa, Turin, and, with the exception of the mountainous sections, almost anywhere we choose in the north. Then southwestern Germany, occupied France, and all the other subjugated countries which Germany has converted into arms-producing camps will be in the same position that England was in when the Luftwaffe, with its northern France bases, was at its peak.

Bona fide shuttle bombing will become possible. In addition to the obvious advantages of nearer bases, the Allies also will gain these three important factors:

(1) United States and British bombers, which now have to fly 1,400-mile round trips from Britain to pound targets in southwestern Germany, will be able to operate from the United Kingdom with fighter-plane protection all the way. Britain-based fighters will be able to escort them half the distance, while fighter planes from northern Italy will be able to pick them up at the halfway mark and cover them the rest of the way. Thus Allied bomber losses will be reduced.

(2) Bombers operating from the nearer Italian bases will be able to carry greater bomb loads on the shorter flights, while planes leaving Britain for attacks on southern Germany and France also can increase their bomb loads by landing in Italy instead of returning to England.

(3) The advantages of more favorable Italian weather, in contrast to the frequent fogs over England and the Channel, will make more frequent raids possible.

STRATEGICALLY, the picture for the air offensive will be greatly improved by consolidation of Italian positions. The Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, for instance, are within a 600-mile range of the heel of Italy, instead of the 2,200-mile round trip that American bombers had to fly when they attacked Ploesti from the Middle East. From northeastern Italy, a triangular section of Slovakia, where the Germans have located a fighter-plane industry, is a 600-mile flight. Hungarian and Rumanian steel, munitions, tank and plane plants are 550 miles from the Foggia area. The Balkans can be hit on 350-mile flights. Our fighter planes will be able to range over the Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Braunschweig, and Kiel areas in Germany, covering any actions our bombers may undertake. The French industrial sections, which the Germans are exploiting unmercifully, will be within 200 to 350 miles of the Italian bases. Thus will the noose tighten.

One point which air chiefs both in Washington and London, from the top down, make clear: Confident and positive as they are about the tremendous importance of air power, they do not expect it to do the entire job. They know it will save time and lives by softening up the enemy, sapping his powers of resistance and perhaps cracking his morale on the home front; but they know that before the enemy's homeland is occupied—unless he chooses to run up the white flag first—ground troops will have to move in. They intend, however, to make the invasion as easy as possible, and they are confident that the growing force of Allied air power will shorten this war.

THE END

MAKE UP YOUR HEART

Continued from Page 27

them and saying from one corner of his mouth, "I cleared the way, now ramble."

He turned and walked slowly across the campus, remembering Gail again, knowing why he had come back, thinking that he loved her, hated her. She was part of the past, a golden girl, and very decorative at football games, and dances, cocktail parties. Shiny, lacquered, and as useless as an ornament. But still he loved her.

He came to the ivy-covered redbrick fraternity house with the white pillars. The place was deserted, and he was glad of that. He saw a plaque on the wall, listing the fraternity members in the services. His name was there; lower down alphabetically, Ed Feder's.

He stood there looking at the battered furniture, then climbed the stairs and clumped on down to his old room. The furniture was shifted, new pictures on the walls. It didn't remind him of himself or Ed, and he hurried out again and went into the telephone booth.

The number was penciled on the wall in Ed's scratchy handwriting. He dialed it and a girl's voice answered. He asked, "Is Gail Thornton there?"

"There's no one in the sorority by that name," he was told.

"How about yourself?" said Terry.

She laughed and said, "I'm busy."

Terry said, "Just tell your children you're the second girl who ever turned down a date with Terry Brown."

"Terry Brown," she said. "Terry—"

He hung up with somber satisfaction and tramped on out the door. The football game was over, people were coming up the walk, and some of them he knew. He cut across the lawn, thinking they wouldn't recognize him in his uniform, but they knew those shoulders and his loping stride. He had to say hello and stall around awhile before he could get away.

He walked down to campus and into the administration building. Leafing through a student directory, he found the Ts and ran down them. There were two female Thorntons, Jane and Penelope. No Gail. He stood scowling.

Big Ed had written her, and she was here, the last he knew. That was some time ago and he had heard that college courses were speeded up. She'd probably graduated, and where the dickens did she live? He could picture her entertaining and being entertained by men in uniform, a girl as sparkling as a cocktail glass.

HE walked on down toward town, went into a bar, and ordered a glass of beer. Raising it to his lips, he saw himself in a photograph on the wall under a heading of football immortals. He stared at the cocky set of his head, the arrogant grin, and raised his glass.

"Here's to you, mug," he said. "But you'll never get what you want, will you?"

The beer tasted flat and bitter. He stepped outside and stood there, legs wide apart. The street was crowded, the football spectators streaming downtown for dinner. A couple rounded the corner. The girl had a football feather on her coat, a green hat, a golden chrysanthemum in one hand. He heard her laughter as they came near him. She looked the same; there wasn't any war that she knew about, although of course she was with a boy in uniform. She followed the styles, always.

He looked up when they were opposite and she didn't lose her poise. Her cheeks were prettily flushed. "Terry," she said, "how wonderful to see you."

She extended her hand, but he didn't bother with it. He stooped and kissed her squarely on the mouth. The boy beside her made unhappy sounds and Terry cocked an eye at him.

"Hep, hep, one-two-three-four," said Terry. "Go march around the block. No hard feelings, you understand."

The boy considered. "She called you Terry," he said. "You wouldn't be the Rambler? Not Rambling Terry Brown?"

"In the flesh," said Terry.

The boy sighed. "I might have loved that girl," he said at length, then brightened. "Well, anyway, it's good to know my competition was the best."

He turned and headed purposefully for the barroom door, and Terry nodded "A pleasant lad, open to reason."

"YOU haven't changed," Gail said. "Still the same old Terry Brown."

"Nor you," said Terry. "Your hands are twitching. You want to rake those nails across my face?"

"I've always wanted to," she said. "You affect me that way."

"I know a guy," said Terry, "it took him three years to like olives. You should see him now. Eats them for breakfast even."

As he spoke his eyes were searching her. He told himself she was a pretty girl, and that was all. He knew her inside out. In college it had been fine, an extra curricular pastime of excitement and thrills. But the war had changed all that.

Gail stared at him, her eyes very wide, innocent. A great girl for technique, he thought. She said, "I thought you might be different."

"Now, you should know me better," he said.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I guess I should."

Her tone was wrong. His forehead wrinkled up. He took her arm. "Let's eat. Time is of the essence, if I may coin a phrase. There's a dance tonight. I won't go. It would remind me of my youth. Besides, I want a nice romantic spot, dim lights, if any. They called it pitching woo back in my day. I don't know what the term is now, but I trust it isn't rationed."

There was a restaurant on down the block. They found a table, and it should have been pleasant to sit across from a lovely girl. "The war hasn't changed you, has it?" she said. "The world is still your oyster, created expressly for the pleasure of Terry Brown." He grinned, and she went on. "I have to leave a few minutes before ten."

"Late-dating me?" he said. "Leaving me for the arms of another?"

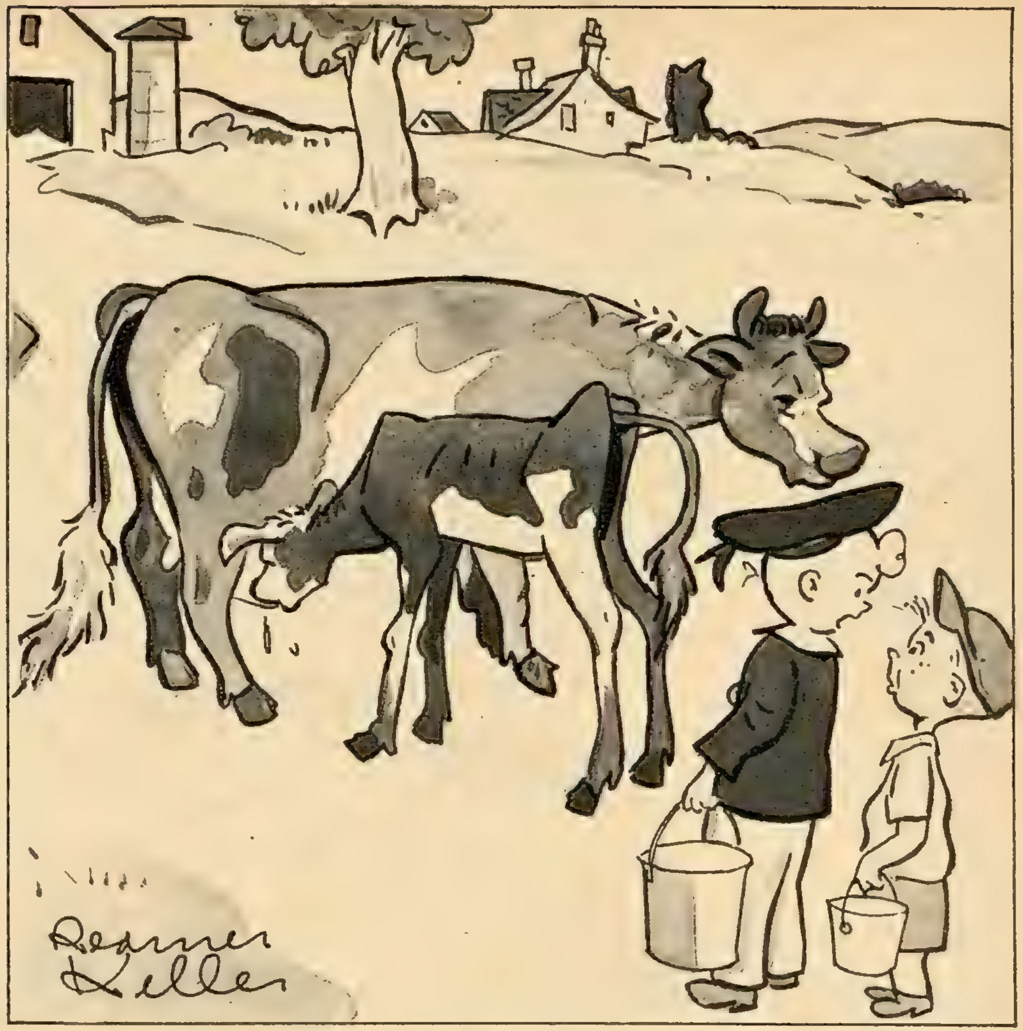
It made him angry. Deliberately he reached in a pocket, brought out an envelope. He put it on her plate. "A few things of Ed Feder's," he said. "I took most of what I had to his mother, but I thought you might like something."

She stared down at it silently. You never loved him, he thought savagely. It isn't fun now, is it? And he hoped she'd think of that as she made her merry rounds with soldiers on each arm, getting a big bang out of the war.

She put the envelope inside her purse. "Thanks, Terry," she said. Her eyes were wet, starry, and he saw them through a flicker of long eyelashes. The knot tightened in his chest.

They had dinner, and afterward they wandered aimlessly along the darkened street. It was pleasant to walk along and know that no tree held a sniper, that a sudden alarm wouldn't send you racing toward your ship. The prettiest girl in the college was on his arm. He thought he should be happy.

HARDTACK



"Quit shovin'! I'm next!"

They came to the stadium, a vast empty bowl. They walked out on the turf and stood there on the forty-yard line, looking toward the goal posts.

"I kicked a goal from here one time," he said.

"And won the game three to nothing. Big Ed held the ball."

They turned back toward the stands, and starting up the concrete steps, Terry saw a tiny red glow, smelled the fragrance of a cigar, and caught a glimpse of a burly immobile figure. Quickly he led Gail up the steps.

"The Old Man," Terry said. "The most hard-boiled coach in the country turn out to have a heart like a one-minute egg."

"The war's made changes in a lot of people," Gail said. "Not changes, exactly. I think you see them differently."

He stopped a minute, feeling as though she'd pried off the top of his mind and read what was written there. They reached the top of the stadium and sat down on the hard wooden bench. The harvest moon was climbing over the press box across the stands.

"A time to bill and coo," he said. "Many's the night I've thought of this."

"No girls where you were stationed?"

"I met a few here and there," Terry said. "Black teeth and very fond of betel nuts. Nice people, but not precisely my type, you understand."

She was close to him in the night. He bent and kissed her, tense for her response. It wouldn't be like Gail to slap his face. Nothing crude for Gail. A sophisticated remark to set him on his pants, the subtle brush-off, was her style. Instead she said nothing, did nothing. Her lips were cold.

He scowled down at the field. "My last year in college if it hadn't been for the little jerk with the comic mustache. I should be out here making like Red Grange each Saturday."

"Your picture in the papers," Gail said. "The hero of the school. And after graduation, what?"

"The Chicago Bears. A year or so of pro football, and business in the off season. Then a rose-covered cottage, a couple kids around the joint. A nice program I had laid out."

"It takes two," Gail said. "The situation calls for the presence of a girl."

A GIRL not quite like you, he thought. He put his arm around her once again. "I seem," he said, "to sense a certain chill. It makes it awkward. I find myself embarrassed and at a loss."

"You!" She laughed sharply.

"The thing is," Terry said, "I was toying with the idea of proposing to you."

"Why?" she asked him.

"Because I love you," Terry said, "in spite of your ugly pan and piano legs."

It was the right touch, he thought, but she didn't laugh. He wondered if he'd lost his grip. She didn't quip back at him and it was all one-sided. He guessed he knew the reason why. He loved her, that was the trouble.

"Terry," she said suddenly out of the darkness, "I never thought you were any good. I didn't think I was much good either, if it comes to that."

He frowned, trying to figure this thing out, and decided to stay on the beam of flippancy. "Two heels should stick together," he said. "We have a lot in common."

"The campus glamour girl," she said, "and the campus wolf and star athlete. Living on the surface. Pearl Harbor outdated that scenario." She paused a moment. "Ed Feder was real."

Terry rubbed his jaw in tender mem-

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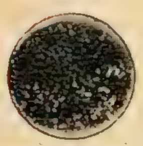
THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS



Soap Shampoo

This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

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All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

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ory. "He hit me there once and knocked me halfway through a wall. It was the night after I scored four touchdowns against State. He said I was too cocky."

"I didn't think he'd fall in love with me," she said. "I was never made for Ed."

"He enjoyed it. He used to tell me what he had that I hadn't. I said you were very ornamental but hollow inside. He thought differently."

"What did he say?"

"He said, '*She writes to me, I have her picture, but she loves you, you rambling mutt, and always has.*'"

She didn't answer that. A cloud obscured the moon. He couldn't see her, but he could feel her presence there beside him. And he knew he couldn't use his head. His heart had made up his mind this time. He loved her; that was all he knew or cared.

"Gail," he said, and sounded almost humble, "I love you."

He put his arms around her and drew her to him. Her cheeks were wet against his face. Crying, he thought incredulously, and held her away.

She broke free of his grasp. "It's almost ten," she said breathlessly. "I have to be . . . I have to go."

The anger started to grow in him again. He got up, wondering who she was going out with now. And then, as though the stars had fallen, a white light pierced his mind.

They walked back through the town, and finally the lights of a huge sprawling structure loomed ahead.

"You knew," she said. "I don't see how—"

"I'm a regular Sherlock Holmes for deductions. You were in town, but not living at the sorority. You weren't listed as a coed, so you had either quit or graduated. You had to leave by ten, and naturally I knew you wouldn't desert the old Rambler for another man. I weighed the evidence. I deduced. It seemed obvious you'd gone in for nursing. Rather messy business, isn't it?"

"You get to like it after a while," she said.

THEY were at the door of the nurses' home. He looked down at her. She had the stuff, as Ed had known. She glittered, but when the chips were down the grit came through. He was proud of his love for her. And he thought that he would kiss her good-by and then go find the Old Man.

Gail said softly, "I know about the fight where Ed Feder lost his life. You spotted the Japs that machine-gunned him. Half the fuselage was shot away."

"The crate still flew," said Terry.

"You went after the Zeros. You were one against five. You shot four of them down."

"One was just a probable," he said.

She went on, unheeding: "You couldn't get back to your base, and made a crash landing in the jungle. It took three weeks to get out. You encountered friendly natives and that's how you met women who like betel nuts."

"Don't care for them myself," he said.

"You wouldn't have told me about it, would you?" she went on. "The things you really feel you bury deep inside. It took a war to teach me that. Oh, Terry, promise me you'll never change."

A beautiful girl, he thought, but he couldn't see much of her because she was in his arms, crying and laughing all at once. And he couldn't think of a bright remark. He knew he was going soft and didn't give a hoot.

THE END

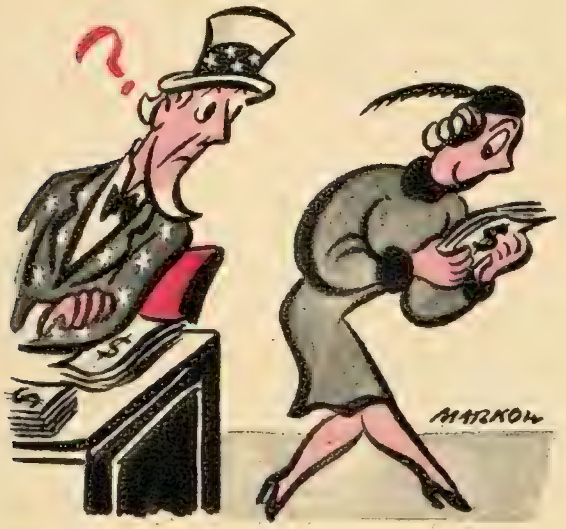
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHEN I hear a legitimate gripe, I sit up and take notice. I've got one in hand right now—a gripe about the allotment policy that makes it possible for an undeserving wife to loot a serviceman's pay and mooch on Uncle Sam at the same time.

"My wife deserted me eight years ago," writes Seaman H. S. B., now serving in the Pacific. "I can prove this to be a fact, but due to the nature of dependency regulations this carries no weight, for she is still my legal wife.

"I will admit I was foolish not to have divorced her years ago, but I didn't for two good reasons: First, I was not financially able to do so. Second, I had no wish to remarry.



Moocher

"Now I am outside the United States and cannot get a divorce. There is the hitch. As long as I cannot get into court, I must support this woman.

"Now, I am not crying for sympathy, Sarge. Let's just say this is the price I must pay for my own foolishness. But why should Uncle Sam be made the goat? After all, the government pays the biggest part of the wife's allotment. At this writing my so-called wife is getting twenty-two dollars a month out of my pay and twenty-eight dollars a month from Uncle Sam."

This is just one example of scores of letters I've received on the same subject. In many cases the situation is worse. A sailor or soldier also happens to have a widowed mother to support, or some other bona fide dependent, and the undeserving wife pops into the picture and grabs the lion's share.

What's the answer?

In this man's opinion, the serviceman should have the right to protest the wife allotment. If he can establish that his wife is undeserving, the Red Cross should be asked to investigate. Through its home service department, the Red Cross could easily check up on the wife through the local chapter in the town or city where she lives.

This procedure would give a fair break to both sides. The serviceman would tell his side of the story and the wife could tell hers. Both reports should go to the Office of Dependency Benefits, where a competent board could decide the case on its merits.

Under present dependency rules, a wife need only submit proof of marriage in order to get her monthly allotment, with no questions asked. It doesn't matter if she gave her husband the gate years ago and has not even set eyes on him since. It doesn't matter what her behavior has been during this time. As long as Joe has gone out to fight for his country, she can shake him down—and Uncle Sam too.

The American Bar Association and the Legal Aid Society have recommended that Congress alter the Allowance and Allotment Act to plug this loophole. How about it?

OLD SARGE.

* * *

My husband was a chief petty officer in the Navy until seven months ago, being discharged a mental patient. He is now in a veterans' hospital on Long Island. I have a little daughter five years old, and as yet I haven't received any support of any kind from the government.

Is there anything I can do?

Mrs. C. D. M., New York, N. Y.

Write immediately to the Veterans Administration. State the facts of the case in full. In all likelihood a veteran's pension will be forthcoming. The New York office of the Veterans Administration is at 130 West Kingsbridge Road, Bronx.

* * *

I am the sensitive type, Sarge. I read where quite a few women doctors are being taken into the Army. If one of them is assigned to examine me, I'll jump out of the nearest window.

Pvt. A. J. C., Camp Fannin, Tex.

O. K. But don't forget your parachute.

* * *

I have heard so much about our boys in the Army being lonesome, especially those with no one to write to them. Could you tell me where to get some of the boys' names and addresses, so I could correspond with them?

Mrs. G. B., San Leandro, Calif.

That's a mighty fine gesture, Mrs. G. B. But—I'm sorry—the answer is no. The War Department does not permit any one to supply names and addresses of servicemen for correspondence purposes. As a matter of fact, it discourages this type of letter-writing between parties unknown to each other. But your offer should be a lesson to lots of folks. How about you, reader? If you've got some one in the armed forces, how about getting busy with pen and paper right now?

* * *

Is it permissible to execute "column right" and "by the right flank" movements from the halt? Some officers maintain that these commands may only be executed while in march-to-charge direction. I am of the opinion that they can be executed either from a halt or while marching. Which is correct?

1st Sgt. D. M., N. H. S. G., Littleton, N. H.

"Column right" may be executed from a halt. However, "by the right flank" may be executed only while in march.

* * *

I entered the Army a few weeks ago. My native country is Austria and I am not an American citizen yet. How long would it take to be a citizen? I already have my first papers.

P. G., Camp Polk, La.

You can become a naturalized American citizen ninety days after entering the armed forces. For details of the procedure, see the personnel adjutant at your post.

* * *

I've been in the Army over two years, overseas for a year of that time and in the African campaign since it started. My big desire is to get a commission. After my combat experience I feel well qualified to be an officer. But they tell me there's not much chance of getting to Officer Candidate School over here. And yet the fellows back home get shoved into O. C. S. right and left.

Is that fair?

Sgt. K. R., Tunisia.

You're behind the times. That was a legitimate gripe six months ago, but W. D. has fixed up the situation. O. C. S. opportunities are now tough to find in the U. S., but schools are being opened up at a rapid rate in the actual war theaters.

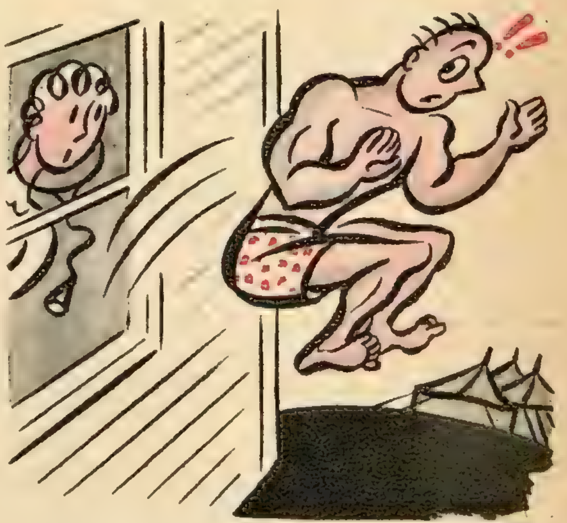
True, men overseas didn't get much of a break in the beginning. That was because the overseas forces were busy with invasion plans, supply lines, and actual combat.

I'd suggest you immediately file an application with your C. O. for an appointment to O. C. S. right there in Tunisia.

* * *

My son is serving in the Mediterranean theater and I would like to send him some money. Can you tell me the best, safest, and surest way of sending it?

J. C. L., Chicago, Ill.



Sensitive

Get a domestic money order at any United States post office and mail it to your son. He will be able to cash it at any Army post office. If you were to send a check on an American bank, he would probably have difficulty. The Red Cross reports that many soldiers in foreign theaters find themselves with checks they can't cash.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

RIOT TOWN—Continued from Page 15

But she had nice eyes and a stubborn little fighting chin. She looked like somebody's very nice sister.

"Maybe I should," I said, "but I don't see why."

"You're Mr. Buchanan, aren't you . . . on Mr. Chandler's staff?"

"How did you know?"

"It's my business to know. I'm a newspaper reporter. Incidentally, you asked to see all the newspapers published in Weymouth. Here's a copy of the Sentinel."

She handed me a small eight-page paper. It was printed with old-fashioned-looking type. Mr. Cameron had made the headlines here, too, but in a slightly different key:

CAMERON MAKES FIRST OPEN MOVE TOWARD FEATHERING NEST

"We don't print flash war news, because we're a weekly," the girl said. "But you'll find a very competent analysis of the week's events on page three."

I TOOK a gander at page three. There was a good map, and I read a paragraph or two of the analysis, which was under the by-line of one Horace Tyler. It *was* competent.

"What's your name?" I asked the girl.

"Joan Tyler."

"Related to this Horace Tyler?"

"He's my father. He's owned and edited the Sentinel for forty-one years. He and I write everything that goes into it except the personals, which are contributed. We had an advertising manager, but he left us to work at the Drummond plant. I do the advertising now."

I noticed there was darn little of it.

"Well, thanks for the paper," I said.

"Just a minute," said Joan Tyler. "At four thirty, the mayor, the president of Drummond Aircraft, and some other bigwigs are calling on Mr. Chandler. The press have been invited to cover the gathering."

"That's right."

"No one from the Sentinel was asked. We're the oldest paper in town."

"We were just given a list by the mayor's secretary," I said.

"You could add to that list," she said. "Unless you believe in discrimination, I have a right to be there."

"When Max says he'll see representatives from all the papers he means all the papers," I said. "You come. I'll fix it."

"Thanks," she said. "You may not regret it."

I had Lee put Joan Tyler's name on the list of newspaper people to be received.

Max sat down on the sofa and began reading the papers. He seemed a lot more interested in Mr. George Cameron's views on the housing situation than I was. Before he had finished, the phone rang and we got word that the mayor and his delegation were on their way up.

The mayor was a typical politician, big and gangling and clumsy-looking, with a string tie and a black Stetson pushed back on his head. The president of Drummond, James L. Drummond, was a slick white-haired Wall Street-looking guy with a flashing white smile and very shrewd dark eyes. There were a couple of other sorts of nondescripts, middle-aged, the mayor's secretary, the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

The mayor shook hands with Max and made a corny speech of welcome. In the middle of it I felt some one tugging at my sleeve.

"I'm Fred Luxor, the mayor's secretary," he said.

"Hi," I said.

"There's been some kind of mistake," Luxor said. "I notice Miss Tyler, here, representing the Sentinel. She wasn't on the list, Mr. Buchanan."

"I put her there," I said.

He stared at me as though he didn't want to believe it. "But the list was prepared with the utmost care, Mr. Buchanan. If we let Miss Tyler stay, then we really have to let in any one!"

"When we see the press we see all the press."

Mr. Luxor shook his head. "I'll get into trouble for this. I wish, if you have a chance, you'd tell the mayor Miss Tyler is here on *your* invitation."

"I'll tell him, I said. I turned back to the main show in time to hear His Honor introducing one of the two nondescripts. He had sandy hair, thinning at the top, and a pleasant unspectacular face.

"One of our leading citizens, Mr. Chandler . . . Mr. George Cameron."

I saw Max's mouth tighten and an unfriendly light came into his blue eyes. "I've just been reading about Mr. Cameron." He gestured toward the newspapers. It happened the Sentinel was lying on top. Mr. Cameron looked pained

"You show catholic taste in your newspaper reading, Mr. Chandler," he said. His voice was a surprise. It was deep . . . an orator's kind of voice. It changed him from a nonentity into a compelling personality. You instinctively waited for him to go on. He did. "Sensationalism in the press is to be deplored, particularly when it's employed for the sole purpose of bolstering a sagging circulation."

"The truth is often sensational," Max said.

Cameron's laugh was studiedly musical. "I trust you have a sharper nose than that for the truth, Mr. Chandler."

"Tell us about Weymouth's housing problem, Mr. Cameron," said Max softly. "The subject fascinates me."

The mayor intervened. "Plenty of time for you and Cameron," he said. "Our reason for being here now is to answer your questions as to Weymouth's part in the war effort and to arrange for any things you wish to see here and —" he smiled broadly—"to ask *you* questions about the rest of the country."

"Housing is my dish at the moment," said Max, his pale eyes still fixed on George Cameron.

CAMERON didn't fluster, not one damn bit. "It is strictly a local problem, Mr. Chandler. I don't see how it can possibly interest you. But I'm perfectly willing to discuss it. Weymouth, before the war, was a town of about twenty thousand people. When Mr. Drummond got his huge government contracts for plane building, it was necessary to import nearly twenty thousand migrant workers. In short, the population of Weymouth was nearly doubled overnight. People are sleeping in hot beds. They're hanging from the rafters, Mr. Chandler. Our restaurants and shops are so overcrowded the regular citizens of Weymouth can't get into them. There are rowdy elements among these workers who have indulged in considerable vandalism. It is a situation which has become insufferable to the people of Weymouth. The whole unhappy business has reached a boiling point . . . a dangerous boiling point."

"So you propose a housing project near the Drummond factory."

"Precisely. Five thousand dwellings, cafeterias, schools, hospitals. A small community in itself."

Max lit a cigarette, squinting through the smoke at Cameron. "It says in the Sentinel that you own the property on which this project would be built."

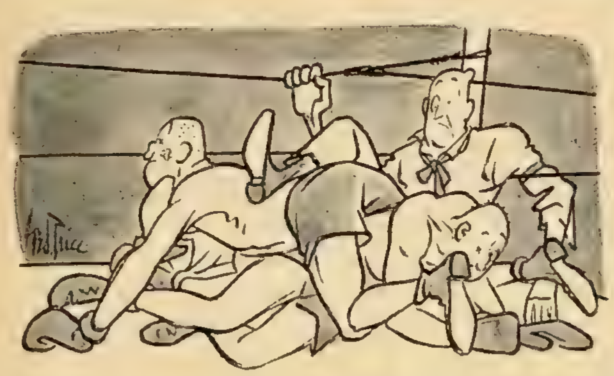
"I do," said Cameron smoothly. "But I do *not* plan to sell it to the government. I'm *giving* it."

"Admirable," said Max. "And the contract for building these five thousand dwellings?"

Cameron shrugged. "It does happen that my firm is the only one in Weymouth large enough to handle such a job. But I would like to point out to you, Mr. Chandler, that we propose to build at cost. If you can find any one who could make a better offer to his home community, I would be glad to hear of it."

"Such altruism is very touching," Max said coldly.

Cameron refused to be insulted. He smiled. But I noticed a small vein



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

KAYOS: Utter confusion in the prize ring.

DESOMBER: Gloomy twelfth month.

MEATYOCRE: Today's hamburger.

SORETIFICATE: Proof you were vaccinated.

LOOKRATIVE: A profitable peep show.

PIGNIC: A sty-lish barbecue.

GEMUINE: It's a real diamond.

PAIRENTS: Two mamas or two papas.

HOPTOMIST: A kangaroo who thinks he can make New Zealand in one jump.

WHYFE: The little woman who's always asking questions.

pulsing in his neck. The mayor was sweating.

"Now to business," he said heartily. "In your opinion, Mr. Chandler, how long will the war in the Pacific last?"

Max sat on the arm of the couch, swinging one leg, chain-smoking. He was a genius at dealing with a mass question bee. Lee sat in the corner taking down the questions and his answers. He always covered himself this way. I found myself watching the suave Mr. Cameron, who had retired into his role of nonentity. He wasn't listening either. I saw his eyes shift thoughtfully to Joan Tyler and stay there for a long time. I felt a faint chill run along my spine. I don't like guys like Cameron.

The session broke up after half an hour. Every one started to leave. Max maneuvered himself over to me.

"Keep the Tyler girl here," he said, and turned back for a parting handshake with the mayor.

At last they were all gone except Joan Tyler. She dropped down on the couch and I thought she suddenly looked small and frightened. Max came back from the door and stood looking down at her.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Chandler," Joan said. "I didn't really think you'd pay any attention to this local situation. But you spotted Cameron instantly for what he is."

"Thanks to the Sentinel," said Max. "I'd like to ask a question, Miss Tyler. How is this project of Cameron's to be financed?"

"That's the catch. They're trying to get a government appropriation. What the mayor calls 'crackpot college professors' have been out here and turned them down. That won't stop Cameron. Of course you realize this cost story of his is ridiculous. He'll make an enormous profit."

"Naturally."

"But how can he force the government's hand?" I asked.

"Perhaps Miss Tyler can tell us," Max said.

She shook her head wearily. "Avenues of information are shut to us. We can't hire people to work for us. The one person we had . . ." She stopped, and I thought she was close to tears.

"WHAT about the one person?" Max said.

Joan looked down at her hands. "I told Mr. Buchanan we'd had an advertising man. His name is Joe Fowler. He . . . well, he . . ."

"You're in love with him," Max said gently.

She nodded. "Joe fell solidly for Cameron's propaganda. He believes the imported workers *are* a menace to the town. He thinks father is just fighting a grudge fight against Cameron. He . . . well, he walked out on us and took a job at Drummond."

This Fowler must be a louse, I thought. Gals like Joan Tyler don't grow on bushes.

"Your father doesn't know what Cameron has up his sleeve?"

"We've made a hundred guesses, Mr. Chandler, but only guesses."

"I'd like to go down to the Sentinel office and talk to him," Max said.

Part of the standard equipment when we go out on a story is my large camera and plate case, plus a tiny speed-lens job which I carry under my vest. We take pictures where we are allowed to, and we also take them where we are not allowed to.

The office of the Sentinel was located in an old stone house which had probably once been a fashionable residence area in Weymouth, but which was now strictly a cash-and-carry part of town. The lettering on the plate-glass window was chipped and worn. We went in, Max and Lee and Joan and I. We heard the clanking of the presses in a back room, smelled the pungent odor of printer's ink. An old man wearing a green eyeshade was working a linotype machine. There were frames of ancient type, piles of scrap.

Through a glass partition marked EDITOR we saw a white-haired old man who was apparently Horace Tyler. He was not alone. A young man with fiery red hair and a pugnacious jaw was with him. The young man was doing the talking, but with violence!

Joan Tyler hesitated. I saw her fingers close over Lee's wrist.

"Fowler?" Max asked.

She nodded.

"Chin up," he said, and gave her an encouraging pat.

Joan walked across the outer office with us at her heels, opened the door and went in.

"I WON'T have it!" young Fowler was shouting. "Carry on your crackpot fights if you like, but don't drag Joan into them. Anybody in his right mind knows Cameron has the best interests of Weymouth at heart. You're exploiting your own narrow prejudices to—" He stopped as he became aware of us in the doorway.

Joan walked straight past Fowler without looking at him. "Father, this is Max Chandler and his assistants, Miss Ames and Mr. Buchanan."

Old man Tyler stood up. He was typical of the old-time country newspaper editor . . . honest, a fighter, usually on the losing side.

"This is a great honor, Mr. Chandler," he said with a sort of Old World courtliness. "This is a former advertising manager of the Sentinel, Mr. Fowler."

"I've heard about Mr. Fowler," said Max.

Fowler's face turned brick red. "I suppose she told you I ran out on the paper!" he said. "I suppose she told you I quit. Well, anybody in his right mind . . ."

"That seems to be a pet phrase of yours, Mr. Fowler," said Max. "Let me say I think you did just the right thing. No man without a sense of smell should involve himself in a skunk hunt," said Max acidly.

Fowler stepped back as if he'd been hit. "So they've sold you too!" he said bitterly. "I never thought a man of your experience . . . any one in his right mind . . ."

"Why don't you run along," said Max, "and not bother us?"

Fowler turned and charged out of the office, slamming the door hard. Old man Tyler sighed and sat down at his desk. He turned the dial on a battered portable radio.

"Listen," he said.

A deep honeyed voice came over the loud-speaker: ". . . it is therefore apparent that we are left to face our danger alone and without help. Fortunately our mayor and the city council are cognizant of the danger. Steps have been taken . . ."

Horace Tyler switched off the dial. "Municipal radio," he said. "Controlled by Cameron. It's going on that tune all day. Inciting . . . stirring up a devil's stew."

"Inciting?" Max said.

Tyler raised a hand to tired eyes. "I don't know what they're up to," he said, "but they keep pounding home the fact that there's danger . . . that

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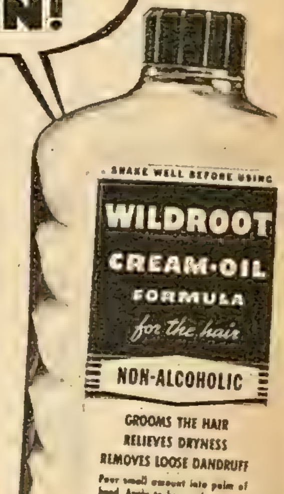

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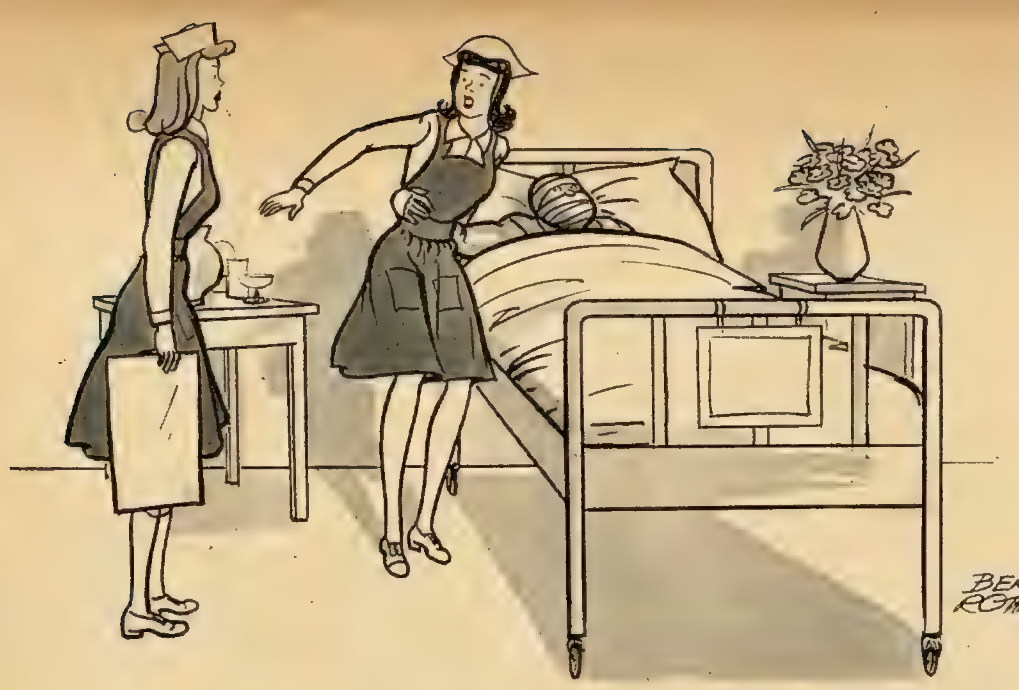

"What can you do? You can't slap his face!"

the people of Weymouth are holding the bag. Mind you, Mr. Chandler, I'm not opposed to a new housing set-up. The workers *are* living under trying conditions . . . but cheerfully. But you've got to fight a man who sees nothing but profit in it for himself."

"We've got to fight them all over the country," Max said. "There must be some intelligent element in town which recognizes Cameron for what he is."

"Very few. Americans have a tendency to let things slide until the roof falls in."

Max gave his hat a little downward tug. I knew that meant a decision. "Lee, you and Miss Tyler stay here and get a list of people from Mr. Tyler who he thinks might be willing to back us in a fight. Rod, you go down to the Drummond factory and talk to as many of the workers as you can. Get their slant on the situation. I'm going to do a little scouting on my own," Max said. "We've got to find out what they're up to."

I GOT back to the hotel about three hours later, after talking to maybe twenty-five guys out at Drummond. They all griped about housing conditions, but I didn't come across one who felt like getting tough about it.

Lee and Joan were in the sitting room of our suite. Max was still missing. I always get nervous when he's gone any length of time by himself. Plenty of people would like to see him out of the way.

I had just finished making us a drink when Max came in. His clothes were rumpled, his hat missing, and there was a little trickle of blood running down his cheek. His face was white and his pale blue eyes were cold as cut gems.

Lee was at his side in an instant. "Max! Max, darling!"

He brushed her aside impatiently. "It's nothing. I stopped a brick some one heaved at me. But I have all the answers."

He took a drink from me and drank about half of it. "Those guys hanging around the street corners—I had a funny feeling about them, you remember. Well, most of them are armed—blackjacks, lengths of pipe, even baseball bats. When I asked some questions, a group got tough."

"But I don't get it," I said.

"Paid hoodlums, Rod! Paid by Cameron. The whole scheme is perfectly plain. They're going to start rioting, posing as workers from the factory. If it isn't checked, every one in Weymouth will be at one another's throats. The mayor will ask for troops. The government will have no choice but to come through with money for the housing project." He turned to Joan. "Where is that municipal radio station located?"

"City Hall," Joan said.

"Let's go," said Max. "Our one chance to stop this is to get on the air to the people of Weymouth before things break."

I WAS supersensitive to atmospheres now. Somehow the main street seemed charged with prestorm intensity. Our friends outside the cigar store were still lounging there. I saw the baseball bat. I didn't feel good. When men start running around with clubs in their hands they turn to a kind of primitive savagery that you wouldn't believe possible.

A cab pulled up from the hack stand at Max's signal. Max ordered the driver to take us to City Hall.

This driver drove at a breakneck pace and didn't seem to pay any attention to traffic lights. There weren't any cops in sight. At nearly every street intersection a gang of hoodlums loitered.

Max sat huddled in one corner of the cab, scowling. Suddenly Joan Tyler grabbed his arm.

"He isn't taking us to City Hall!" she said.

We took a corner on two wheels, tires screeching. I slid open the glass partition and shouted to the driver.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" I demanded.

He didn't turn his head, but he spoke: "You chumps were looking for trouble. Well, you're going to get it!"

We took another corner on our ear and almost smashed head on into a huge street-cleaning truck. This whole street seemed to be blocked. We bounced up onto the sidewalk and came to a jarring stop. Joan Tyler landed in my lap. I saw that Max's arm had gone instinctively around Lee and that he was holding her close to him.

Our lunatic driver had been halfway out the door when we crashed. He was on the running board of the car now, screaming at the top of his lungs:

"A bunch of dirty labor spies!"

Then they came. I counted twenty of them, shirt-sleeved, armed with clubs and staves. That cab was no place to be. I got Joan out one door and Max and Lee went out the other. I saw Max grab the taxi driver, spin him around, and plant a beautiful right-hand smash in the middle of the man's ugly face.

"Run!" I heard Max shouting at Lee. "*Run!*"

Lee just stood there, very white but quite calm. There really wasn't any time to run. They were on us. Joan somehow got backed into a doorway behind me. I was tangled up in cameras and plate cases.

Max had armed himself with a jack handle, which had evidently been on the floor of the cab in front. The leader of the mob was almost on him, a brawny red-faced guy with a bright scar bisecting his left cheek. Then I went down. Some one wrenched my camera and plate case away from me and I heard them smash into a thousand pieces on the pavement. Some one kicked me. It caught me harmlessly, if very painfully, on the hipbone. They weren't really interested in me. I saw some one climbing into the taxi to get at Max from the rear.

My big camera was gone, but fortunately the little speed-lens job was still intact. I got the scar-faced leader, the man climbing into the taxi, and a half dozen others in the mob.

All hell had broken loose. Store windows were being smashed. I saw flame leap upward as an automobile went up in clouds of smoke. This seemed to have been the signal for the outbreak everywhere.

The man with the scar made one classic error. He took Max for a soft touch. Max was not just a man with an iron bar in his hand . . . he knew how to use that bar. Instead of retreating, at the last minute Max moved forward to the attack . . . one against twenty.

Max parried a wild swing that Scarface made at him with his club, and then the jack handle came down in a slashing blow across the man's face. He went down like a poled ox. Max grabbed him by the collar and dragged him toward the taxi. Some one heaved a rock that grazed Max's forehead. By that time I had climbed into the taxi and grabbed the guy who was waiting for Max there. I locked an arm around his throat and planted my knee in the small of his back and gave him everything I had. Something snapped and he went limp.

Max was shouting at Lee and Joan to get back in the cab. He dumped the scar-faced guy on top of my pal in the back.

"Take the right-hand running board, Rod," he shouted. He shoved the scar-faced guy's club into my hand.

I SAW now that Lee was behind the wheel, with Joan crouched beside her. The cab moved forward, straight at the mob. A stone crashed through the windshield, showering the two girls with glass. Some one was trying to pull me off the running board. I remember slugging away at his head with my club. My left arm was locked around one of the window braces and I thought it was going to be wrenched off as Lee stepped on the gas.

Lee scattered the mob. I saw Max slashing away with his jack handle at a rioter who thought he could pull Max off the car. We were really going now. People scurried out of our path. Somebody did heave another piece of Irish confetti through the back window, but it didn't do any harm, by some miracle.

We cleared this particular street, swung to the left, and hit a quiet patch of city. People everywhere were staring out windows or from doorways.

Max climbed into the rear of the cab over our two unconscious friends. I wriggled in from the other side.

"Nice going, kid," Max said. Then he reached forward and closed his fingers on Lee's shoulder. "You all right, baby?" She just nodded her head. "Get Joan to direct you to the radio station," Max said grimly.

Cameron had done a swell job. The whole town was really seething now. The thing that puzzled me was the absence of police.

We pulled up outside the City Hall. The two guys under our feet had begun stirring and we piled them out of the cab. Max found a nice cozy little automatic holstered under the scar-faced one's left armpit. He took it.

"O. K. Start walking!" he ordered.

The two guys staggered up the City Hall steps with us following. Joan directed us to the radio office. A couple of cops were stationed outside the door.

"You two seem to be the only two cops on duty in Weymouth," Max said.

"Bad break," said one of the cops. "We were called for a special air-raid-protection drill at the Drummond plant."

He looked at our bloody prisoners and at Max's streaked face. "You can't go in there."

"Wrong," said Max. I snapped pictures of the two flatfeet. "As a citizen I have exercised my legal right to arrest two rioters. I'm taking them to the mayor."

I saw the second cop reaching inside his coat for his gun. So did Max. He shoved the scar-faced guy into the gun-pulling cop. He put his hand on the first cop's chest and also shoved. In this case his foot had been placed strategically back of the man's legs and he went over like the head pin in a bowling alley.

Max kicked open the door and we all went in, dragging our prisoners after us.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mayor!" said Max.

The mayor's jaw fell open. He wasn't alone in his surprise. The chief of police was there. So was George Cameron, sitting at a big desk, a table microphone drawn close to him, a manuscript lying in front of him. He was by far the best actor. The only giveaway was the pulsing vein in his throat.

"Our trouble came sooner than we expected, Mr. Chandler," he said. "I'm sorry to see you get tangled up in it." He looked at Scarface and the other guy. "Who are these men?"

"We came here to ask you that, Cameron," Max said.

"I'm afraid I can't help." He turned to the two angry cops, who had just come into the office after us, their guns drawn. "Mr. Chandler has brought in two of the rioters, men. Place them under arrest."

"NOT quite so fast, chum," Max said. "I'm hanging onto these guys. I've got a hunch your jail is a touch too leaky."

"I don't understand," said Cameron. "We're doing everything . . ."

"That's right. Everything. You even had a taxi planted outside the hotel, waiting for us. You wanted to be certain I wouldn't be in shape to do anything when the trouble started. Unfortunately for you, it didn't quite come off. We have evidence, Cameron—evidence that hoodlums like these two were planted all over town."

"Evidence?" Cameron laughed. "Really, Mr. Chandler . . ."

"Photographic evidence," Max said. "I trust you have pictures of this little gathering, Rod."

I nodded.

"Yes, we have evidence, Cameron. These two prisoners are evidence. Trained saboteurs and rioters. I've seen the breed before. I think they'll talk, Mr. Cameron. Records will show that they are neither citizens of Weymouth nor are they employees of the Drummond plant."

"I can't believe it," said the mayor in a frightened voice. "I can't believe it."

"Can't you, Mr. Mayor? What are you sweating about? How much of a pay-off were you getting, Mr. Mayor, for sanctioning this housing project? How much were you getting, chief, for having your men carefully removed from all danger points at the critical moment?"

CAMERON dropped his mask then. "Grady," he said to the police chief, "have Chandler and his friends taken to the city jail."

Max laughed. The automatic he'd taken from Scarface swung around toward the cops. "Keep your hand away from that gun, chum. I know how to use this toy." He moved slowly around until he was behind the desk. He picked up the telephone and asked the operator for the local office of the F. B. I.

"America doesn't have to fear enemy soldiers, tanks, or planes, Cameron. Our danger lies from people like you, unconcerned with the war, thinking only of their own profit. And you are going to be branded as the type of man who is democracy's real enemy!

"Hello?" He spoke into the phone. "This is Max Chandler speaking. I am at the municipal radio station. I . . ."

It happened so fast that I almost missed getting a picture of it. Cameron made a head-first dive for Max's little gun. Max had been watching, but hesitated a fraction of a second, and the gun went spinning across the floor. The mayor, the chief, the cops all rushed him. He went down. My first concern was for Max's two prisoners. They were his key witnesses. I thought that if we could somehow hold the fort a few minutes the F. B. I. would be here.

THE office door burst open and I saw Mr. Joe Fowler standing there, a swelling bruise under one eye, his red hair rumpled, and a businesslike-looking length of pipe in his hand. He took one look and went into action. The way he handled the two cops was a joy. They never knew what hit them. The mayor and the chief of police were easy. Then Mr. Fowler began trying to yank Cameron off Max. That wasn't easy, because Max had Mr. Cameron by the throat and apparently had no intention of letting go. Cameron was nearly dead when we finally shook them loose.

Then Fowler lost all interest. He had Joan in his arms.

Then I heard Lee's voice, calm and steady: "Control room?" She was talking into the phone. "The mayor's orders. We're to go on the air at once. Max Chandler is going to speak to the people of Weymouth."

THE END

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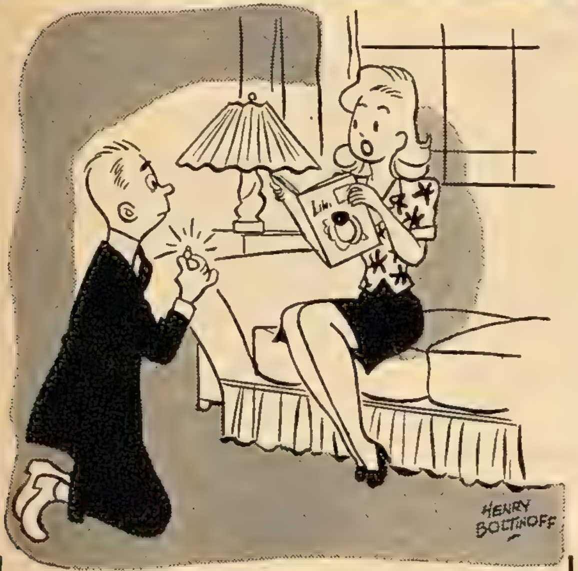

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TOMORROW'S CARS AND ROADS

Continued from Page 13

such as aluminum and magnesium, whose weaknesses and potentialities are as yet only vaguely known.

Furthermore, we don't know when the war will end, what sort of government we will have afterward, what encouragement will be given to private business, how fast war orders will be canceled, how long the tapering-off process will go on, what plants, equipment, and tools now owned by federal agencies will be turned over to the present contracting manufacturers, abandoned, or otherwise operated. Nevertheless, the industry will have to make intelligent and conservative guesses in the midst of all these uncertainties.

Public officials, on the other hand, must think of the roads of tomorrow, of advanced highway design and of improved materials, methods, and equipment, without which the new passenger cars, trucks, and buses are worthless. We must have some idea of what production the industry has in mind in order to be able to schedule road construction and repair intelligently.

A deal of nonsense has been spouted recently about highway travel. For a while we had a spasm of enthusiasm for tremendous transcontinental highways. This died as the result of sheer logic, because there never were figures to prove that there existed or would exist in the near future any really substantial amount of transcontinental travel as distinguished from regional and local travel, excepting, of course, a few main routes from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf, and the Inter-American highway system.

General Motors spent some $7,000,000 on the Futurama at the 1939-40 World's Fair. It was a swell show. Thousands of people stood in line for hours to get a free ride on an ingenious merry-go-round from which they could see spread before them sixteen-lane roads, photoelectric controls shifting cars from one speed level to another, and spider-like bridges hanging by a single thread over great chasms and rivers.

The Futurama was a legitimate, first-rate, stimulating advertising stunt and was deservedly successful. But it wasn't meant to be a practical guide for present-day manufacturers and public officials who must be responsible to car owners and taxpayers for what they do. Actual construction must be planned, financed, and done under all sorts of limitations.

IT is finally dawning upon both dreamers and rural-minded officials that most of our travel originates and ends in cities, and that when we by-pass the cities we simply duck around the entire problem and thrust it upon crowded communities which cannot meet it without help. Standards for ordinary streets, country highways, and secondary roads are fairly well established. It is the congested urban and suburban main artery that requires our clearest thinking and best judgment.

Out of all the welter of controversy about postwar public works one fact is emerging: The average citizen is enthusiastic about highway improvement. He knows that our highways are rapidly going to pieces because of war restrictions on construction and repairs. He has seen what some communities have done and wants their example followed elsewhere. He wants as good a system for his neck of the woods as the best elsewhere. Every American wants a durable cheap car, and he looks to the automobile industry to provide it. He has no desire to wear that car out quickly on a broken and obsolete road system. What is more, he is willing to pay the bill.

How shall our highway improvements be financed? Some will be paid for out of matched federal and state funds; some by bond issues, some out of license and gas taxes, some out of other current taxes, and some by assessment. Others will be wholly or partly self-liquidating by means of tolls and other service charges. For many years the American public paid tolls on turnpikes as well as bridges and ferries. But the backbone of our new national highway system cannot be made out of toll roads. It will be devised and financed on a joint, co-operative federal, state, and city basis.

We already have substantial federal-matched moneys for design of postwar highways, and the more progressive states and municipalities are taking advantage of these inducements and supplementing them with funds of their own. The federal program will be sound and successful as long as federal highway officials continue to allow it to develop locally, do not interfere with local initiative, and demand only that the projects be feasible and the work well done. If there should be an attempt to run the entire national highway system from Washington, local initiative and support would disappear. We would then have the same cumbersome overmanned bureaucratic federal machine in the domain of public works which we now have in so many other fields.

* * *

A gossip is one who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

—Anon.

* * *

What sort of roads should we build? We should build parkways where they are appropriate; that is, where there are scenery and local values to preserve, where travel should be restricted to passenger vehicles. We should have through-ways free from traffic lights and crossings at grade, but open to all sorts of vehicles. Finally, there are ordinary roads and streets with frequent access which should be built the right width and with all tested improvements.

We have been experimenting with considerable success on major crossing eliminations. Several more or less standard types have emerged, and we have developed numerous examples of all these types. The problems are, of course, most difficult in metropolitan areas. Here the obstacles are most numerous, opposition is greatest, costs are highest, and the tendency is most pronounced to make compromises with principles. We know pretty well by now what modern traffic arteries will cost.

How much can we afford to spend on our new arteries? There is no use hiding the figures. An ordinary four-lane concrete highway runs to $100,000 a mile without counting the right of way. A typical rural section of four-lane parkway with only a few grade separation bridges costs $250,000 a mile; a typical suburban section of four-lane parkway, $400,000 a mile; a mixed urban traffic artery with six lanes, $800,000 a mile; a six-lane city parkway through expensive and often built up areas, from $1,250,000 to $1,750,000 a mile; arterial improvements with six lanes and a service road along built-up water front, involving reconstruction of plants and industrial and commercial structures, at least $2,000,000 a mile; elevated parkways with surface lanes below in cities average about $3,000,000 a mile.

Comparatively little is known about proper lighting and making of parkways and through-ways. We need more experimentation in this field. We must have more study of parking facilities, especially in cities, and of bus terminals, and we must decide whether private enterprise can provide the answers. Planting and landscaping is another subject which requires much more study than we have given it. Obviously, more elaborate and more expensive landscaping is justified on a parkway than on an ordinary express road, but express arteries can also be planted intelligently and economically. In some places attractive scenery already exists and merely needs to be preserved. In other cases it must be made.

The old-fashioned, society, birdbath, landscape architect will never concede that the less exotic the stuff he orders, the better it will be. It has been found, for example, that many attractive trees and shrubs can be planted in sand without dragging in immense quantities of topsoil, and that native material can be made much more pleasing at smaller cost.

Then there is the question of the size of cars, trucks, and buses. It is obvious that buses and trucks can become so large and so heavy as to obscure other traffic, break down the roads, and convert them into semi-private rights of way in which in the end the big vehicles drive the others off entirely.

Another automobile menace is the railroad crossing at grade. There is a curious assumption, not substantiated by either the courts or common sense, that the elimination of such crossings is something separate and apart from modern highway construction. As a matter of fact and law, the automobile and not the train has caused the danger at such crossings, and the elimination of railroad crossings is therefore primarily a highway problem. These eliminations are more expensive than those where two or more highways meet, and their design, especially in settled communities, is much more than an engineering problem, because it will determine whether they will improve or blight the surroundings.

UNTIL quite recently some obstacles were accepted as the road builder's headache. In this category always were hills, valleys, swamps, and small streams. Others, for no good reason, were left to all sorts of public and even private enterprise to meet. For example, the highway engineer gracefully bowed out when his road hit a city line, a railroad, or a good-sized river. There is no generic distinction between a big bridge and a little one, and, toll or free, the bridge is an integral feature of the road system and should be planned as such. Similarly, at water gaps too wide to be spanned by bridges, large, steady, fast auto ferries should be just as much the road engineer's concern as culverts, drainage, or curbs. North and south Michigan are tied together by the Mackinac Ferry, run by the State Highway Commission.

It is to be hoped that the great objective of the new cars and roads will be safe, uninterrupted travel at moderate speed over durable roads. Here we require more restraint rather than more imagination and energy. The speed demons are fanatics. I refer not to careless, irresponsible, or drunken drivers, but to supposedly responsible people in one way or another engaged in the automotive and highway industry or in the driving of cars, who honestly believe that cars should not only be made to run faster on special occasions and for advertising purposes, but that speed regulations should be lifted entirely or greatly liberalized. They want all cars, trucks, and buses to run at from sixty to eighty miles an hour, even in congested areas. They favor parkways, boulevards, and through-ways without crossings, with infrequent entrances, and without traffic lights, not merely to facilitate smooth travel but to encourage rapid transit equaling train schedules.

THE time actually saved by speedsters is very small. The difference between forty and sixty miles an hour on a twenty-mile stretch on one of our parkways is only ten minutes. Not only is the danger increased, but at high speed accidents are always serious and often fatal. High speed on ordinary roads without traffic dividers is foolish. On the highways of tomorrow it will be suicidal. One of our most famous brain surgeons told me that a large proportion of all the head injuries he treated before the war were caused by head-on automobile collisions. Our record of automobile accidents is frightful.

All this applies primarily to passengers. In a world in which speeding becomes a habit sanctioned by law and fixes a new tempo of travel, what will become of the luckless pedestrian and his children? Of 40,000 persons killed in car accidents in 1941, almost 11,000 were pedestrians.

Thirty miles an hour on the average boulevard is plenty in cities, forty is enough in the suburbs, and fifty should be tops anywhere in the country, no matter how open and thinly populated. My idea of futility is to build a beautiful parkway for speed demons who can't tell a flowering shrub from a bale of hay. I do not believe that any manufacturer should be allowed to advertise that he makes cars which will run eighty miles an hour. I speak as an official who for years has had to look at daily records of gruesome accidents, and as one who knows that no improvement in the making of cars and roads, no center curbs, no training, no regulations, and no police supervision can make high speed even comparatively safe. Fast driving should be stopped at the source—that is, in the factory.

These transportation problems require our very best thinking, and the quicker we get at them the better it will be for all concerned. If in the process we can screen out the type of planner and publicist who is merely educating himself at public expense, our progress will be much more rapid and we shall be much more certain that we are going in the right direction.

THE END

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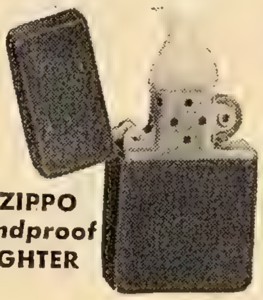

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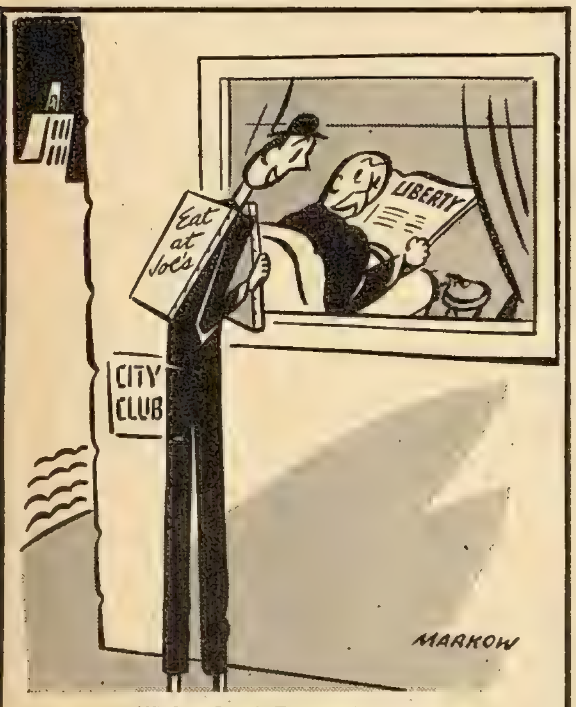

"Mind if I read over your shoulder?"

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

William Bendix gives a hula lesson on a transport—destination unknown.

GUADALCANAL DIARY

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster

TAKE a great book about a shining hour in America's battle history, have the screen adaptation written by a proven topnotcher, add a careful production, good direction, and an excellent cast and what have you got? A good movie.

That's the in-a-nutshell description of Guadalcanal Diary.

With the title and story based on Richard Tregaskis' vivid reporting of our Marines' struggle for that island and a terse, virile script by Lamarr Trotti (The Ox-Bow Incident), Guadalcanal Diary gets off to a good running start. And Director Seiler has not let the advantage slip away from him. After deciding that the film should be a sympathetic study of the men who made up that first landing party rather than a cut-and-dried military history of the engagement, he selected a cast that would deliver exactly what he wanted.

Worthy of special mention are William Bendix, whose "Taxi" Potts is a choice bit of Flatbush (especially when in the midst of a bombardment he longs to be "back in Brooklyn, driving my taxi with the fast meter and keeping an eye on dose Yanks"), and Richard Jaeckel as Chicken Anderson, the sixteen-year-old who carries a hand mirror to look for nonexistent hairs on his chin. Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster, and Anthony Quinn also turn in grand jobs.

The film covers from August 7, 1942, when the Marines landed on Guadalcanal, to November 10, the day the Army moved in to relieve them. Every incident is documented history taken episode by episode from Tregaskis' book.

Guadalcanal Diary will be on your list of *good* war films, not because it is a brilliant recording of military engagement, but because it is such a fine painting of the men fighting all over the world for our security.

The Marines take the Japs' airfield, but their snipers take a heavy toll.

NORTHERN PURSUIT

HELMUT DANTINE, the most vicious of all Hollywood Nazis, sneaks into Canada's snowbound north country with a pack of evil intentions only to run into the Northwest Mounted Police—in the person of Errol Flynn. Northern Pursuit leans a bit heavily on the "chase" formula, but some good acting and beautiful scenery are in its favor. (Warners.)

TWO years ago, Hostages would have been a great movie. Today, an overabundance of this type of film makes the screen version of Stefan Heym's great novel about the Czech underground pretty familiar stuff. A star-heavy cast (Katina Paxinou, Paul Lukas, Luise Rainer, William Bendix) just manages to lift Hostages out of the mediocre class. (Para.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M). Lucille Ball, William Gaxton. Musical comedy.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK (Columbia). Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman. Comedy.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard. Drama.
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Cent.-Fox). Betty Grable, Robert Young. Musical comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners). Joan Leslie, George Murphy, U. S. Army. Musical.
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M). Kathryn Grayson, All-star M-G-M cast. Musical.

INSIDE *Paramount*

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

This year we're dreaming of a *Technicolor* Christmas.

* * *

Meaning that Paramount's Technicolored "RIDING HIGH" is a dream of a musical—and it's coming for Christmas.

* * *

This rodeo of rhythm is heap hep — and a heap of fun.

* * *

Its seven song hits are hotter than shootin' irons. When **DOROTHY LAMOUR** sings them you get powder-burns.

* * *

When she dances, you don't feel the burns.

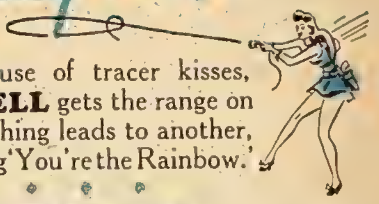
* * *

She is a sultry "Secretary to the Sultan." She swing-sings solid in "Get Your Man."

* * *

And in "Injun Gal Heap Hep" she does some very interesting Indian weaving. The sun-tanned Pocahontases who assist her are definitely the pin-up girls of the prairies.

"Riding High"



By the adroit use of tracer kisses, **DICK POWELL** gets the range on Dottie and one thing leads to another, including the song 'You're the Rainbow.'

* * *

VICTOR MOORE, as a bashful counterfeiter, is the real thing in comedy. Arguments will rage far into the night as to whether he is funnier in this than in "True to Life."

* * *

Something new in laughter are GIL LAMB, as the pest of the west, and CASS DALEY, the gal with the iron lungs. They more than live up to their promising performances in "Star Spangled Rhythm."

* * *

Something new in thrills is the big chuck wagon race, with Victor Moore as a shanghaied jockey, and MILT BRITTON and his band committing hilarious musical homicide as Cass Daley sings "He Loved Me Till The All-Clear Came" and "Willie, The Wolf Of The West."

These and the rest of the score, including the delightful "Whistling In The Light," are the work of such masters of pow-wow boogie as Leo Robin, Ralph Rainger, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer and Jos. J. Lilley.

* * *

And George Marshall, as "social" director of this dude ranch vacation, has made "RIDING HIGH" a big, glamourous, carefree entertainment to brighten what we hope will be a very bright holiday for you and yours.

Paramount Pictures

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

"IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK": If you're mooning along under the delusion that this is the Thanksgiving season and that Christmas is a long way off, give yourself a quick needle and get out your shopping bag *fast.* "Shop early and avoid the rush" is old stuff now. The genuine early bird finished weeks ago, and has already wrapped her gifts in tissue salvaged from last Christmas in accordance with true conservation conscientiousness. So get going right away if you want to shop without being mauled and dismembered by other procrastinators. And if you can, shop early in the morning, leaving mid-day for office workers' lunch hours and for shoppers who can't get away from the washtub or baby's 10 A. M. bottle. List before you leap, to save your own time and feet. Take a bag along. Buy your lightweight gifts first so that you won't be lugging a set of china or a fragile quart of something or other around with you for hours on end.

If you've gifts that must be mailed, there is additional need for immediate action, as Uncle Sammy's trains are busier than ever this year, and mail that goes after December 10 may not be delivered in time, even though it hasn't far to travel. P.S.: While in the stores, keep your shirt on and a civil tongue in your head, for, remember, thousands of expert sales clerks are now busy getting experience behind guns instead of counters, and it's little enough for the rest of us to do, to have patience with the inexperienced recruits in the stores, who can only do their best.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: Dehydrating vegetables is an old housewife's maneuver. The American Indians dried corn to preserve it. . . . Bananas were so rare and expensive fifty years ago that they were sold wrapped in tin foil. . . . Charles Slawson of Washington, D. C., has only an A card and doesn't drive very often. For several weeks his car sat on its haunches in front of his Massachusetts Avenue home. Recently he started the car, just to keep life in the battery. A pungent aroma, not at all typical of Old Faithful, assailed his puzzled beak. On lifting the hood, he discovered the top of the motor covered with nuts, now nicely roasted. Apparently the local squirrels had used the car instead of a hollow tree as a sheltered nook for their winter hoard. . . . The will of Abe Goodman, Memphis financier, includes a fund of $1,000 with which to buy ten pounds of candy for child patients of Oakville Sanatorium every Sunday until the money is exhausted. . . . If you can't snare a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, take comfort in the thought that the armed forces will enjoy the traditional feast. The government took all of the early crop for soldiers, sailors, marines, and their women auxiliaries. *Bon appétit!*

CELESTIAL SLAP-DOWN: Artist Don Herold's house at Candlewood Lake, Connecticut, was scorched by lightning which also knocked Don flat on his face on the living-room floor. Though unnerved, he struggled to his feet and managed to chatter, "Oh, God, I know You're personally sore at me, but please don't do that again. I promise I'll never curse on the golf course any more."

SMART BABY: In a reminiscent mood, seven-year-old Betty Osgood observed that she used to have lots more dolls and gay mechanical toys luxuriously garbed in rubber and metal, but that she rather prefers her present reduced circumstances, resulting from wartime shortages. She added philosophically, "I have so much less to look after and worry about." Her mother remarks that it took *her* a good deal longer to find out what a burden too many of even the loveliest possessions could become.

LA CHASSE

Tarzan, the tiny but powerful tot,
Renders me limp and decidedly hot.
I'm always chasing the merciless brat.
And if the postman thinks *his* feet are flat,
I wish he'd trade jobs with *me* for a day.
Then he'd concede that his route is child's play.

THE HIGH COST OF CARELESSNESS: Since Pearl Harbor, accidents have cost Americans $6,600,000,000. Accidental deaths in this country totaled 80,000 between December 7, 1941, and October 1, 1943. Several million persons in addition were injured. Casualties to the armed forces are reported at 20,000 dead, 28,000 wounded, and 32,000 missing. Think of it! Four times as many people killed on the home front as in the thick of the fighting! Hardly a thrifty record. So extra vigilance is indicated to prevent fires, falls, automobile smash-ups, and open safety pins in baby's gullet.

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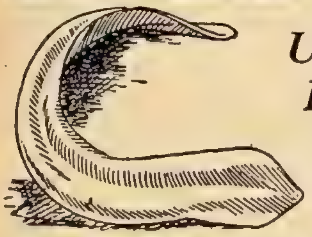

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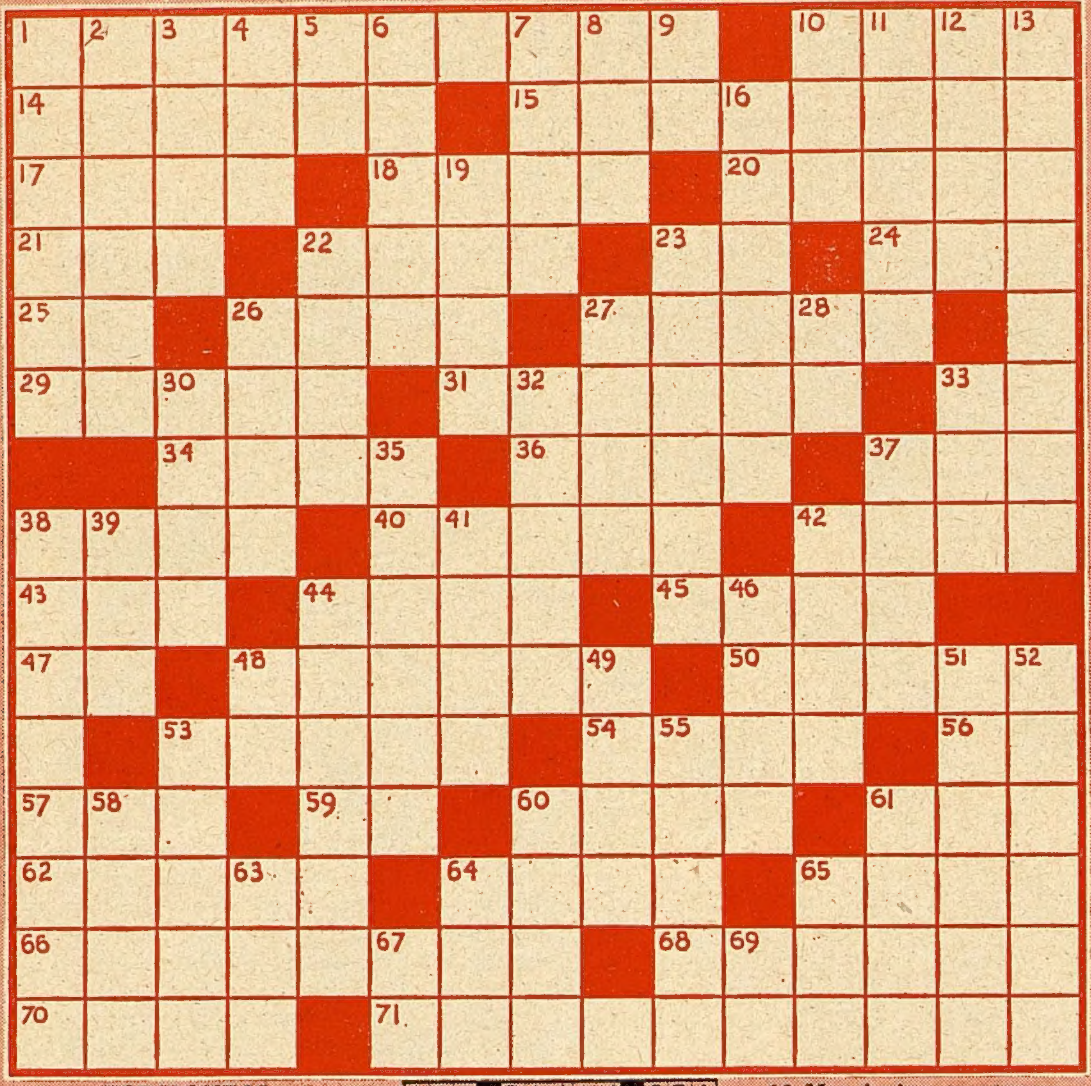
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Soilers of the till
10 Picklepussed
14 Where Redman sleep to keep wigwam
15 Slaphappy dame; unrationed rubber
17 The Big Kitchen Mystery
18 Jimmy Durante needs an extra wide one in rainy weather
20 Got an edge on before cutting up
21 'Ark
22 Fresh shrimp
23 Cushioned Avoirdupois (abbr.)
24 The latest thing in France
25 Two fifths clean
26 Foxy thing about a gal
27 Medieval mazda
29 Place where folks are terribly syrious
31 Do baby elephants bring them?
33 Juicy note squeezed from tonsils
34 Gal from the Volga
36 Toothsome razzberry
37 It's awful! It's terrible! But it's fun!
38 Original pin-up gal
40 An opening to let the personal sunshine out
42 Judge's favorite feeling
43 Horse with a low IQ
44 Personal peel
45 A Jappendage
47 A good reason why jails are crowded (abbr.)
48 Fats Waller sure bangs a mean one
50 Postoffice pin-up boy
53 It takes brains to do this
54 Sissy Tom Collinses
56 Dangerous guy to say "Aw cut it out" to! He may! (abbr.)
57 Très happee een Franch
59 Draft evader classification: 4—what? (abbr.)

A	S	S	■	R	A	J	A	H	■	S	P	A
D	I	C	K	T	R	A	C	Y	■	I	S	T
E	T	R	E	■	S	P	E	D	■	L	Y	E
■	■	U	R	N	■	■	■	E	R	I	C	■
L	O	M	B	A	R	D	O	■	A	C	H	E
A	Y	■	■	P	U	R	R	■	F	O	O	L
D	S	C	■	S	M	E	A	R	■	N	S	E
E	T	A	H	■	B	A	R	A	■	■	I	C
N	E	R	O	■	A	M	E	T	H	Y	S	T
■	R	A	G	S	■	■	■	S	E	I	■	■
A	B	C	■	P	R	U	E	■	R	E	S	T
S	E	A	■	A	U	S	T	R	A	L	I	A
A	D	S	■	T	E	A	C	H	■	D	R	Y

Last week's answer

60 Aromatic X-word
61 Eli got one hung on him in Hawaii (anagram)
62 Rommel's race track
64 Kick in the mental pants
65 Looth your eththeth and have to thpeak like thith
66 Put a mink coat on a catfur body
68 A good Yank'll drain a few quarts of this off Göring
70 A good yank'll get along with any pair of these
71 Dishpan dramas (two words)

VERTICAL

1 You can't make money and have these too
2 A sickly amount
3 This is superlative
4 F
5 The een baseec Franch
6 Hoss frightened by an awning
7 Debouch
8 Unrationed butter
9 Oceangoing station wagon (abbr.)
10 Worldly, graphic beginning
11 Time to put good things away
12 Non-union employer
13 Drugstore cocktail, good for what ails you
16 Man-loving creatures; mechanized tunafish
19 Pans
22 Make with the big Is
23 Oldfashioned armorplate (fem.)
26 Careful, this is subtle
27 Be a sweat donor
28 Cockeyed solvers (abbr.)
30 What pistol-packin' mama does for a living
32 Thee, possessively
33 Stepped on by everybody, it's gone to war in a depressed state
35 ?ing
37 It's motto: The fodder, the better!
38 Musclingini ?
39 Automatic Striptease Annuller (abbr.)
41 The fuzz on peaches
42 They have barks, why can't they produce cheap coats?
44 Kind of stab in the back by professional cutup
46 They turn Os into - - - s
48 Gum the gums!
49 This's found in October air and ale
51 City soon to be cleared of Ratzis
52 What Hiram swears by (by krickey!)
53 Watery road to Rome
55 Spaniards say, Home whom?
58 Something for the tenor to yell at the soprano about
60 It covers the earth's entire surface
61 We're sure making one out of Goebbels
63 What they call an agreeable Swedish man
64 This keeps it from being the Bore War (abbr.)
65 Out of the wind
67 Occupies the world
69 Ration passion (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

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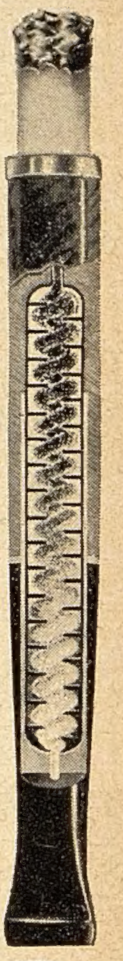

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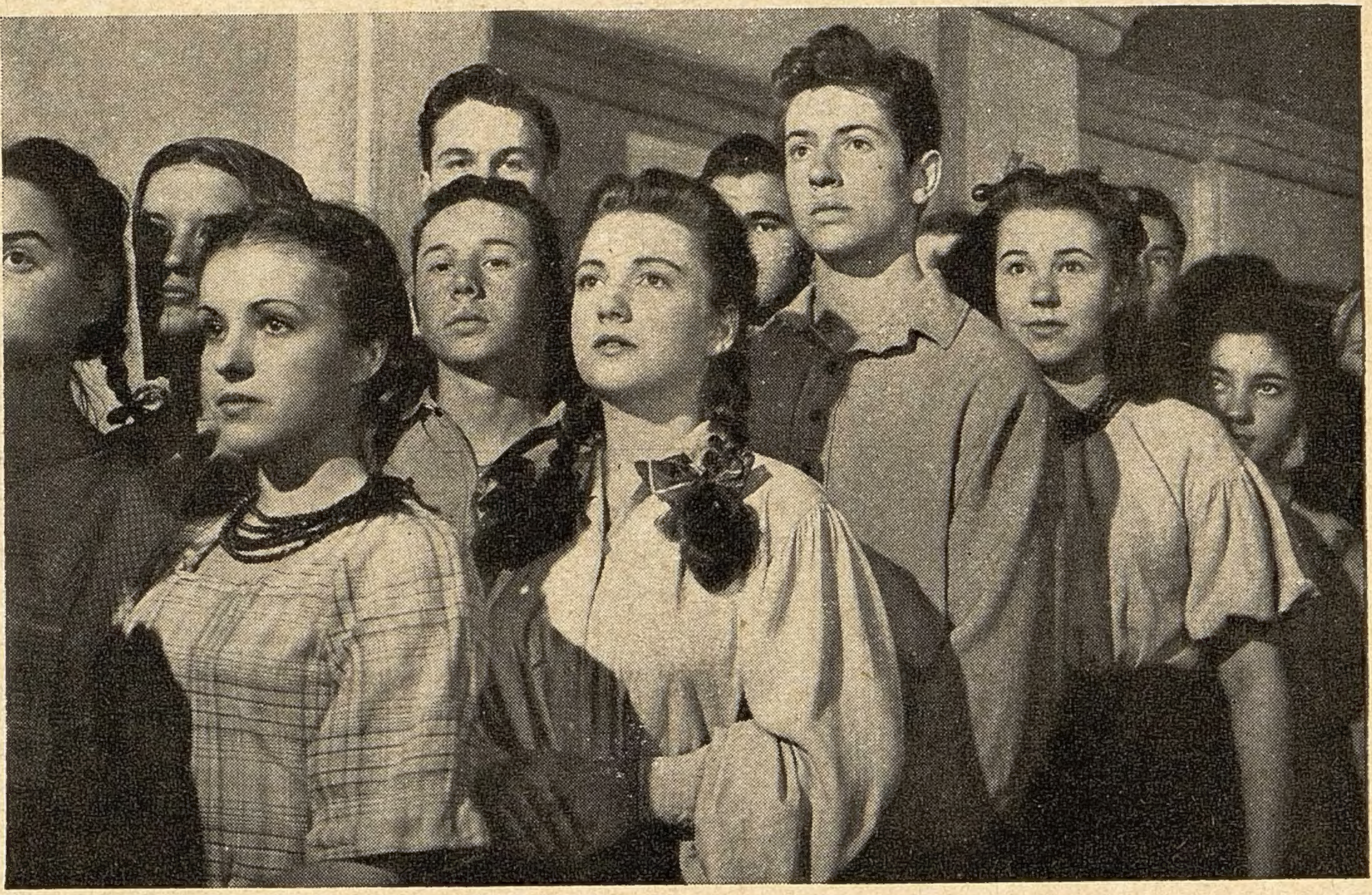
PEACE BETWEEN PEOPLES RESTS ON UNDERSTANDING



Russia's future.

ANY real hope the world has for a future peace of long duration must rest upon a more solid foundation than the good will of individuals and governments.

Individuals are mortal, governments change. The peoples of the world who fight the wars have too much at stake to depend upon the wisdom or durability of either. What is really needed is a broad and deep understanding among the peoples themselves. Once this is brought about, leaders may pass and governments may fall, but true understanding between peoples, once joined, is unlikely ever to be severed into a clash of interests divergent enough to lead to war.

At the present time it is vital for the American people and the Russian people to come to a knowledge of each other. We need to know the Russians not as queer individuals living under some peculiar form of government, not as mighty fighters and rugged defenders of their land, but as men and women like ourselves—fathers and mothers of children, keepers of homes, residents of towns and villages.

We need to know what a great people they are. We need to know how they work and play, love and marry, think and talk. We need to know them as we know ourselves. And they need to know us.

Fortunately, through the medium of the motion picture and the genius of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, expert practitioner of the motion-picture art, the Russian people have been brought to life before us as living, breathing human beings.

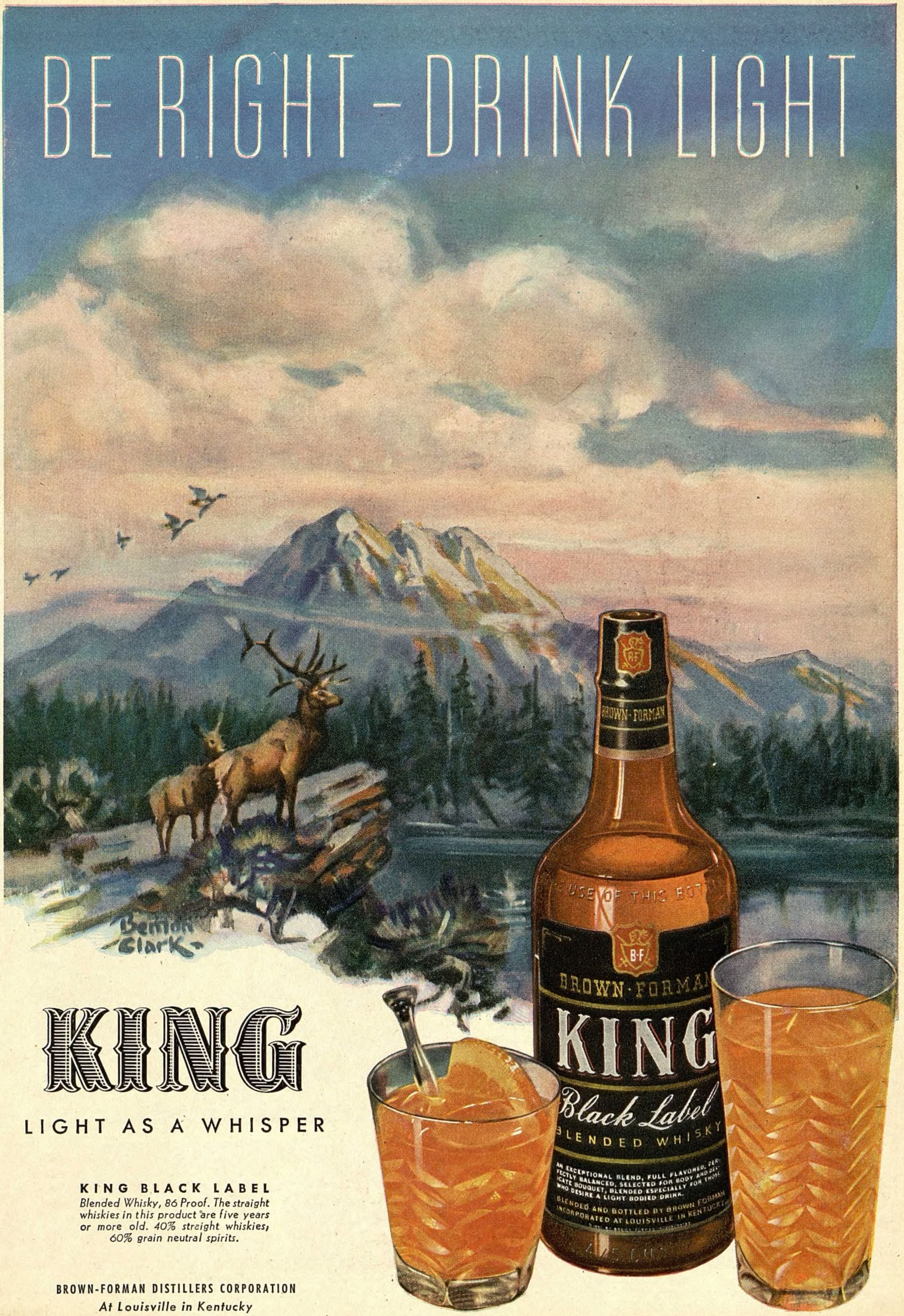
In his great picture The North Star, based on an original story by Lillian Hellman, we "live" in a Russian town. We know the people, we share their peace and contentment as it was before war came. We reel with them under the first onslaught. We live through their bitter suffering and stony defiance under the cruel heel of the conqueror. We fight with them from the hills and go on with them to the glorious redemption of their land and homes.

It is impossible for any American to see this magnificent picture and fail to acquire a deeper understanding of the Russian people—to come away without at least the first small beginning of that mutual respect and confidence on which the future peace of the world will rest. Let us hope the Russians see to it that America and its people are as faithfully portrayed so they may truly understand us.

The North Star is more than a great and thrilling motion picture. It is a human document particularly needed at the present time. Every American owes it to himself to see it.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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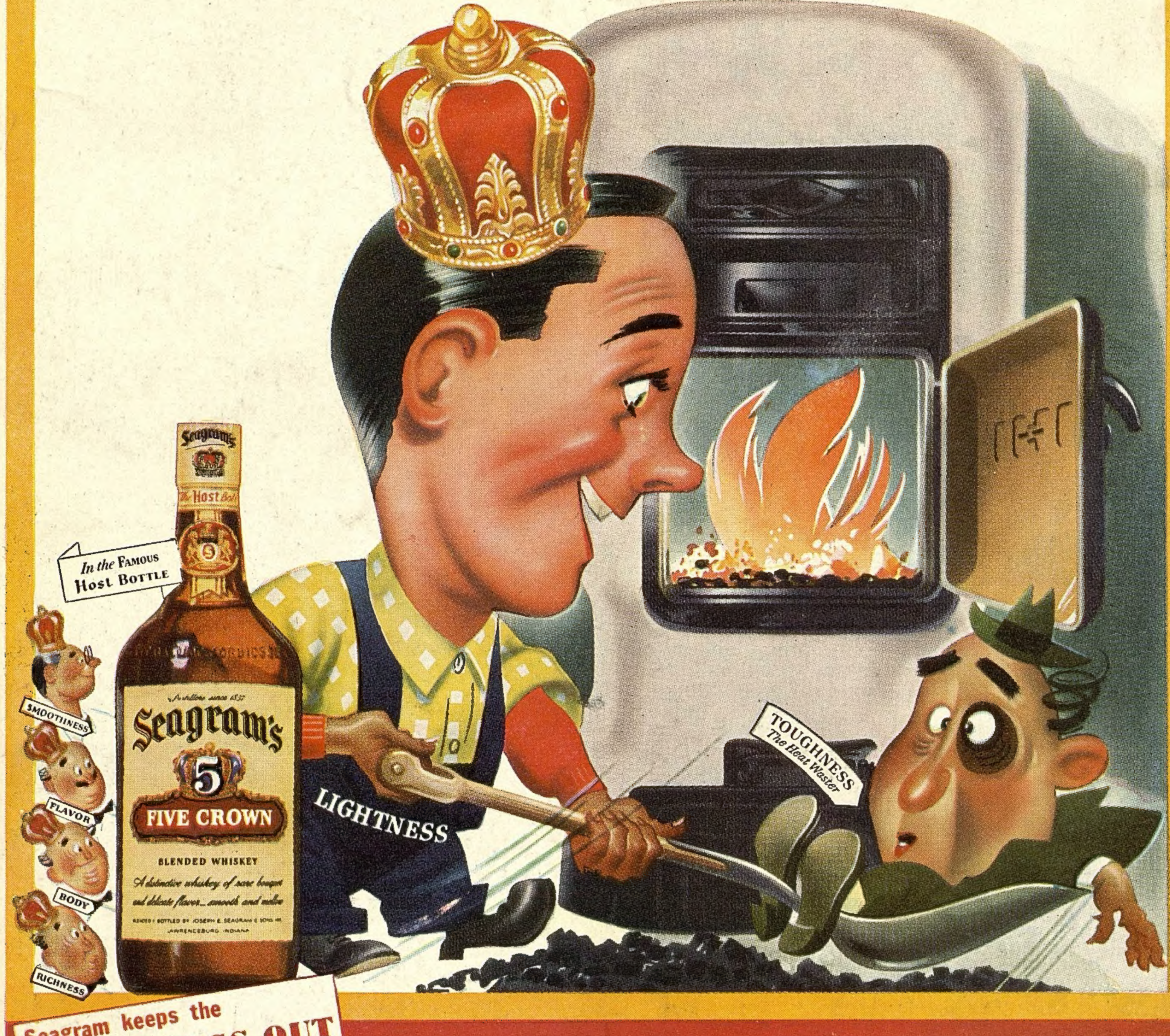
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